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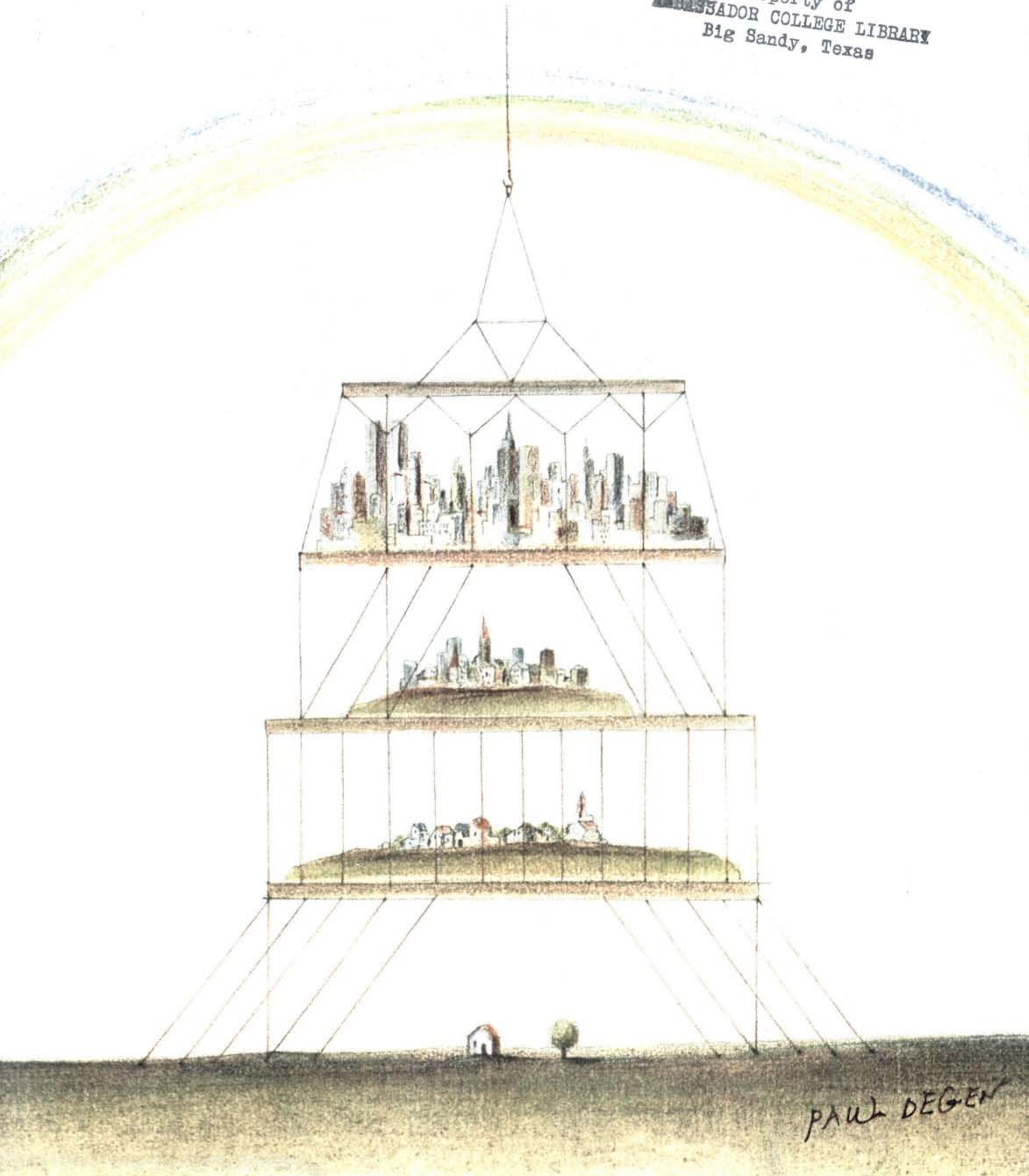

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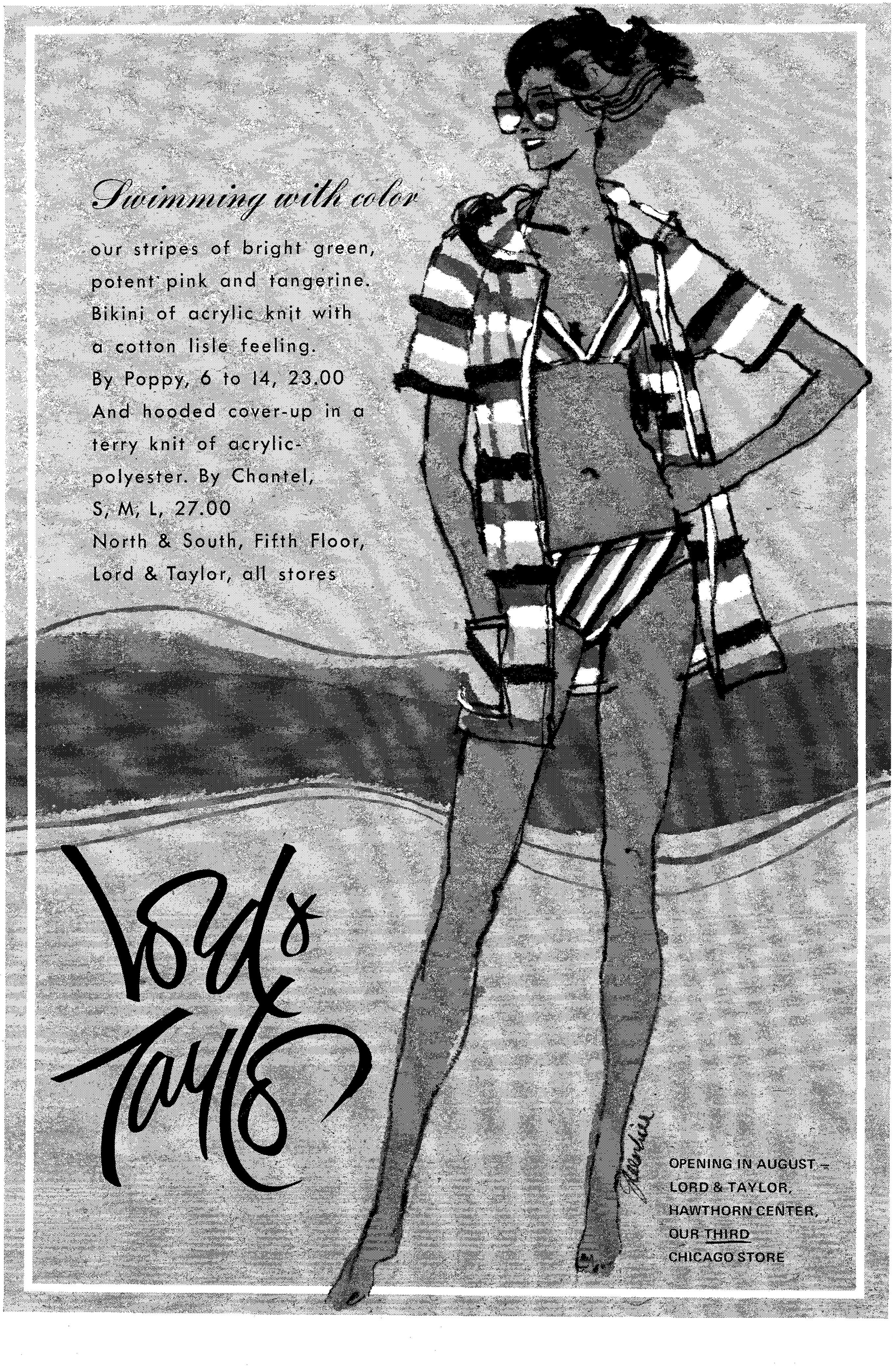

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Fritz Weaver, Sandy Dennis, Paul Shyre, Geraldine Page, Curt Dawson, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All Over Town—A carelessly carpentered farce by Murray Schisgal. Direction by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bette Midler's Clams on the Half Shell Revue—A revue starring the formidable and often very funny Bette Midler, assisted by Lionel Hampton and other gifted folk. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway, 869-0550. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, June 21.)

Chicago—Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach in a musical. Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse wrote the book, based on Maurine Dallas Watkins' 1926 comedy of the same name, which was later made into the film "Roxie Hart." John Kander supplied the score, and Mr. Ebb is responsible for the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Fosse. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—Twenty-four young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Dance with Me—A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci, who also plays the lead. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The First Breeze of Summer—The Negro Ensemble Company's wonderful production of Leslie Lee's interesting play about a crucial weekend in the lives of a fairly prosperous black family. Under Douglas Turner Ward's masterly direction, all the acting is good, and that of Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, a young man called Reyno, and Mr. W. himself especially so. (Last seen Off Broadway six weeks ago; now opening at the Palace, Broadway at 47th St., 757-2626, on Tuesday, June 10; previews Saturday and Sunday, June 7-8. Performances Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays and opening-night curtain at 7:30; matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Harry Outside—Corinne Jacker's comedy in the Chekhovian manner about a famous old architect who refuses to go indoors, and about the women who take care of him in various ways, has been accorded a first-rate production, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. Kevin McCarthy gives a truly distinguished performance in the title role, and Lois Smith is fine, too, as his loving, put-upon wife. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 8.)

The National Lampoon Show—A sharp-witted, brutal, often dirty, and often funny revue. The four young men and one young woman who wrote and perform it are energetic and accomplished—John Belushi in particular. (New Palladium, 120 W. 51st St. 974-6740. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:15; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:45, and midnight; and Sundays at 7:30.)

The Ritz—A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rodgers & Hart—A veritable cataract of R. & H. standards, which, oddly, has the force of a trickle. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

RUBBERS and **YANKS 3 DETROIT 0 TOP OF THE SEVENTH**—A *double bill by Jonathan* Reynolds, directed by Alan Arkin. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin are the cast, and they are wonderful. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 8, at 7:30.)

SHENANDOAH—A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—The great detective is played by John Neville, and Clive Revill is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE TAKING OF MISS JANIE—Ed Bullins' powerful, complex, and often funny play about the turbulent sixties. The setting is southern California, and much of the action takes place at a party that three black college roommates give for their black and white friends. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best American play of the year. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WAITING FOR MONGO—A melodrama, much of it consisting of the fantasies of a black youngster in Mississippi who is hiding out in a church basement from a lynch mob and the Klan. Silas Jones, the playwright, has written some good lines, and has even managed some effective comedy in the midst of nightmare and tragedy. There is a strong performance by, among others, Bill Cobbs. Douglas Turner Ward directed this final entry in the Negro Ensemble Company's season. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 15.)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—The J. M. Barrie play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE WIZ—A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WOMEN BEHIND BARS—This takeoff on awful old movies, set in the Women's House of Detention in the Village, is often very dirty and almost always very funny. Tom Eyen is the playwright. With the remarkable Madeleine le Roux, as an empty-headed pyromaniac. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. *Tuesdays through* Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

LONG RUNS—**CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,289 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . .

ZOO SHOP
LION H
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H. Martin

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GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Samuel E. Wright, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 4, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Saltarelli," "Duo Concertant," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Friday, June 6, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Sinfonietta," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 2: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Bugaku." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Symphony in Three Movements," "Duo Concertant," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 8, at 1: "La Source," "Duo Concertant," "Pas de Deux," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 8, at 7: "La Source," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Pas de Deux," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 10, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Sinfonietta," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 11, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Thursday, June 12, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, June 13, at 8: "Watermill" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, June 14, at 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 14, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Symphony in Three Movements," "In the Night," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR-7-4727. Through Sunday, June 29.)

STUTTGART BALLET—Wednesday *matinée, June* 4: "Eugene Onegin." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 4-5: "Brouillards" and two American premières—"Arena" and "Voluntaries." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 6, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 7: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 9, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 14: "The Taming of the Shrew." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 10, and Wednesday matinée and evening, June 11: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 12-13: "Initials R.B.M.E." and "Daphnis and Chloé" (American première). (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 21.)

PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY—Presenting the première of "A Consort for Dancers," choreographed by Mr. Sanasardo to the poetry of Anne Sexton, read by Marian Winters and William Weaver. (City Center Downstairs, 131 W. 55th St. Wednesday, June 4, at 7:30 [benefit opening]; Thursday, June 5, at 2:30 and 8; Friday, June 6, at 8; and Saturday, June 7, at 2:30 and 8. For information about tickets, call 247-4230.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement of a program that consists of "Sports and Follies," "3 Epitaphs," "Duet," "Private Domain," and "Esplanade" (New York première). (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesday, June 10, at 7; Wednesday *through* Friday, *June* 11-13, at 8; *and* Saturday and Sunday, June 14-15, at 2 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face* type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—The Monday-night home for five or six part-time Dixieland musicians—known very locally as the Grove Street Stompers. After they've put eight nonmusical hours into other pursuits (such as earning a living), these energetic traditionalists set about resuscitating "Buddy Bolden's Blues," "Jubilee," "Fidgety Feet," and the like; from nine-fifteen to one. The rest of the week, singer and pianist Mabel Godwin is at her post from nine to three, flanked on three sides by a makeshift bar. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Pianist Cedar Walton's quartet is present through Saturday, June 7; on Monday and Tuesday, June 9-10, trumpeter Charles Sullivan will be on hand with his quartet. Robin Kenyatta, a sometimes lyrical, sometimes avant-garde, sometimes disco-soul-stylistic reedman, arrives with a quintet on Wednesday, June 11. The action commences at nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This four-hundred-seat club is a very good place to see those performers who, in the recessionless past, would have played concerts exclusively. Though the setting is far from intimate—one can come into quite close contact with nearly all three hundred and ninety-nine of the other patrons while sitting at the narrowly spaced tables or in the post-show rush to the coat checkroom—practically every table (excepting those few whose sight lines are blocked by pillars) affords a better view of the action than choice seats in a concert hall or rock palace would. The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band plunges into its sure-thing repertoire of tunes by Hank Williams, Buddy Holly, Jerry Jeff Walker, and

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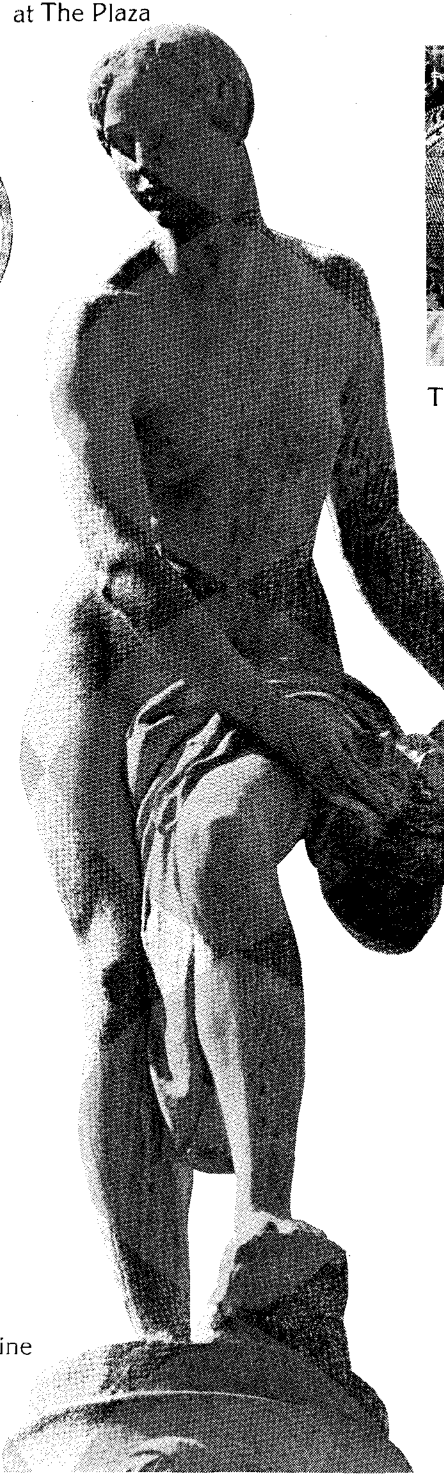

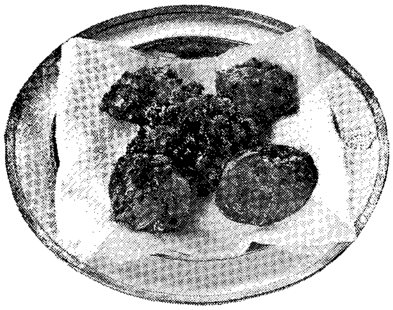

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b. A root beer float

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

others, opposite folksinger John Stewart, on Wednesday, June 4. Thursday through Sunday, June 5-8, drummer **TONY WILLIAMS** brings in his spiffy yellow trap set and his rock-and-roll band, Lifetime. Joe Beck, a lyrical, understated guitarist, appears with a quintet opposite the Williams group. Monday, June 9, marks the night of a two-part (at seven and ten) benefit folk festival for "Sing Out!," the twenty-five-year-old bimonthly journal of folk music and folklore. Participating are Don McLean, the Red Clay Ramblers, Larry Johnson, Bernice Reagon, and others. Tuesday through Thursday, June 10-12, inscrutable jazz superstar **MILES DAVIS**, his latest band, and his towers of red-black-and-green-striped amplifiers dominate the stage. On Friday, June 13, Al Kooper, a good ole rock-and-roller from the mid-sixties, starts letting loose some satisfying wild blues music. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Pianist Barry Harris and bassist Bill Takas operate in this lively little bar through Saturday, June 7. On Monday, June 9, John Bunch takes charge of the keyboard, aided by bassist Jay Leonhart. The music hours run from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, **JAKI BYARD**, who displays a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sometimes sings along in a voice as deep as his instrument. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**BUDDY RICH'S** sleek new club seems to attract a larger share of tourists than his previous uptown one did. Rich plays a very tight set with his big band, and then, after a few jokes, he turns most of his musicians over to singer Lou Rawls. Some time ago, Rawls got a lot of attention with a gusty, bluesy, personal style, but over the years his delivery has become straight, uncomplicated, and bland—perhaps a result of singing for drunks too long. Rawls is here through Saturday, June 7, after which Rich and his band leave, too, to go on tour. On Monday, June 9, the big-band chores will be taken on by the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** aggregation, which alternates with David Brenner, a nattily dressed stand-up. Shows at ten and midnight Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Supper. Closed Sundays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Singer and pianist **BOBBY SHORT**, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, vigorously pays his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar, which appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

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COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES** delivers delicate ballads and some authoritative blues, supported by pianist Jerry Wiggins and bassist Johnny Williams. From eight-thirty until one every night except Sunday, when Dick Hyman takes over, from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which is a low-keyed and controlled assemblage, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, June 10, tenormen Budd Johnson and Richie Kamuca sit in. Earlier that evening (from five until nine), the Max Collie Rhythm Aces, an English traditional jazz band, performs. Music from nine to three-thirty. Red Richards usually mans the piano from five to nine. Closed Sundays.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—**DON CHERRY'S** music—an amalgam of Indian mysticism, African percussion, and free jazz—and the colorful banners and tapestries of his wife, Moki Cherry—which proclaim the notes of the Eastern scale, "SA, RI, GA, MA, PA, DHA, NI, SA"—have transformed these usually spare and sombre surroundings into a warm, cheering room. Cherry plays pocket trumpet, barimbau, percussion, and other exotic instruments, and sings and chants, while the rest of his quartet—Frank Lowe on reeds, Hakim Jamil on bass, and Billy Higgins on drums—admirably keeps up. Cherry's ethnomusicological interests have deepened since the widely noticed Jazz Composer's Orchestra performance, and subsequent recording, of his "Relativity Suite" in 1972. Through Sunday, June 8. On Tuesday, June 10, **SUN RA** begins an extraterrestrial orbit over the lower East Side with a twelve-piece crew. Music from around ten. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. On Sundays from five to nine: the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, also made up of studio musicians. Like the old territorial bands it resembles, it doesn't always get the right sound in the right place, but it has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists. The pianist **JAKI BYARD** acts as the leader. Chinese and American food.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, who worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way, is here Mondays and Tuesdays with bassist John Beal and pianist Dick Katz. His playing has not diminished. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER**. The trio is not to be missed. **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, performs alone from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by Sam Brown, an interesting guitar soloist, and bassist Jamil Nasser from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

JACQUES AT THE VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to the fastidious piano musings of Lance Hayward. He is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**RED NORVO**, looking fatherly and professorial, works out with a sturdy swing-inspired ensemble—pianist Hank Jones, drummer Mousey Alexander, and bassist Milt Hinton—Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one. Then, on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant with an enclosed sidewalk gallery and a generally relaxed atmosphere. Bassist Gordon Edwards takes a capable quintet through some refined, unadulterated rhythm and blues Sundays through Thursdays, from ten to three. On Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, the proceedings are turned over to **ROY HAYNES** and his quintet.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Lainie Kazan is the show (every night, except Sunday, at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty), but that doesn't really matter. One goes to the Rainbow Grill to dig the Rainbow Grill, which is the only night club in the world one would immediately move into, given the chance. Dining.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The **SY OLIVER** orchestra plays for dancing, listening, or just gawking out the window. From seven, every night but Sunday. Dinner.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Clifton Davis alternates with singer Andrea Marcovicci through Saturday, June 7, and with another singer, Arnetia Walker, starting Tuesday, June 10. Shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

ST. JAMES INFIRMARY, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A small, triangular club that occupies the cellar of a tiny white-brick building south of Sheridan Square. Pianist Hod O'Brian, bassist Cameron Brown, and drummer Beaver Harris have become the house rhythm section for the following musicians, who will be just passing through: **CHET BAKER**, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 4-5; **ARCHIE SHEPP**, on Friday and Saturday, June 6-7; and Enrico Rava, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 11-12. Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, as well as every Monday, have been claimed by Joe Lee Wilson, who sings in front of a combo led by saxophonist Monty Waters. Music from ten to three. Closed Tuesdays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West

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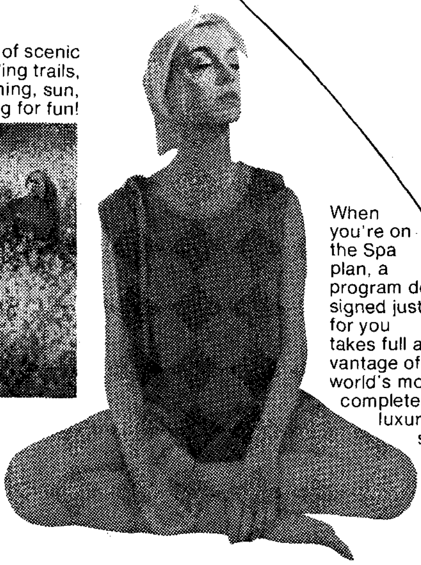

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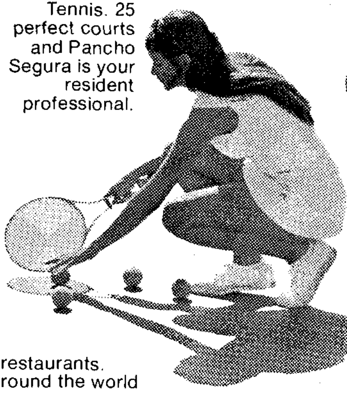

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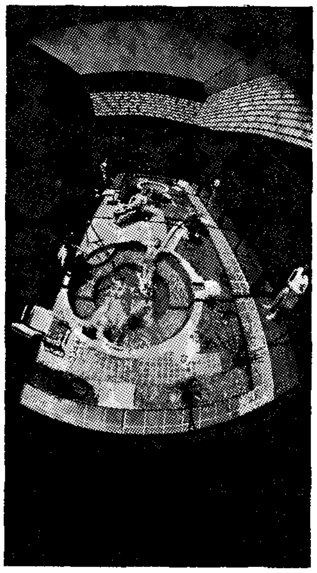

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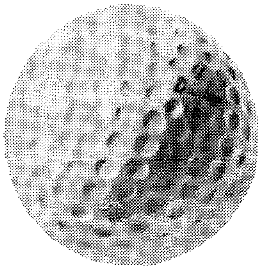

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Side room of simple design. **CHET BAKER** calls it home, as he works with and inspires a relaxed, smooth, neo-fifties ensemble on Mondays and Tuesdays. Mellophonist Don Elliott's quartet is on hand Wednesday, June 4, and Thursday, June 12. Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, pensive altoist **LEE KONITZ** holds forth with a quintet—Richie Kamuca, Harold Danko, David Shapiro, and Jimmy Madison. On Wednesday, June 11, Konitz will lead a nonet. Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, saxophonist Anatol Gerasimov brings in his quartet. **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** exchange some lyrically exciting guitar solos on Sundays. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three; and Sundays from nine to two.

STUDIO 77/ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Heavyweight, unrestrained music in a modest, Spartan ground-floor SoHo loft. The musicians—drummer **RASHIED ALI,** James Vass on alto and soprano saxophone and flute, Charles Ubanks on piano, and bassist Benny Wilson—play intense sets, each soloing for fifteen minutes and longer. Thursday through Sunday, June 5-8, from ten to three. The following Thursday through Sunday (June 12-15) will be allocated to violinist **LEROY JENKINS,** bassist **SIRONE,** and drummer **JEROME COOPER,** known collectively as the Revolutionary Ensemble. Soul food and soft drinks.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This restaurant, only a few months old, started out as an agreeable, unusually spacious and subdued listening room, but has grown more and more congested and frenetic—perhaps it is coming of age as a New York night club. Guitarist Charles Walker and his New York Blues Trio perform through Sunday, June 8. Beginning Wednesday, June 11, pianist Ray Bryant collaborates with a bassist. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays and Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his beautifully feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The fine Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A pleasant-looking, relaxed, and hassle-free bar and restaurant, with the obligatory exposed-brick walls, tin ceiling, and resident dog—in this case, a black shepherd named Tanya. On Thursday, June 5, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 11-12, the very fine guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** heads up a trio. Pianist Calvin Hill and saxophonist John Tank co-pilot a quartet on Sunday, June 8. On Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, flutist Lloyd McNeill fronts an excellent combo—Cecil McBee on bass, electric pianist Dom Salvador, and drummer Buddy Williams—that concentrates on infectiously rhythmic Brazilian-inspired jazz. On the following Friday and Saturday (June 13-14) **ROY HAYNES'** quintet will be in evidence.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—This medieval-looking music fortress is currently presenting **AHMAD JAMAL,** a rhapsodic jazz pianist, nightly, except Mondays, from ten to two.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave., S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Joe Farrell, a vigorous, talented saxophonist, flutist, and composer, winds up his stint with a quartet on Sunday, June 8. On Tuesday, June 10, subtle and soothing blues classicist **MILT JACKSON** descends into these smoky and humid belowstairs quarters with *his* quartet. On Monday, June 9, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** arrives with his sixteen-piece band to sub for the Jones-Lewis band, which has moved uptown to Buddy's Place. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Closer to the docks than to the boonies, this dark, sawdusted café is still cashing in on the late-sixties soul-food bonanza. The music—piano-bass duets, for the most part—is considerably more citified, and begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Four-string tenor guitarist **TINY GRIMES,** once an important component of the Art Tatum trio, now heads his own bluesy, bebopping threesome on Wednesdays and Thursdays, with Shelton Gary, and with Brian Torff on bass. Fridays, a bop quintet takes the stand; and Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, Jo Jones, drums, Taft Jordan, trumpet, and Ram Ramirez. Saturdays and Sundays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

LYNYRD SKYNYRD, WET WILLIE, and **ATLANTIS**—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, June 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-9516.

FRANKIE VALLI & THE FOUR SEASONS, JAY BLACK & THE AMERICANS, and **TOMMY JAMES & THE SHONDELLES**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, June 6, at 8.

BENNY GOLSON—Playing his own compositions, with the Collective Black Artists Ensemble, conducted by Jimmy Owens. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, June 6, at midnight.)

BETTY CARTER—With a trio. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, June 8, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.)

CHICAGO and **THE BEACH BOYS**—Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Sunday, June 12-15, at 7:30.

FATS DOMINO—With the Persuasions and others. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 7 and 11. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

KERMIT ADLER—Outsize watercolors of food (for example, cookies and milk) and flowers; first one-man show in New York. Through June 21. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

MAURICE BRIANCHON—Landscapes of the French countryside, still-lifes, and interiors. Through Saturday, June 7. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JAMES BROOKS—Recent Abstract Expressionist paintings, in a show running concurrently with his show at the Finch College Museum of Art. Through Saturday, June 7. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Graphics, plus six paintings. Through June 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—Twenty-nine of his boxes done between the late forties and the sixties, a display of memorabilia, and ten collages of the mid-sixties. Through Saturday, June 14. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

JANET CULBERTSON—A series of large ink-and-charcoal drawings that have a curiously pebbled-looking surface quality and involve the female figure. Through June 28. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

EMILY ELMAN—Landscapes of Georgia marshlands and upstate New York, with emphasis on the cloud-flecked skies above them. Through Saturday, June 7. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

NANCY GROSSMAN—Male torsos depicted in collage style, built up of cutout pieces of paper pasted, and sometimes stitched, in place. Through Saturday, June 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—A selection of watercolors and ink drawings from the Berlin period (prurient Prussians, mostly), and a few domesticated-looking oil portraits of the same era. Through June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

NANCY HAGIN—Everyday studio clutter is organized into carefully detailed still-lifes and interiors in these realistic paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Friday, June 13. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Saturdays.)

JEANNETTE JUDSON—Recent paintings of abstract geometric patterns. Through Friday, June 13. (Syracuse University Lubin House Gallery, 11 E. 61st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

JAMES C. LEONG—Semi-abstract oils on galactic themes, such as barren moonscapes and cosmic upheavals. Through Saturday, June 7. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

ALBERTO MAGNELLI (1888-1971)—Examples of his early figurative paintings, as well as abstractions from later periods. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Bronze and terra-cotta figures, plus some drawings, by this well-known Expressionist sculptor. Through July 2. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

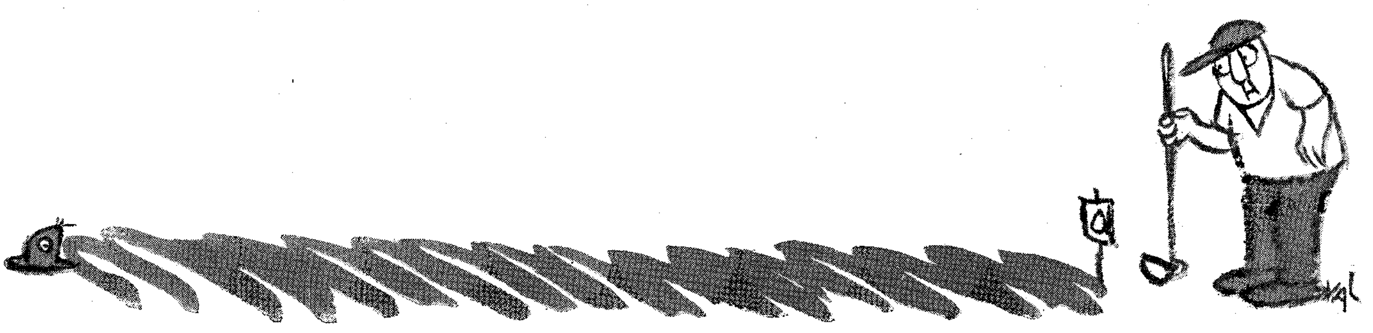
NORMAN ROCKWELL—A benefit loan show of magazine-cover designs, oil sketches, and other works. Through June 28. (Gallery 1020, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

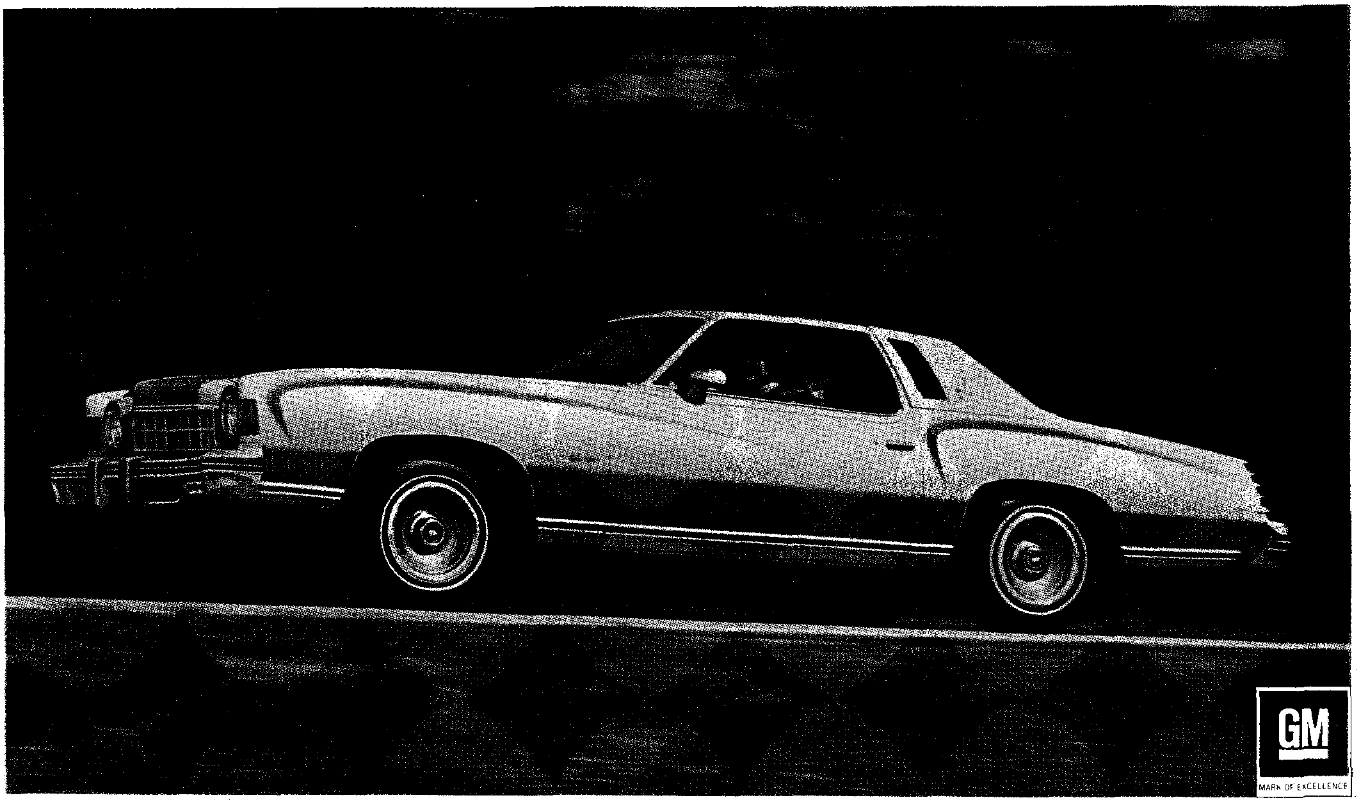
DOROTHY TABAK—Abstract collage landscapes. Through Saturday, June 14. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

MICHAEL TETHEROW—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, June 14. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

JEAN XCERON (1890-1967)—Small-scale watercolors, drawings, and a few oils. Through June 28. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALEXANDER,** 26 E. 78th St.: Prints by James McNeill Whistler, Childe Hassam, Mary Nimmo, and Thomas Moran, on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of





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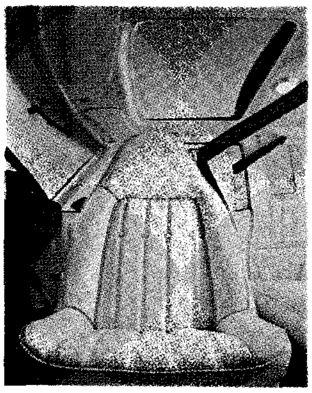

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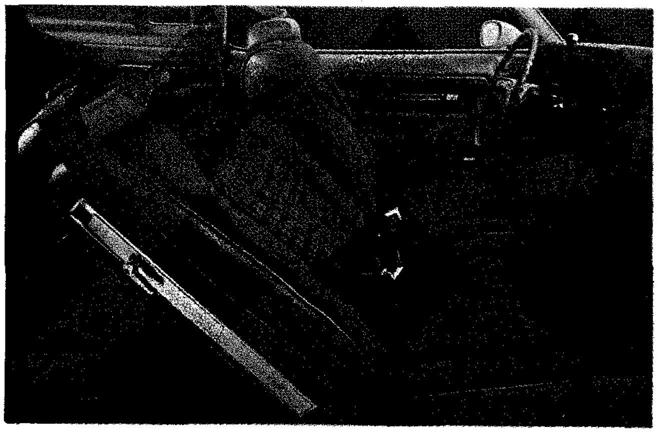

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Design. Through June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... ALONZO, 26 E. 63rd St.: A tenth-anniversary show of "small works." Among the artists: Lynne Drexler, Shozo Nagano, and Roy Shifrin. Through Saturday, June 14.... ELKON, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painters and sculptors whose recent work is on exhibit include John Wesley, Charles Arnoldi, and Isaac Witkin. Through July 31.... GIMPEL, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings completed in the forties and fifties by eight first-generation Abstract Expressionists from the New York School: Brooks, Gottlieb, Gorky, Hofmann, Kline, Pollock, Reinhardt, and Tomlin. Through July 18. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) ... KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by a group including Motherwell, Stella, and Poons. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.)... LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by Pierre Alechinsky, Horst Antes, Asger Jorn, and other gallery artists. Through June 27. (Closed Saturdays.)... NICHOLLS, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Flora and Fauna," a show of cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and watercolors by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through July 18. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... SHEPHERD, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century French figurative art, chosen to show the academic backgrounds of the painters, among them Ingres, Chassériau, and Puvis de Chavannes. Through June 28.... STONE, 48 E. 86th St.: Works in a variety of mediums. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Five Constructivists: Abe Ajay, Stephen Edlich, Will Horwitt, J. Pindyck Miller, and Ulrich Niemeyer. Through Saturday, June 14. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957)—Five hammered-copper sculptures by a figurative artist. Through Saturday, June 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Leonard Baskin—Bronze sculptures (one piece is nine feet high), drawings, and graphics. Through Friday, June 6. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Max Bill / Brett Whiteley—Paintings and sculptures by this Swiss artist, a Bauhaus graduate who took up where Mondrian left off and has worked his way through (and out of, he says) mathematical concepts of art. / Ink drawings with a kind of Oriental dash, by an Australian artist. Through Saturday, June 14. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Edward Hicks (1780-1849)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings by the American folk artist, who turned out sixty or more versions of the Peacable [*sic*] Kingdom, several of which are included here. Through June 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) / **Pat Lipsky**—Late paintings. Through June 27. / New abstract paintings. Through Friday, June 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Yvonne Muller—Color-field paintings; first solo show in New York. Through June 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Polished and sandblasted stainless-steel sculptures, 1958-74. Through June 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—New hard-edge paintings and collages. Through June 21. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Wallace H. Smith—Paintings of city scenes and sailing vessels that seem to belong in the Post-Impressionist era of, say, Vlaminck and Utrillo, yet were painted by a contemporary Missourian who follows his own star and gets around (France, Italy, Florida, the Michigan lake country). Through Saturday, June 7. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Group Shows—At the ESMAN, 29 W. 57th St.: Ed Kerns and Paul Mogensen are two of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and collages. Through June 27.... MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Margit Varga, William Palmer, and Robert Vickrey. Through July 31.... PARSONS, 24 W. 57th St.: Large abstracts by some of the gallery stars, including Kenzo Okada, Cleve Gray, and Hedda Sterne. Through Friday, June 13. (Closed Saturdays.)... PARSONS-TRUMAN, 24 W. 57th St.: Thirty-four artists, among them Steinberg, Murch, Masurovsky, and Thomas George, exhibiting works on paper. Through Friday, June 13. (Closed Saturdays.)... SACHS, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jillian Denby, Stephen Pace, Jackie Ferrara, and others. Through June 26. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Stephen Antonakos—Neon sculptures. Through June 25. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

H. Aoki—A series of paintings of maps. Through June 26. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

J. B. Cobb—Architectural pieces composed of light, wood, paint, cloth, and masonite. Through Wednesday, June 11. (112 Greene Street.)

Francis Colburn—Landscapes of Vermont; first one-man show in New York. Through June 19. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Stephanie Kirschen Cole—Collages made from fabric, stitching, and cancelled postage stamps. Through Saturday, June 14. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Robert Ellis—Interiors (many with views out of a window) that combine a painted surface with photosensitized-paper collages; first one-man show in New York. Through June 19. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Gisela Fischer—Drawings in mixed mediums, some incorporating cast cement; first solo show in New York. Through June 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Michael Goldberg—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Friday, June 13. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Saturdays.)

Marcia Hafif—Large color-field paintings, including one done directly on the wall. Through July 31. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Don Johnson / James Torlakson—Stuffed, sewn, and painted works based on the theme of fishing. / Photo-Realist watercolors depicting urban scenes. Through June 25. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Beverly Pepper—Three big, angular steel sculptures, plus models and photographs of other works by this artist. Through June 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... ¶ Three large pieces. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the AAMES, 93 Prince St.: Twelve artists, most of whom have not exhibited previously, showing works in many mediums. Through Saturday, June 14.... A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.: Works by all the members of this women's coöperative. Through June 18.... CALDWELL, 383 West Broadway: Paintings and drawings by gallery artists. Through June 28.... 14 SCULPTORS, 75 Thompson St.: Pieces in stone, plastic, wood, and metal (plus some drawings) by Jane Schneider, John McNally, Carolee Thea, and others. Through Wednesday, June 11.... O. K. HARRIS, 383 West Broadway: Ralph Goings, John Salt, and other artists showing paintings, and Mark Miller showing a conceptual piece. Through Saturday, June 14.

OTHER GALLERIES

Owen Morrel—Two pieces combining wood, mirrors, aluminum, and light. Both works also use live reptiles. Through Friday, June 13. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Anne Tabachnick—Paintings and drawings of still-lifes and landscapes. Through June 30. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Group Show—Paintings and other works by four artists. Through Saturday, June 7. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

James Abbe (1883-1973)—An exhibition of portraits made in the twenties and thirties by one

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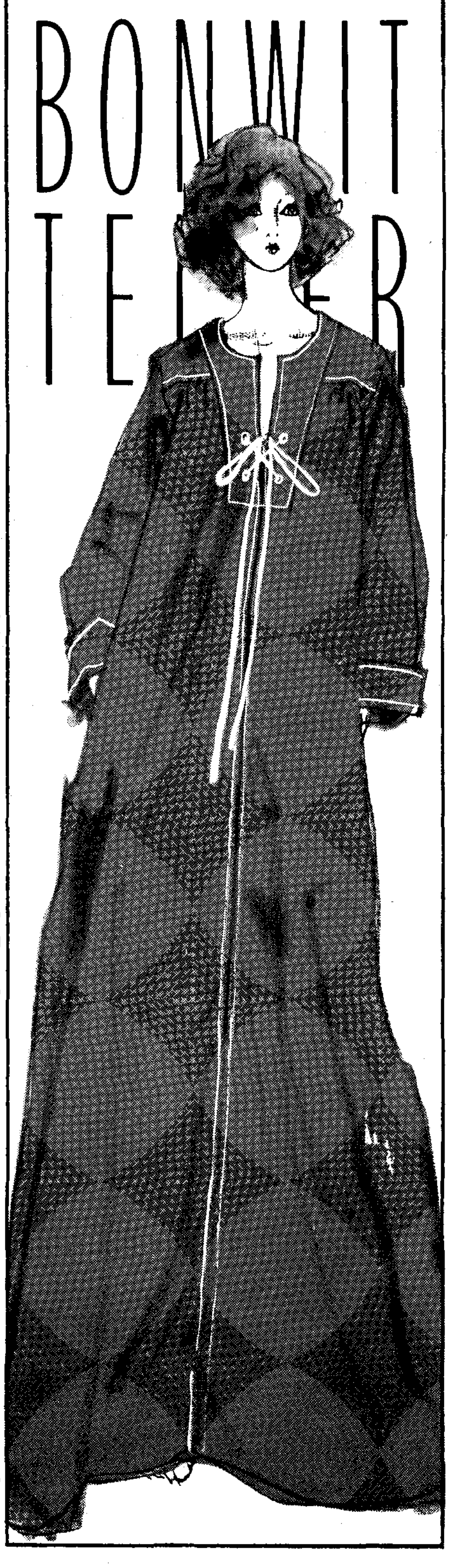

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of the most sought-after of photographers of stage and film personalities. Through Friday, June 6. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—Photographs taken during the last fifty years by a Mexican artist. Through June 21. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Paul Diamond / Bernard Pierre Wolff—Autobiographical photographs. / Photographs of India by a French-born artist who makes his home here. Through June 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Eikoh Hosoe / David Freund—A series of narrative landscapes taken in Japan, most of them including a man costumed and made up as a Kabuki actor. / Suburban views of houses and trees. Through June 28. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Irving Penn—Fourteen large platinum-print portraits, all done between 1972 and 1974, of cigar and cigarette butts. Through Aug. 3. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

W. Eugene Smith and Aileen M. Smith—An exhibition chronicling the long struggle of the victims of "Minamata disease"—mercury poisoning from industrial wastes dumped into the sea—to get reparation from the plastics company responsible. Through June 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **camera club**, 37 E. 60th St.: Portraits, still-lifes, and other works in black-and-white and color by a group that includes Norman Rothschild, Ann Meuer, and Christopher Little. Through Tuesday, June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)... **metropolitan museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A survey of landscape photography—on loan from many institutions—of the American West, 1860-85, with examples by Carlton E. Watkins, Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Eadweard Muybridge, A. J. Russell, William Henry Jackson, and William Bell. Also on view are such items as a glass-plate camera from the period and stereo cards mounted in hand-operated viewers. Through July 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)... **prints on prince street** (which, however, is located at 410 West Broadway, at Spring): A large exhibition of prints, many rare, by such luminaries of photography as Frederick H. Evans, Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Mathew Brady, Paul Nader, James Van DerZee, Eugène Atget, Lewis Carroll, Julia Margaret Cameron, Man Ray, Paul Outerbridge, Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Edward Weston, Walker Evans, Lisette Model, and Diane Arbus. Through Saturday, June 7.... **soho photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: An exhibition on varied themes by nine artists. Through June 29. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Robert Lehman Collection (some three hundred European paintings, more than a thousand drawings, as well as medieval and Renaissance bronzes, tapestries, furniture, glass, majolica, textiles, and jewelry) in a new and permanent installation, a section of which is a reconstruction of seven rooms from the Lehman residence.... ¶ An exhibition—part of a cultural exchange with Russia—of artifacts recovered from tombs of pre-Christian nomadic cultures. Included are ornate Scythian gold carvings (almost all for personal adornment) as well as objects of bronze, wood, felt, horn, and iron. Through July 13.... ¶ Recent paintings, among them eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through June 29.... ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Southeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ An exhibition of landscape photography of the American West. Through July 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the sculptures of the British abstractionist Anthony Caro, including about thirty large-scale pieces (mainly painted steel) and a few table pieces. Through July 6.... ¶ Drawings, all done between 1920 and 1929, by Moholy-Nagy, Sheeler, Léger, and others. Through June 15.... ¶ An exhibit of prints in which works on similar themes by artists of different generations are juxtaposed. Among those represented are Munch, Sloan, and Hockney. Through Sunday, June 8.... ¶ Black-and-white videotapes (made by Vito Acconci, Joan Jonas, and others) are being shown weekdays from 11 to 2 and Sundays from noon to 2 in the auditorium gallery through July 31.... ¶ An exhibition of photographs by Irving Penn. Through Aug. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. On Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, at 8, there will be a concert of bluegrass music by the New Pine Hill Ramblers.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworkov. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A restoration—in spirit, anyway—of the old, Eighth Street Whitney is the background for a survey of American painting from 1900 to 1932. The exhibition traces the development of the museum since its inception in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Studio Club, where members of The Eight and later luminaries, like Guy Pène du Bois, Edward Hopper, George Bellows, and Reginald Marsh, gathered for evening sketch classes. As time went on, the Whitney Museum became *the* channel for the mainstream of American art, and practically all the masterpieces of that early era are on view here. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ Twentieth-century drawings (including watercolors) from the museum's collection, by George Ault, Georgia O'Keeffe, Alexander Calder, and others. Through July 13.... ¶ Oils by Jo Baer. Through July 13.... ¶ Videotapes (some of them by Nam June Paik, Lynda Benglis, and Peter Campus) will be shown daily at 12, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesdays) in the museum's theatre starting Thursday, June 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of New York painting originating during the years 1941-47, including early examples of Abstract Expressionism by Willem de Kooning, Lee Krasner, Robert Motherwell, and others. Through Wednesday, June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through June 29.... ¶ More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with examples by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ A loan show of more than a hundred ancient (from the fourth millennium) Middle Eastern stamp and cylinder seals.... ¶ A loan show of about fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Aug. 17.... ¶ A loan exhibit of thirty handwoven Egyptian tapestries. Through July 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipi-

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ents of this year's awards, among them the artists Paul Cadmus, George L. K. Morris, and Claes Oldenburg, and the poet Mark Strand. Through June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Khmer stone sculptures, Tibetan and Nepalese paintings, and bronzes from the Shang and Chou dynasties are part of an exhibit on loan from the Musée Guimet, in Paris. Through June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of jades, dating from 2000 B.C. through the Han Dynasty (220 A.D.). Through June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist James Brooks. Through Sunday, June 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.) A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at the Martha Jackson Gallery, 32 E. 69th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, most of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Among the works on display are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lamar West. . . . ¶ Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," and John Cage's "Three Dances." Both exhibitions through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime." . . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—"Three Centuries of the American Nude," an exhibition stretching from a few works on classical themes by West, Peale, and Copley to the Pop and superrealist work of Ramos, Rivers, Wesselmann, de Andrea, and Pearlstein. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Contemporary Spanish painters. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A selection of porcelain, stoneware, and faïence, from the Royal Copenhagen Manufactory, typifying the company's designs from 1775 to the present. Through June 15. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and drawings by a realist, Arthur Coppedge. Through June 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424.)

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Avery Fisher Hall, the final concerts of the "Promenades" season—Milton Katims conducting "Dropping in on the Twenties" on Wednesday and Thursday, June 4-5, at 8:30 (with Lorin Hollander, piano, and Michael Dominico, tap-dancer); and "Vienna Footlights" Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, and Tuesday, June 10, at 8:30 (with Johanna Meier, soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; and Theodor Uppman, baritone). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting a benefit repeat performance of "Soirée Parisienne" on Wednesday, June 11, at 8:30 (with Ruth Welting, soprano; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415); and "Music for Great Concert Halls" Thursday through Saturday, June 12-14, at 8:30 (with Ruggiero Ricci, violin).

Orchestra of the State of Mexico—Enrique Batiz conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, June 13, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Houston, Wednesday, June 4, at 8:05, and Thursday, June 5, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Friday, June 6, at 8:05; Saturday, June 7, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 8, at 2:05. . . . **yankees:** Vs. California, Monday and Tuesday, June 9-10, at 8. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Wednesday, June 11, at 8, and Thursday, June 12, at 4:15. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 8.

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 7; varsity race at 6:30.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 26. The Belmont, Saturday, June 7; the Youthful, Sunday, June 8; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Sautrdays and Sundays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesday, June 10, at 2, from Monday, June 9, through Monday, July 28.

Soccer—New York Cosmos vs. Hartford. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Wednesday, June 4, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, June 11, at 8. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Phoenix, Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 8. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 19. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 14.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

The Great Outdoors—Through Sunday, June 8, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Sunday, June 8, there will be a conducted tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, starting at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, June 11, Woody Herman and the Thundering Herd and Prince Igor's Czar will give a jazz concert aboard the S.S. Duchess while cruising the Hudson River. Boarding at Battery Park at 7. For information about tickets, call 541-4235. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7. . . . ¶ The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 4, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 2: Jewelry, from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, June 6, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau, nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art, furniture, and decorations; from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 10, at 10:15 and 2, and Wednesday, June 11, at 10:15: English, Continental, and American silver; watches; and *objects de vertu*. From several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 11, at 2: English and Continental porcelains, belonging to a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 12, at 2: Old Master paintings, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, June 6.

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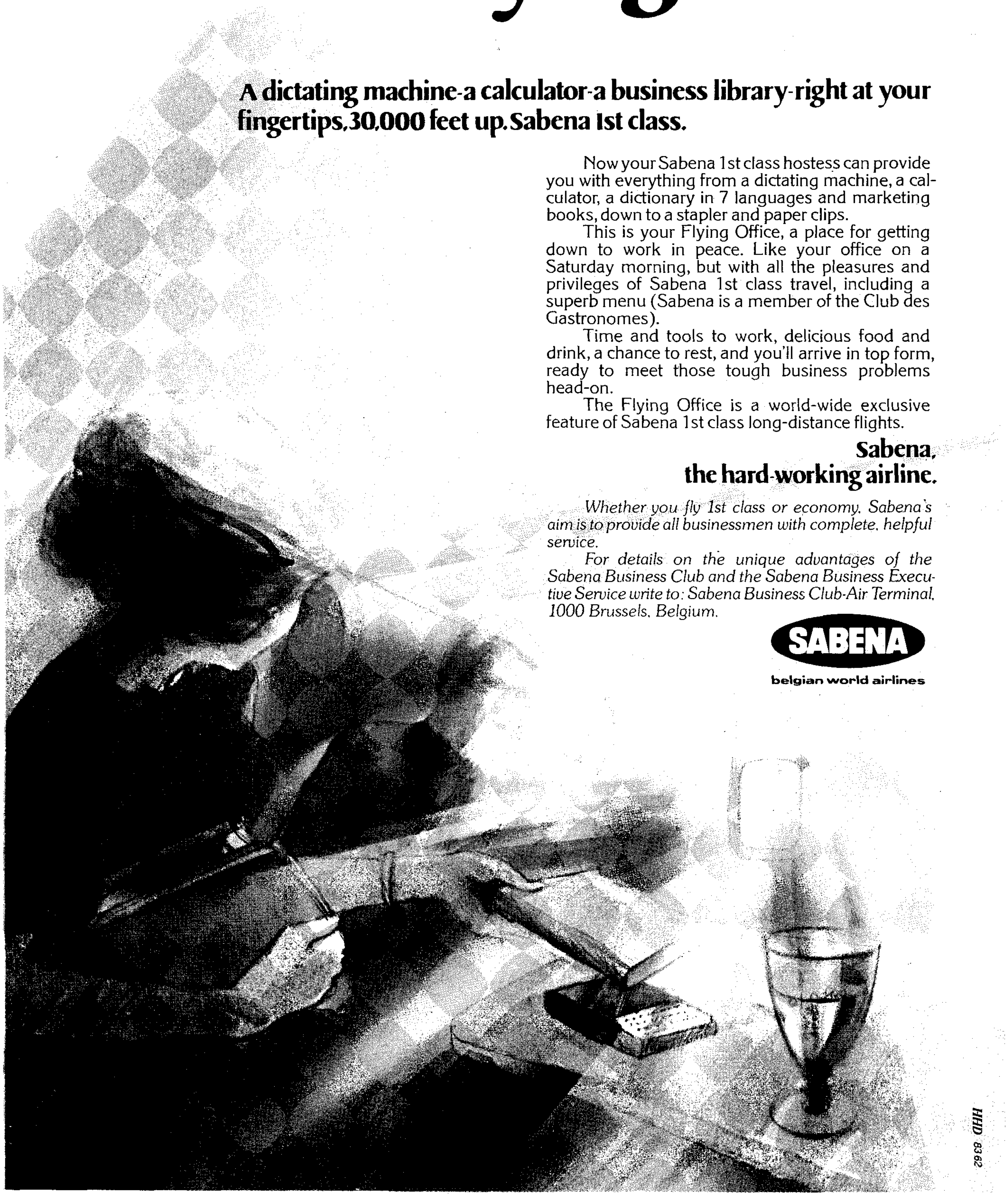

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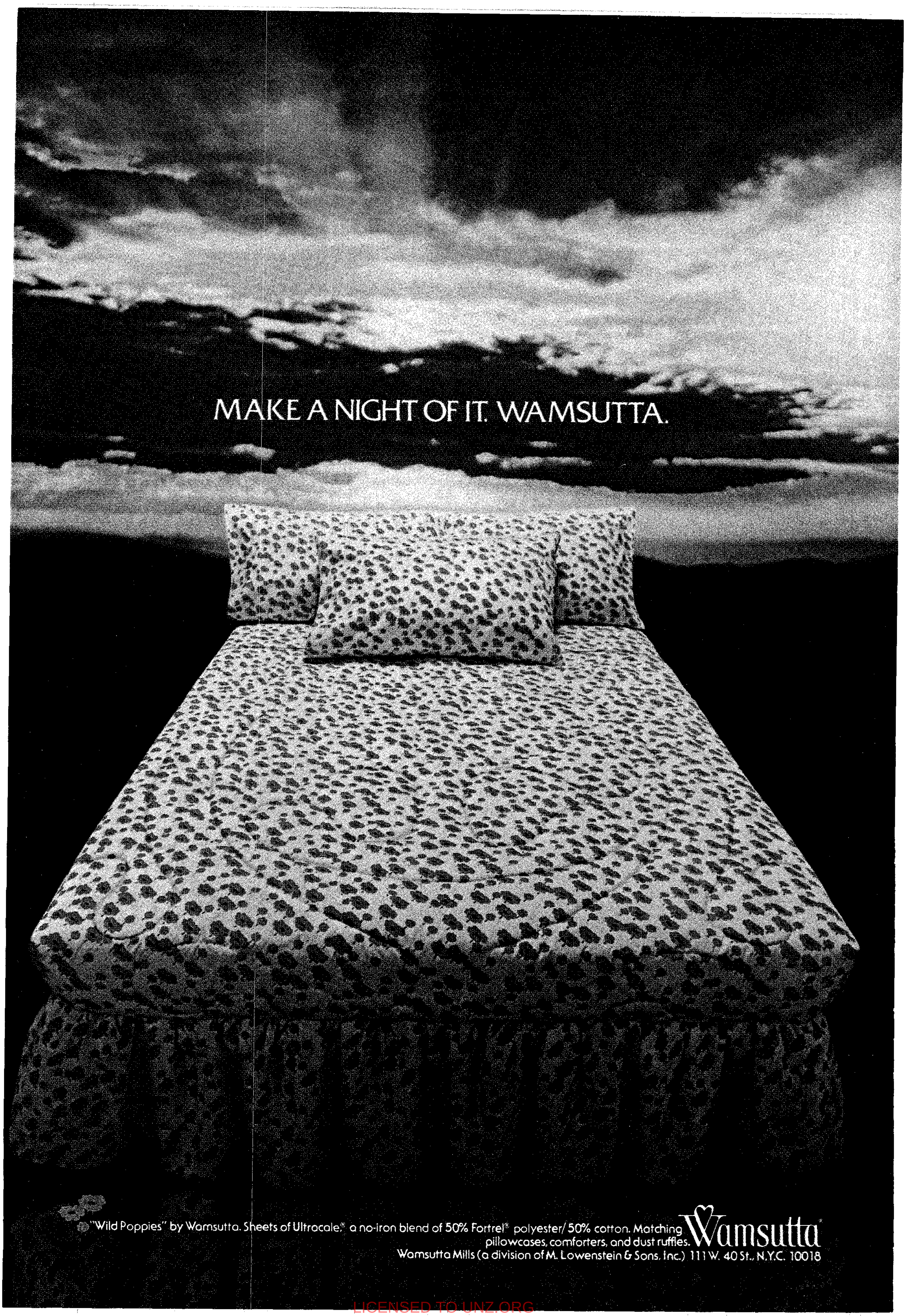
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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Lancelot of the Lake."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 5: "Saratoga" and "Secret Six."
June 6-7: "Mannequin" and "Dancing Lady."
June 8-9: "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Mrs. Miniver."
June 10: "Me and My Gal" and "The Power and the Glory."
From June 11: "Show Boat" and "Roberta."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through June 10: "A Woman Under the Influence."
From June 11: "Amarcord" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Godfather, Part II."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 10: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From June 11: "Amarcord."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"French Connection II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Eiger Sanction."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through June 9: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From June 10: "Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"French Connection II."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Children of Rage."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through the afternoon of June 4: "The Happy Hooker."
June 5-10: "Amarcord" and "8½."
From June 11: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 10: "Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York."
From June 11: "Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through June 10: "Death Race 2000."
From June 11: "Saturday Night at the Baths."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Cornbread, Earl and Me."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
June 4: "This Man Must Die" and "Le Boucher."
June 5: "Law and Disorder" and "Born to Win."
June 6: "Catch-22" and "The Graduate."
June 7: "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Little Big Man."
June 8: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "Billy Liar."
June 9: "Shame" and "Hour of the Wolf."
June 10: "Red Desert" and "Zabriskie Point."
June 11: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Tristana."
June 12: "Joe" and "Save the Tiger."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 10: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."
From June 11: "Nashville."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Shampoo."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Shampoo."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Eiger Sanction."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 7: "The Middle of the World."
From June 8: "Le Chat."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Funny Lady."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 10: "Murder on the Orient Express."
From June 11: "Airport 1975."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 10: "Harry & Tonto."
From June 11: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 10: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From June 11: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 10: "A Brief Vacation."
From June 11: "Night Moves."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Death Race 2000."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Breakout."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Lepke."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Mandingo."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Cornbread, Earl and Me."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
June 4: "End of the Road"/"The Captain of Koepenick"/"Adrift."
June 5: "End of the Road"/"The Testament of Dr. Mabuse"/"Adrift."
June 6-7: "Death in Venice"/"Murmur of the Heart"/"Adrift."
June 8: "Children of Paradise"/"Adrift"/"The Passion of Anna"/"Death in Venice."
June 9: "Viva la Muerte!"/"Adrift"/A program about Charles Mingus.
June 10: "Viva la Muerte!"/"Macbeth"/"Adrift."
June 11: "Woman in the Dunes"/"The Fall"/"Reflections."
June 12: "Woman in the Dunes"/"Potemkin"/"Reflections."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Shampoo."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 10: "A Brief Vacation."
From June 11: "And Now My Love."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Passenger."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through June 10 at one or another of the theatres: "Janis" and "Slaughterhouse-Five"/"When a Woman Calls" and "Lady on a Couch"/"Young Frankenstein" and "Harold and Maude"/"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Mean Streets."
From June 11: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 4: "The Great Gatsby" and "Borsalino."
June 5: "Fat City" and "Beat the Devil."
June 6-7: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Little Murders."
June 8: One performance, at noon, of "King Lear."
June 8-9: "Travels with My Aunt" and "Something for Everyone."
June 10: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
June 11: "Little Big Man" and "The Last Movie."
June 12: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "The Decameron."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
Through June 10: "Crime and Punishment."
From June 11: To be announced.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Chariot of the Gods?" and "Brother of the Wind."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Wind and the Lion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"A Brief Vacation."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 10: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "California Split."
From June 11: "Lenny" and "The Long Goodbye."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Passenger."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 4-5: "Monika" and "Summer Interlude." (No evening performances on Wednesday, June 4.)
June 6: "Witness for the Prosecution" and "Anatomy of a Murder."
June 7: "The Music Lovers" and "Savage Messiah."
June 8: "My Man Godfrey" and "Palm Beach Story."
June 9: "Eva" and "The Go-Between."
June 10: "A Free Woman" and "The Sudden Wealth of the Poor People of Kombach."
June 11: "Walkabout" and "Outback."
June 12: "Zazie" and "The Thief of Paris."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Le Secret."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 9: "The Godfather, Part II."
From June 10: "Love and Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
June 4: "A Brief Vacation."
From June 5: "The Middle of the World."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Invitation."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 10: "Aida" and "Cops and Robbers."
From June 11: "The Happy Hooker" and another feature, to be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Shampoo."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 10: "And Now My Love" and "A Man and a Woman."
From June 11: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 10: "Posse."
From June 11: "Lepke."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Passenger."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 10: "Chinatown" and "The Conversation."
From June 11: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Mean Streets."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs in a series of films directed by D. W. Griffith: June 5 at 5:30: "Scarlet Days" (1919), with Richard Barthelmess and Carol Dempster. . . . June 5 at 8: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . June 6 at 2 and June 7 at 3: "Way Down East" (1920), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . June 8 at 5:30: "The Love Flower" (1920), with Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess. . . . June 9 at 2: "The Idol Dancer" (1920), with Clarine Seymour and Richard Barthelmess. . . . June 9 at 5:30: "Dream Street" (1921), with Carol Dempster and Ralph Graves. . . . June 12 at 5:30: "The Idol Dancer." . . . June 12 at 8: "The Love Flower." In conjunction with this series, the museum is showing (through June 29) stills, posters, production records, music scores, scripts, and correspondence relating to Griffith's films, career, and working methods. . . . ¶ Other, non-Griffith, films scheduled during this period are: June 4 at 5:30: "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950), directed by Otto Preminger, with Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews. . . . June 6 at 5:30 and June 7 at noon: A program of six short films. . . . June 8 at 12:30 and 3: "The Second Time Around" (1961), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Debbie Reynolds and Steve Forrest. . . . June 10 at 2: "Whistle Down the Wind" (1960), directed by Bryan Forbes, with Hayley Mills and Alan Bates. . . . June 10 at 5:30: A program of films by Storm De Hirsch. . . . June 11 at 5:30: "Whistle Down the Wind." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—June 5 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Glamour" (1934), directed by William Wyler, with Constance Cummings and Paul Lukas. . . . ¶ June 6 at 3:30 and 5:30: "The Gilded Lily" (1935), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ June 7-8 at 3 and 5:30: "An American Romance" (1944), directed by King Vidor, with Brian Donlevy and Ann Richards. . . . ¶ June 12 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Marked Woman" (1937), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dreyer, Bresson, Cocteau, Backrer, Dovzhenko, Cornell, Chaplin, Flaherty, Eisenstein, Kirsanov, Brakhage, Micheaux, and others. Showings June 4-5 at 5, 7, and 9:30; June 6 at 6, 8, and 10; June 7 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; June 8 at 8; and June 10-12 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Adrift (1971)—Mannered film by Ján Kadár, a gifted Czech in exile from his gift. People look cosmically solemn, time goes in circles, and an unmistakably American girl rises from the waves to haunt an unmistakably Czech fisherman in unmistakably Czech circumstances. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through June 10.)

Aida (1954)—With Sophia Loren, gorgeous, dubbed. In Italian and English. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 10.)

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/74.) (72nd Street East; starting June 11.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (1/13/75) (Gramercy, Juliet 2, Quad Cinema, and Playboy; through June 10. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 11.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza; June 5-10. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; starting June 11.)

Anatomy of a Murder (1959)—Otto Preminger wheels slowly, in the slow-wheel Preminger style, around a courtroom story of a rape-and-murder case. James Stewart, Lee Remick, George C. Scott, and Arthur O'Connell as a lawyer on the bottle. Duke Ellington's score. Plodding stuff, but the cast is good, and courtroom drama always works. The judge is played by, of all people, Joseph N. Welch, celebrated opponent of Senator McCarthy; it is almost as if he wrote his own sage and pungent lines. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 6.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Lelouch. The film includes one of those cinéastes' *hommages*—an unusual one, to a movie by Lelouch himself ("A Man and a Woman"). The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (New Yorker; through June 10. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting June 11.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Elgin; June 5.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (D. W. Griffith; June 8.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (D. W. Griffith; June 7.)

Born to Win (1971)—An unjustly neglected film. Maybe the mixture of moods (comedy and horror) frightened off the producers: they didn't open it, they just let it out. George Segal gives his most prodigious and imaginative performance as a hipster junkie who is so giddy that he really digs the hustling lower depths he inhabits. The film isn't totally satisfying, but when it's good, it's pretty damned good. With Karen Black, Jay Fletcher, and Paula Prentiss. Ivan Passer directed, from David Scott Milton's screenplay. (D. W. Griffith; June 5.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Elgin; June 4.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (D. W. Griffith; June 4.)

Breakout—A jailbreak by helicopter. With Charles Bronson and Robert Duvall, directed by Tom Gries. (Loews Orpheum.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Festival. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; June 4. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and 8th St. Playhouse; through June 10.)

Brother of the Wind—A wildlife movie photographed in the Canadian Rockies. Directed by, and with, Dick Robinson. (Guild.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Playboy; through June 10.)

The Captain of Koepenick (1931)—Directed by Richard Oswald. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 4.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (D. W. Griffith; June 6.)

Chariots of the Gods? (1974)—A film version of Erich Von Däniken's theories of extraterrestrial visitors to Earth centuries ago. Directed by Harald Reinl. (Guild.)

Le Chat—With Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret, directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting June 8.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 8.)

Children of Rage—With Helmut Griem, directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman. (Fine Arts.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Olympia; through June 10.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Olympia; through June 10.)

Cops and Robbers (1973)—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake. About two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life. (8/27/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 10.)

Cornbread, Earl and Me—With Moses Gunn and Rosalind Cash, directed by Joe Manduke. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Crime and Punishment—A first-rate Russian version—made in 1970—of Dostoevski's great novel about Raskolnikov and the murder that he executed almost as if to explain an already existing sense of guilt. Raskolnikov is

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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8	9	10	11	12		

played by Georgi Taratorkin, a spidery, socket-eyed figure in a black stovepipe hat, Porfiry by the famous, correctly bland-faced Innokenty Smoktunovsky. The delicately drunken Marmeladov of Evgeny Lebedev is unforgettable, and the depiction of Porfiry belongs among the very best Russian performances on screen, ranking with those of the great Kachalov's that are visible in the records we have of Moscow Art Theatre productions long ago. Directed by Lev Kulijanov, with Dostoevski's own feeling for grotesque detail and for moments of suppressed farce. In Russian. (5/26/75) (Bijou; through June 10.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at being a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 6-7.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel is a mosaic that never comes together. Waldo Salt attempted the next-to-impossible job of adapting the novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles, in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 6-8.)

Death Race 2000—With David Carradine, directed by Paul Bartel. (U.A. East.... ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through June 10.)

The Decameron (1971)—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Elgin; June 12.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (D. W. Griffith; June 11.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

The Eiger Sanction—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (34th St. East, and Beekman.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Plaza; June 5-10.)

End of the Road (1970)—The John Barth 1958 novel is about a triangle in an academic setting, and the best scenes in the movie are the quiet ones that are closest to the spirit of the book. But most of the time the director, Aram Avakian, and his co-screenwriters, Dennis McGuire and Terry Southern, feverishly pound us with shock effects and apocalyptic messages. Gordon Willis's camerawork is often beautiful, the optical effects are sometimes elegant, and the sets and details are often remarkably fine, but the absurdist point of view has too self-congratulatory a tone. Guns and American flags are the running shticks of the movie, and the performers (Stacy Keach as the catatonic hero, Dorothy Tristan, Harris Yulin, and James Earl Jones) are intercut with mushroom clouds, atrocities, and the moon shot. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 4-5.)

Eva (1962)—Jeanne Moreau as an elegant, heartless slut, and Stanley Baker as a born victim. Joseph Losey's film, set in Venice and Rome, was meddled with by the producers; what's left has flair and style (maybe too much of each), but the intentions aren't altogether clear. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 9.)

The Fall (1961)—The films of the Argentine director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson are very distinctive—atmospheric and sensitive, yet fragile, self-conscious, and not quite satisfying; they always promise more than they deliver. In this one, Elsa Daniel is the lonely young university student who takes a room with a fatherless family. The sickly, neurotic mother seems frightened of her callous, dreamy children; the family hero is an uncle, to whom the student is attracted. Banality sets in just when you hope for excitement. From a novel by the director's wife, Beatriz Guido. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 11.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Elgin; June 5.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing) for her money. Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. The tone is too playful, too bright—you can see where you're meant to laugh, but you don't feel like it. Some vital element seems to be missing—affection, maybe; Jack Nicholson has some high comic moments, but the film isn't likable. (Coronet.)

A Free Woman (1974)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 10.)

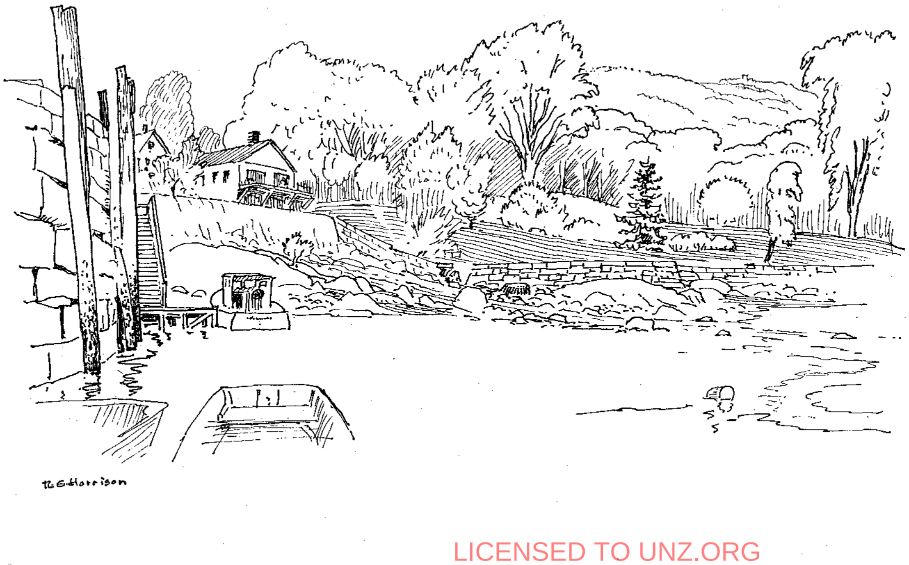
French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first part was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York who is now in Marseilles, determined to break the French heroin connection for good. The connection is once more played by the suave Fernando Rey, who here packs his dope in convincingly gourmet-destined-looking cans of bouillabaisse. Doyle is taken by the film to be a sophisticated plain speaker, but his sophistication is really a cast of megalopolitan rudeness, and his plain speaking seems to lie in the howling of Manhattan oaths at people for denying him a Hershey bar in this alien land of Suchard. Photographed by Claude Renoir, nephew of Jean Renoir (for whom he photographed "Grand Illusion"); the compositions are individually very fine, but there are too many slam-bang closeups that make you pine for a long shot to let you find your bearings. Visually as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (Murray Hill, and Trans-Lux East.)

Funny Lady—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific—strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ray Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75) (Loews Tower East.)

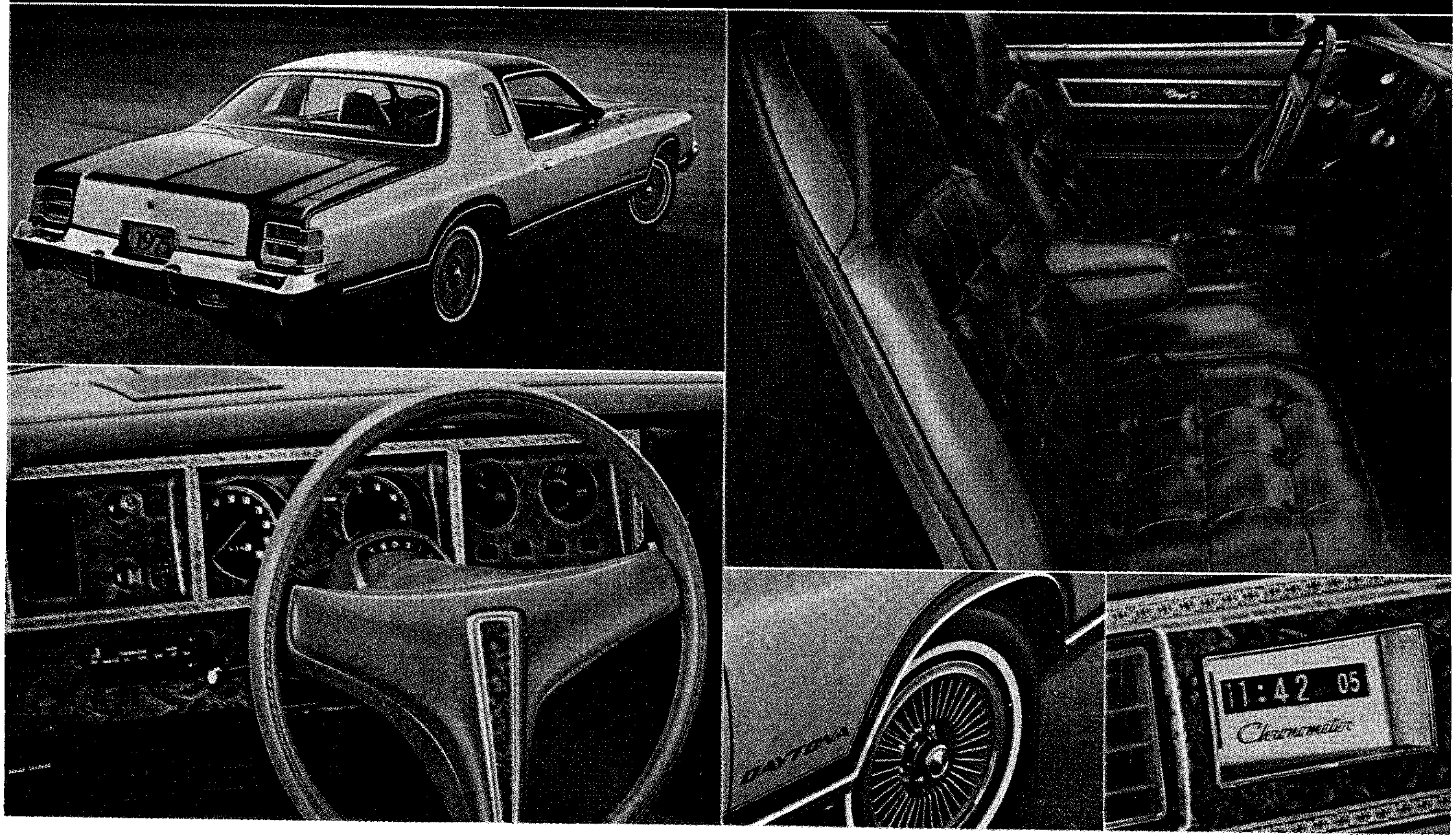
The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather coldhearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 9.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a Bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Cinema Village.... ¶ Paramount; through June 9.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips (1939)—James Hilton's gentle tribute to his schoolmaster father became an American best-seller when that old sentimentalist Alexander Woollcott touted it on



1975
Hey Charger!
Where'd you get that racy look?


1975
DAYTONA
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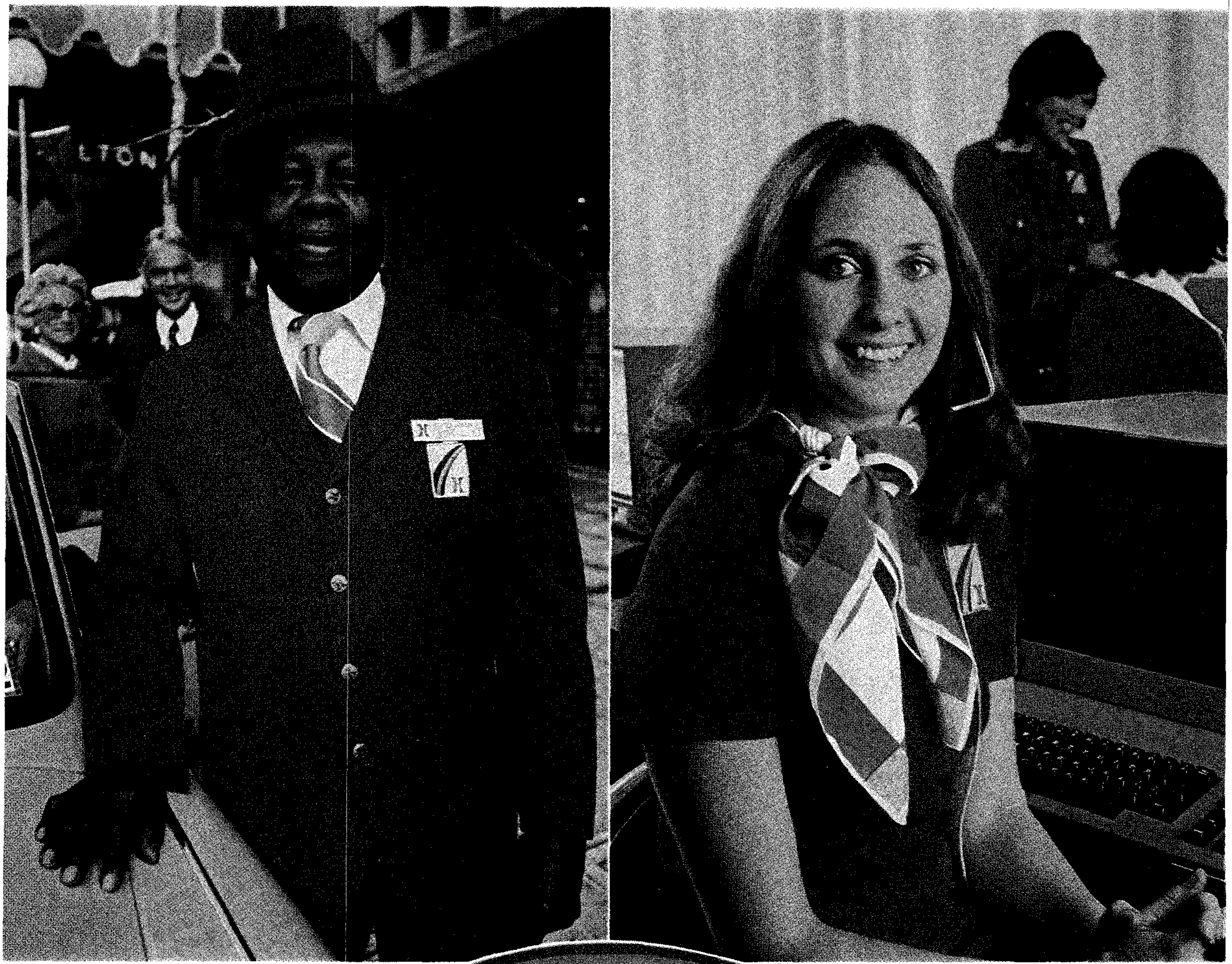

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LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the radio. M-G-M bought the novel and sent Sam Wood to England to film it. Robert Donat's portrait of the frightened young junior master, stiff and forbidding in his twenties, who is humanized by marriage and mellowed by sixty years of contact with youth, won him an Academy Award. Greer Garson, in her screen début, played his warm and gracious wife. An overripe little boy named Terry Kilburn played the ubiquitous Little Colley. It's an ingratiating, bittersweet record of a good life, though the movie clogs the nose more than necessary. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 8-9.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Elgin; June 12.)

The Graduate (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (D. W. Griffith; June 6.)

The Great Gatsby (1974)—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie. Directed by Jack Clayton. With Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Elgin; June 4.)

The Happy Hooker—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. R-rated. (Plaza; through the afternoon of June 4. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 11.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through June 10.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits after the demolition of his one-roof flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (Juliet 1; through June 10.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (D. W. Griffith; June 9.)

The Invitation—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by Claude Goretta, a Swiss who has joined Alain Tanner ("La Salamandre," "Le Retour d'Afrique," "Charles Dead or Alive," "The Middle of the World") and Michel Soutter ("The Surveyors") in making Switzerland an unexpected source of very fine cinema. This tale, which won a Special Jury Prize at Cannes in 1973, is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (5/5/75) (Regency.)

Janis—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Quad Cinema; through June 10.)

Joe (1970)—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (D. W. Griffith; June 12.)

King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, has dead eyes. (Elgin; June 8, one performance, at noon.)

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Lancelot of the Lake—With Luc Simon as Lancelot. Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Art.)

The Last Movie (1971)—Dennis Hopper directed this put-on, knockabout tragedy, in which he stars as a stunt man with an American film company in Peru who becomes a Christ figure when the natives imitate filmmaking. The movie grinds to a painful halt right at the start; it is visually beautiful, but the editing is so self-destructive that it's as if Hopper had slashed his own canvases. (Elgin; June 11.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 5.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine passage as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Playboy; starting June 11.)

Lepke—Tony Curtis as Louis (Lepke) Buchalter. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting June 11.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (D. W. Griffith; June 7. . . . ¶ Elgin; June 11.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Elgin; June 6-7.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Playboy; starting June 11.)

Love and Death—Directed by, and with, Woody Allen. (Sutton, and Paramount; starting June 10.)

Macbeth (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 10.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (New Yorker; through June 10.)

Mandingo—The antebellum South. With James Mason, Susan George, and Perry King, directed by Richard Fleischer. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Mannequin (1938)—Joan Crawford is a lyric talker in this one; poetic flights are her specialty, as she rises from Hester Street to penthouses, suffering from emotional conflicts every step of the way. Her boyfriend, Spencer Tracy, makes good in the shipping business but has trouble with labor organizations; Alan Curtis, a friend from her poor-but-innocent days, is a corner loafer with a mean slant to his fedora. The director, Frank Borzage, gives some care to the tenement sequences, but he's perfunctory when the scenes turn rich. The unconvincing script (from a Katherine Brush story) is no more than an excuse for M-G-M gloss and glamour; all the way through, a simple statement of the truth would solve the heroine's wracking problems. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 6-7.)

Me and My Gal (1932)—Joan Bennett is lively as a wisecracking, gum-chewing waitress; Spencer Tracy is her policeman boyfriend. The Irish humor is spread on thick, but every once in a while Arthur Kober, who did the script, gets off a good one. The melodramatic plot revolves around Bennett's brunette sister (Marion Burns), who is in love with a gangster. Raoul Walsh directed this naïve, pasted-together, yet rather pleasing picture. With Henry B. Walthall as a man who has lost the power of speech, George Chandler as his foolish, good-natured son, and J. Farrell MacDonald. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 10.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Quad Cinema; through June 10. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 11.)

The Middle of the World—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. This is a film of tremendous simplicity with a complex intellectual underlay, directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. (They did "La Salamandre" together, and Tanner made "Charles Dead or Alive" and "Le Retour d'Afrique.") The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. And also very funny at times, and truly erotic. A trailbreaker. In French. (3/31/75) (68th St. Playhouse; through June 7. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting June 5.)

Mrs. Miniver (1942)—M-G-M's wartime salute to gallant England, engineered to make the audience choke up. The theme is the gentry under fire, with, at the same time, some regard for the old nobility and a smile for the quaint antics of the servants under stress. Greer Garson is the excruciatingly proper paragon-heroine, courteous and controlled in every crisis, and Walter Pidgeon is her husband. Willian Wyler directed this generally offensive picture, adapted from a novel by Jan Struther; shamelessly, it ends with the heroic characters singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," in a partially destroyed church. With Dame May Whitty, Teresa Wright, Richard Ney, Henry Wilcoxon, Helmut Dantine, Reginald Owen, and Peter Lawford. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 8-9.)

Monika (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4-5. No evening performances on Wednesday, June 4.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English

TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. Here, King Arthur's doughty knights are cowardly and ill-starred; the King himself possesses only an imaginary horse, simulated by a hooflike knocking together of coconuts by a muddy-looking subject, and the representative of the enemy French has a sublimely singular line of Anglophobic insults. Recklessly funny, with moments of genius, especially in the pursuit of red herrings that have nothing to do with plot. (5/5/75) (Cinema II; through June 10. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting June 11.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (72nd Street East; through June 10.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 6-7.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 7.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—Carole Lombard shrieking happily as a beautiful, rich ninny, and William Powell modulating impeccably as a suave, bitter victim of the Depression, in an entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy with a muddled social conscience. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's too silly and good-natured to be offensive. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Gregory La Cava directed, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 8.)

Nashville—With Karen Black and Keith Carradine, directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, and Cinema II; starting June 11.)

Night Moves—A suspense film, with Gene Hackman, directed by Arthur Penn. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting June 11.)

Outback (1972)—A good subject—comradeship among white men in the Australian desert, their boredom, and their erratic, senseless destructiveness. The film, directed by Ted Kotcheff, spends too much time on the melodramatic ordeals of a sensitive but arrogant male schoolteacher (Gary Bond) who hates the coarse life he's trapped in, but the material on the primitivism of the master race is vivid and authentic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 11.)

Palm Beach Story (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert), travelling by train, get shoved aside by the secondary characters: drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 8.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (4/14/75) (Greenwich, Little Carnegie, and Thalia.)

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The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 8.)

Posse—A Western, with Kirk Douglas, Bruce Dern, and Jim Stacy, directed by Mr. Douglas. (Symphony; through June 10.)

Potemkin (1925)—In 1950, an international panel of critics voted this Eisenstein film "the greatest film of the past fifty years." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. Eisenstein made the subject exciting by rhythmic editing—"montage." Silent, with added musical sound track. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 12.)

The Power and the Glory (1933)—Preston Sturges wrote the script (which is sentimental and heavy-handed but is nevertheless almost a warmup for "Citizen Kane"), and the producer, Jesse Lasky, who considered it "the most perfect script" he'd ever seen, insisted that the director, William K. Howard, shoot it word for word. Spencer Tracy is the railroad tycoon who has killed himself, and the story is told from his funeral by Ralph Morgan. With Colleen Moore and slinky Helen Vinson. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 10.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank has directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. (3/10/75) (Sutton; through June 9.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (D. W. Griffith; June 10.)

Reflections—A Ulvi Dogan film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 11-12.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. Clouseau's off-center concentration here drives his boss crazy; the boss is brilliantly played by Herbert Lom, reborn in irascible comedy. Peter Sellers' talent for great slapstick is a joy. So is his peculiar and peculiarly contagious English. The consonants stay in place but the vowels run haywire. The first-class screenplay is by Frank Waldman and Blake Edwards (owing a bit to a famous thriller by Hitchcock that it would be a shame to name). Directed by Blake Edwards in the right sober tone for custard pies. (6/2/75) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

Roberta (1935)—Astaire and Rogers; Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin; and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 11.)

Saratoga (1937)—In Jean Harlow's last picture (unfinished at the time of her death and patched together), she plays a woman disturbed by problems of conscience; she has no chance to show her special talent for making the rowdy silly and enjoyable. Still, even in this incongruous and stilted role she's lively, and whenever she's off the screen, the film is dispirited. The story is about race-track life; Clark Gable, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, and Lionel Barrymore go through their routine paces. Jack Conway directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 5.)

Saturday Night at the Baths—With Robert Aberdeen, directed by David Buckley. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; starting June 11.)

Savage Messiah (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 7.)

Save the Tiger (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (D. W. Griffith; June 12.)

Le Secret—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marlène Jobert, and Philippe Noiret, directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Paris.)

Secret Six (1931)—When M-G-M got hold of a good thing, it was put to use; they threw Clark Gable into eleven films in 1931. This one is an elaborate melodrama with Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Marjorie Rambeau, Johnny Mack Brown, and Lewis Stone. George Hill directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 5.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (D. W. Griffith; June 9.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (Columbia I, Columbia II, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York—Gail Parent's novel is in the form of a fat girl's jokey suicide note, full of one-liners. Parent and her TV writing partner, Kenny Solms, rewrote it for the movies. Now it's the Romance of Liberation. No longer fat but clumsy and easily flustered, Sheila (Jeannie Berlin) comes to New York and meets a handsome doctor (Roy Scheider); it isn't until she becomes a successful career woman and also shows her openness by humiliating herself out of love for him that he extricates himself from an involvement with her roommate (Rebecca Dianna Smith) and proposes. The film says that her finding herself entitles her to a first-class fella. It's a shoddy conversion of women's liberation: now the libbers get the princes. Jeannie Berlin, understandably, has nothing to express but bewilderment, and frequently she looks open-mouthed comatose. Sidney J. Furie directed. (2/3/75) (Baronet; through June 10.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is

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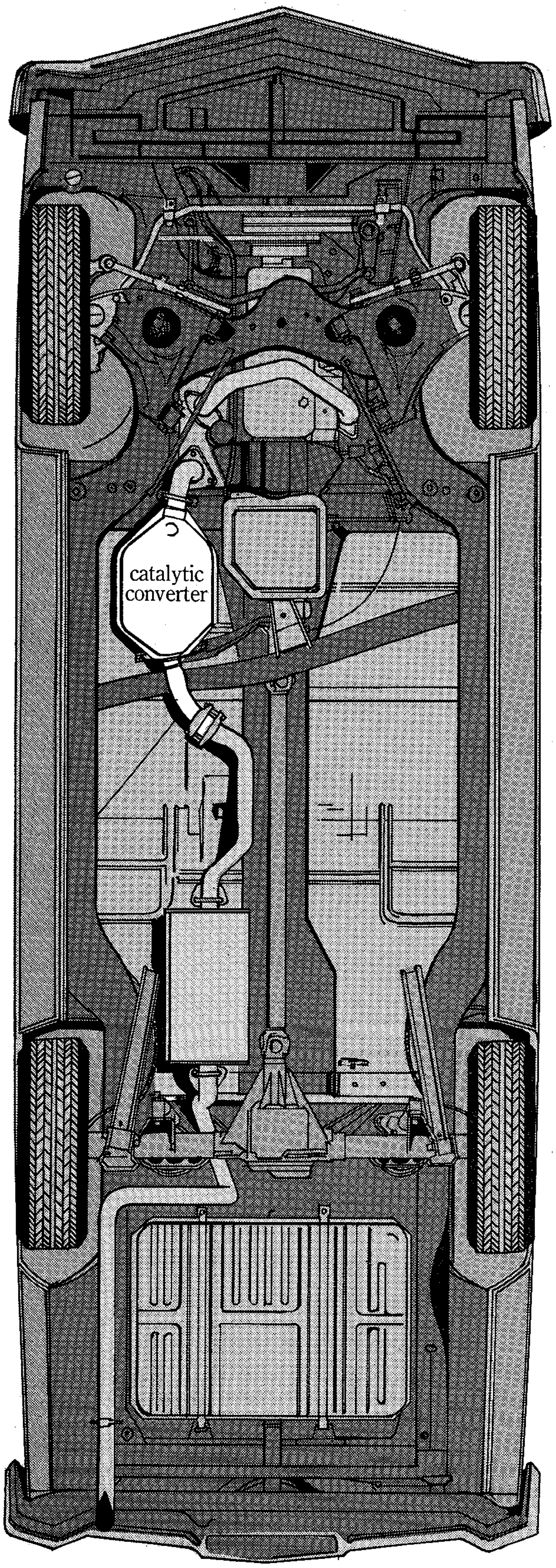

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far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 11.)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Quad Cinema; through June 10. . . . ¶ Elgin; June 6-7.)

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Elgin; June 8-9.)

THE SORROW AND THE PITY (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Elgin; June 10.)

THE SUDDEN WEALTH OF THE POOR PEOPLE OF KOMBACH (1971)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 10.)

SUMMER INTERLUDE (1951)—This rapturous study of a ruined summer romance was Ingmar Bergman's first great breakthrough. Maj-Britt Nilsson plays the tired ballerina who has been emotionally dead since her adolescence. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4-5. No evening performances on Wednesday, June 4.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (D. W. Griffith; June 8.)

THE TESTAMENT OF DR. MABUSE (1933)—A Fritz Lang thriller, but not to be confused with his brilliant, spidery 1922 "Doktor Mabuse;" this later film, in which the mad Mabuse (Rudolph Klein-Rogge), a criminal mastermind locked in an asylum, hypnotizes the head of the asylum into doing his will, was Lang's first anti-Nazi picture. Banned by Goebbels in March, 1933, the film had a rough history. It opened in the United States in 1943, with a foreword by Lang: "This film was made to denounce the terrorist methods of Hitler. Slogans and doctrines of the Third Reich have been put into the mouths of criminals. . . ." Would that the film were as audacious as that sounds; the visual style, however, seems more remarkable than the content, and some people have suggested that those political intentions may have been augmented by hindsight. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 5.)

THE THIEF OF PARIS (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Photographed by the great Henri Decae. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 12.)

THIS MAN MUST DIE (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel "The Beast Must Die." In French. (D. W. Griffith; June 4.)

TOMMY—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (4/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Elgin; June 8-9.)

TRISTANA (1970)—Made by a master at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian (Fernando Rey) is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (D. W. Griffith; June 11.)

VIVA LA MUERTE! (1971)—Directed by Fernando Arrabal. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 9-10.)

WALKABOUT (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 11.)

THE WIND AND THE LION—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (Music Hall.)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION (1958)—Billy Wilder's moderately entertaining version of the Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 6.)

WOMAN IN THE DUNES (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that your sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 11-12.)

A WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 10.)

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Quad Cinema; through June 10.)

ZABRISKIE POINT (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (D. W. Griffith; June 10.)

ZAZIE (1960)—A foul-mouthed, demonic little girl's view of Paris. Louis Malle directed this extraordinarily inventive, maybe too brilliant slapstick comedy taken from the Raymond Queneau novel. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 12.)

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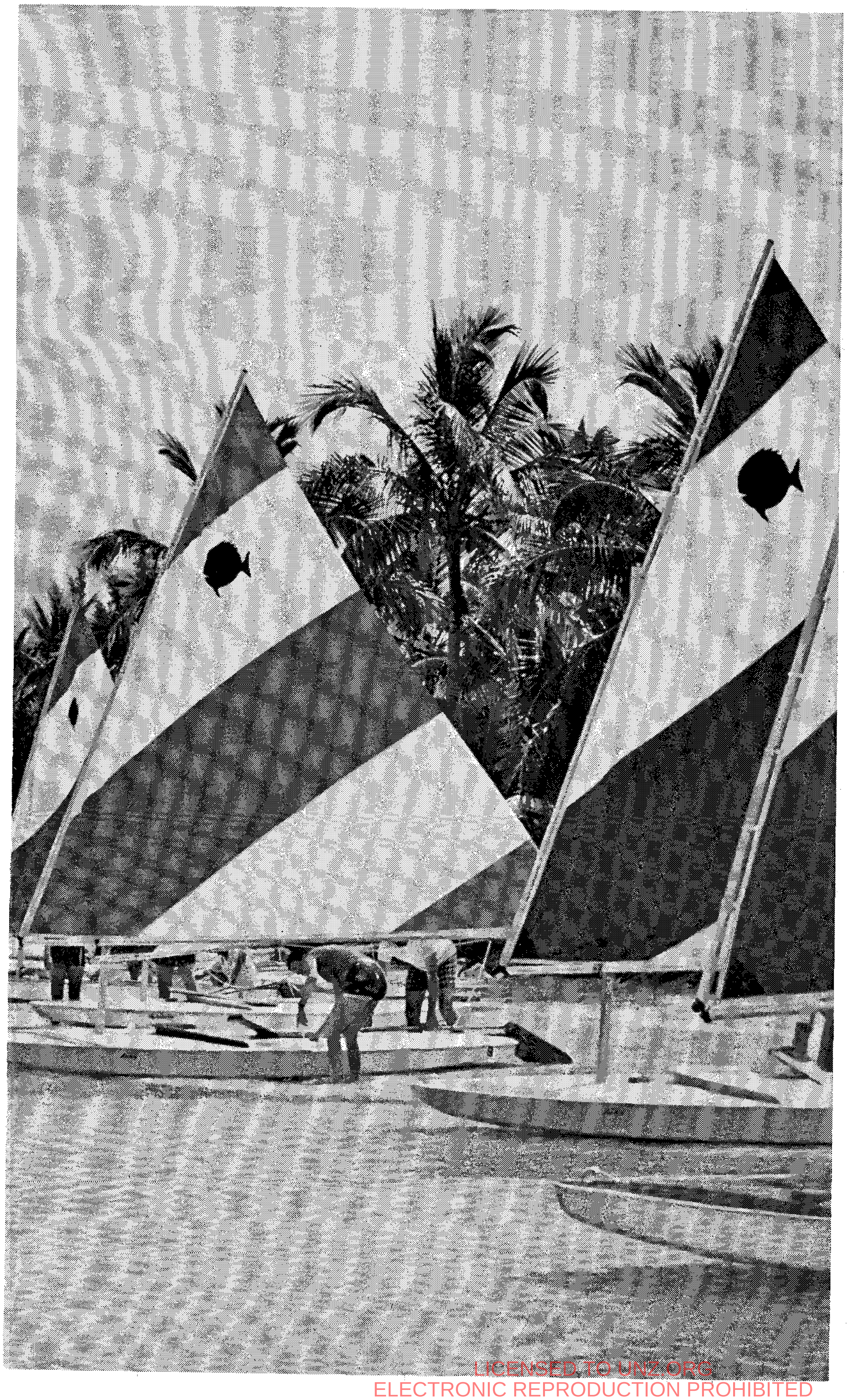

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE is a new breed of people in the news these days. They are People. In most newspapers you can read about them in little boxes titled, say, "People in the News" or "Notes on People;" and now there is the magazine *People*. The distinction implicit here is not between people and something else—between people and some other kind of animal, for instance. It seems, on the whole, to be a distinction between people who are already well known and people who are not yet well known—or, more likely, people who never will be well known. Raquel Welch is a Person. (Or, as it is put in many of the People columns, **Raquel Welch** is a Person.) Secretary of State Kissinger is a Person. The Shah of Iran has recently become a Person. There are many kinds of People. Most are our contemporaries, but then, apparently, there were also People in the past, and *People* listed some of them the other day, under the title "A Gallery of Famous Creative Dreamers." They included Socrates, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Edgar Allan Poe. In addition, there are People who don't want to be People. Alexander Solzhenitsyn is one of these, and the New York *Post*, which noted in its "People in the News" column that he had just arrived in Alaska, also observed that he was running away from reporters as fast as he could. But Solzhenitsyn's attitude toward promotion to being a Person is rare. Then, there are prospective People. They are to be found in *People's* "Lookout: A Guide to the Up and Coming" section. They are almost People. Of course, the word has a nice democratic ring to it, and its appropriation by the great gives them a becoming aura of humility. The trouble is that the rest of us are left wondering what to call ourselves. We are left without a species to belong to. The great are now People. We are just nothing.

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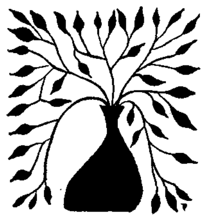
Lola's Week

OUR friend Lola Finkelstein called us up the other day from Great Neck to tell us that she had found some fairly special ways to keep herself from missing her husband, Nat, during one of his frequent business trips away from home. "The solution came to me in a flash while Nat was packing his bag," Lola told us. "He was due to make an evening plane to London. His fifth trip to London this year! I wasn't going with him, because I didn't want to miss the shower my daughter Barbara was giving for Nancy, my future daughter-in-law. Anyway, I don't like Nat's business trips. I don't like to go on them. And I don't like *him* to go on them, either. While he was dressing, he called to me that he wanted to munch on some pretzels. Then he called to me that he'd rather munch on some carrots. I knew he was trying to please me before he left by making me think he was serious about taking my advice about his dieting. I didn't have any carrots in the refrigerator. I wanted to give him what he asked for before he left. So I called to him to finish his packing, and I sneaked to the phone and called my friend Phyllis, who always has a full stock of everything in her refrigerator. I asked Phyllis to have a bunch of carrots at her front door, and said that I'd be right over. I drove to her house, a few blocks away, and picked up the carrots, scraped them, and sliced them before Nat came downstairs with his suitcase. I wanted him to leave feeling happy. Well, he left, and *he* looked happy. But I felt my usual deserted, abandoned self. This time, though, it was going to be different. I had had this brilliant idea of what to do with myself while he was gone."



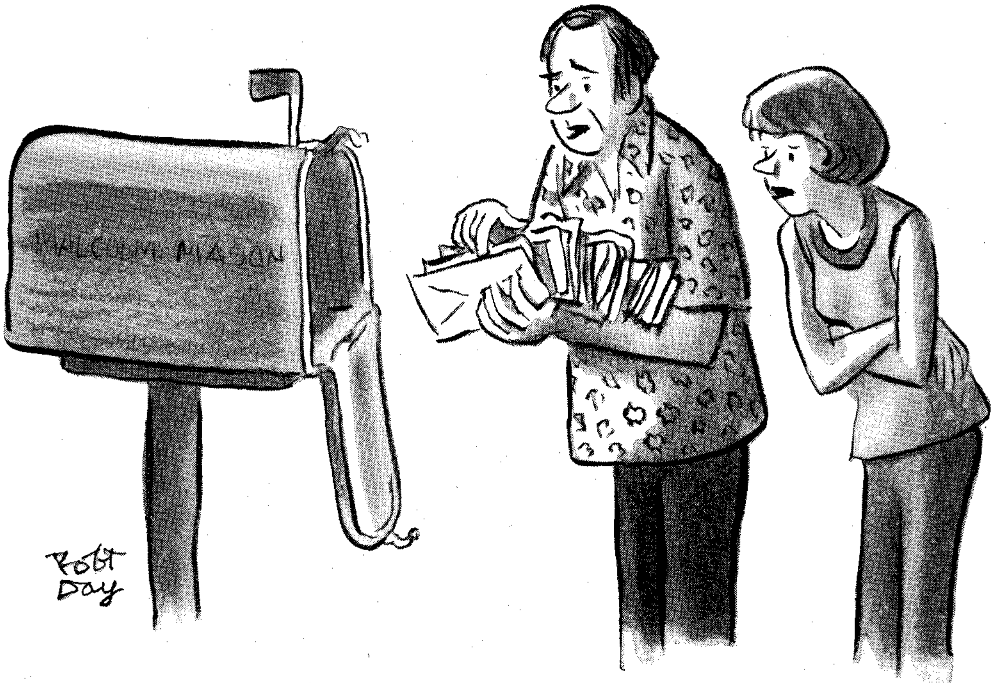
"Come on, Lola," we said. "What brilliant idea?"

"To pretend that I was at a spa," Lola said. "But instead of going to a spa and spending hundreds of dollars somewhere else I would organize a spa around myself, at home. No packing. No time zones. No strange beds. I started by making dates to play tennis every day for at least an hour. Then I called Sonia, the local masseuse, and asked her to come over every day at three. Then I called a local doctor, known in the neighborhood as 'the fat doctor,' and made an appointment to see him that very next day. I really wanted *Nat* to see him, but I thought if *I* went, Nat would be inspired to go on a diet. I thought I'd be able to use myself as an example for Nat when he got home."

"But you're *skinny*, Lola," we said.

Lola laughed. "And I felt skinnier and skinnier sitting in that fat doctor's waiting room," she said. "Everybody else in the room was fat—real *fatties*. All women. And all very nice. The atmosphere in there was so warm and so friendly. Contagious. I started not to feel so lonely. I found myself smiling at a lady across from me who was wearing a tentlike raincoat. She had been telling another fatty about her twenty-one-year-old son, a June graduate at M.I.T., who was going to be attending medical school at Columbia in the fall. She said her son was getting married in June to a girl from Virginia, and the girl wanted a formal, traditional wedding. Suddenly, I found myself telling this perfect stranger that *my* son, David, was being married right after graduation this summer, too. We had a terrific chat about marriage ceremonies.

"When it was my turn to see the



"Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing . . ."

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fat doctor, I found myself liking *him*, too. I enjoyed answering his questions.

“ ‘Age?’

“ ‘Forty-eight.’

“ ‘Children?’

“ ‘Four.’

“ ‘Ages?’

“ ‘Twenty-eight, twenty-six, twenty-one, and nineteen.’

“ ‘Grandchildren?’

“ ‘Three. All girls.’

“ ‘Ages?’

“ ‘Three, eight months, and six months.’

“ ‘Do you work?’

“ ‘Sporadically, in editorial research.’

“ ‘Exercise?’

“ ‘I walk three or four miles daily, and I play tennis.’

“ ‘So what is your problem?’ He looked suspicious. I was too thin.

“ ‘I think I've had a concentration of recently gained weight in the area of my abdomen,’ I told him. Then he weighed me—one hundred and twenty-seven—and scrutinized areas of my fat and asked me what I ate. For some reason, I told him I ate stuff like yogurt and soft-boiled eggs. The truth is—especially when Nat goes away—I eat a quarter of a pound of jelly beans a day, along with several peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, Genoa salami wrapped around mozzarella cheese, ice-cream cones, brownies from Ellens, William Greenberg's cookies, and fistfuls of chocolate raisins. Well, the doctor told me to eat half as much as I had been eating, and to buy a rolling pin and, for five minutes, twice daily, to roll my stomach. He told me to do an isometric exercise—pulling in my stomach muscles, inhaling, holding it, exhaling. He said to do it when driving a car or sitting in a theatre or whenever I thought about it. Then he told me that all I needed was to lose five pounds, and that was all he could do for me. My visit cost twenty dollars, and I was beginning to feel wonderful.

"That afternoon, I played better tennis than I had ever played before. I hit deep shots, volleys, forehands, backhands—everything. On my way home, I bought a rolling pin. At home, I got out the folding massage table I had bought thirteen years ago, during a short-lived enthusiasm for massage.

“ ‘You never change,’ Sonia told me as soon as she saw me. After the massage, she rolled my stomach with the rolling pin. Sonia was great. You'd never know she had a broken leg, which she has to drag after her as she walks. She told me to keep on walking.

“ ‘A little diet, a little massage, and you'll have no problem,’ Sonia told me. At the end of that day, I was hungry, and sore all over, but I felt very virtuous, and went to bed at nine o'clock and had a great sleep. The next day, my spa had a short interlude in Washington, D.C."

"How come?" we asked.

"My future daughter-in-law's shower," Lola said. "It gave me an opportunity to test my will power and to extend the boundaries of my exercise. I started out the morning by having a breakfast of half a grapefruit, a slice of dry toast, and tea. I walked three miles. I rolled my stomach with the rolling pin and got dressed. I made it to the airport just in time, and met my daughter Ellen, my three-year-old granddaughter, Naomi, and my mother. We took our plane seats—two of them on the aisle—and I arranged my two shopping bags, without which I never board a plane. In these bags I had a two-pound red tin of Greenberg's cookies, two round tablecloths of mine that I wanted to give to Barbara, a small basket of pansies, and Nancy's shower gift. The shower invitation had requested that we bring a favorite recipe and a utensil for making the recipe in. I was bringing a recipe for potato pancakes, a mixing bowl, a frying pan, a wire whisk, a grater, and a turner. It was a fine trip, the highlight of which was that Naomi ate some of the Greenberg cookies but I *didn't take a single one!* Washington, D.C., looked spectacular, and I was very happy to see so many joggers in sweatsuits out at noon, when we crossed the Potomac to Bethesda, where Barbara lives, with her husband, Mark, and their adorable baby, Laura. There was great food laid out for the shower—a two-layer chocolate cake baked by Barbara that morning, and a tray of pink and green tea sandwiches. I ate one-quarter of an inch of chocolate cake. Nancy's mother arrived late. She had missed our plane but had taken the one at noon. The gifts were very useful. Steak knives from my mother, who does not cook; a recipe for gingerbread cookies from Ellen, with a cookie sheet and cutouts for gingerbread men and women; a recipe for lasagna, and a lasagna pan—things like that. On the plane back to New York, I did my isometric stomach exercise three times. I got home at ten that night, ate half a cantaloupe, some cold chicken, and a salad, and drank three cups of tea.

"The next day, I walked four miles in sixty-one minutes. I played tennis for one hour. I had an hour's massage. Then I went in to Manhattan to have dinner with friends, in a French restaurant. I really had an opportunity to use my will power now. I had asparagus vinaigrette, poached striped bass, spinach, no dessert, and tea. After that, we went to the apartment of our dinner hostess, where another feast was laid out and waiting for us—home-baked brownies, chocolate-chip cookies, coffee, tea. I resisted everything except the tea. On the way home, I did my isometric exercise while driving the car, and at home I rolled my stomach and went right to bed. The next morning, I found that I took my three-mile walk in forty-six minutes. I played tennis for three hours. I took care of bills and marketing. I talked to my daughters Ellen and Barbara, and then I called my youngest daughter, Amy, who is in college in California. I called my hostess of the dinner party the night before, and we gossiped for a while. Then Nat called me from London and wanted to know what I was doing. I just told him I was taking care of odds and ends.

"I had two tickets to the Alvin Ailey ballet, but I hadn't asked anyone to go with me. I drove in to the city, and when I arrived at the City Center I went to the box office, where an attendant told me he couldn't take a ticket back. I then decided I would give it to someone who looked worthy. I walked to the outer doors and offered it to four people. *All* of them said, 'No, thank you.' I then walked to the end of the waiting line at the window and asked a young girl with ash-blond hair if she needed a ticket. She said, 'How much do you want for it?' I said, 'Well, it's an eight-ninety-five ticket. How would five dollars be?' She gave me the five dollars, and I said, 'Thank you very much.' She said, 'You're welcome.' Then she walked over to a short, curly-haired, spectacled lady of about sixty and gave *her* the ticket she had bought from me. I was afraid I was going to be asked to change seats with the blond girl, so that she and the older woman could sit together. I didn't want to do that, because mine was an aisle seat, which I like in theatres as well as on airplanes. The first intermission came and went, and I didn't even speak to the woman next to me. Then, during the second intermission, my curiosity got the better of me, and I asked the older woman if the younger one was her daughter. 'Oh, yes,' she said. 'That's my daughter Daphne. She and her husband, who has just been made a full professor of modern languages at Cornell, are here for the weekend. My son-in-law and their son are seeing 'Sherlock Holmes,' and we took a chance on getting to see the Alvin Ailey. My daughter is a dancer. She had dancing lessons as a child. She also had music lessons. Now she is a sculptor. My granddaughter is at school outside of Rome, and my other granddaughter is at State University College at New Paltz.'

"I then found myself telling this nice stranger that I had gone to Cornell, and she told me that her son-in-law loved Cornell. 'They are going to Aruba for a trip, and they asked me to come with them, but I have a house in Glen Cove with a very valuable collection of clocks, and I'm afraid to leave them there alone,' she said. 'My husband, you see, is dead.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'last night, I slept in my house alone, and my house is very isolated, but I felt secure, because I have a wonderful burglar-alarm system. Have you thought about that as a possibility?'

" 'Yes,' she said. 'But I find it difficult to make decisions by myself easily.'

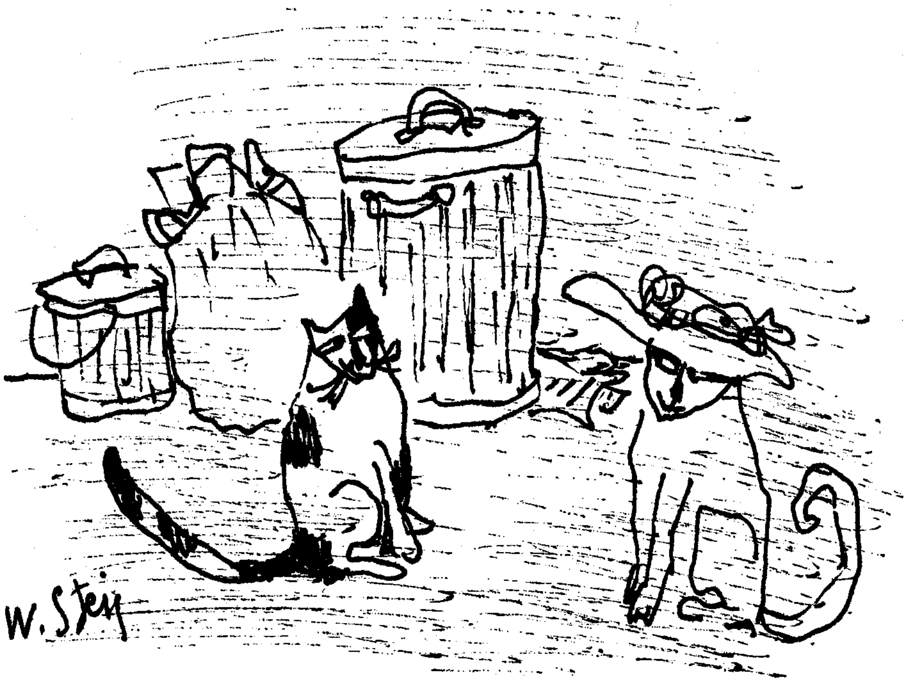
" 'All of us do,' I was saying to this woman. 'But I urge you to get a burglar alarm.'

"I gave her my burglar-alarm people's name, and I saw her daughter looking over at us, obviously glad that her mother was comfortable and chatting. I had that same friendly, warm feeling I had had at the fat doctor's office, and that reminded me to do my isometric exercise sitting there, waiting for the third ballet.

"As the week went on, I felt better and better. I got better and stronger in tennis. I began to look slimmer and slimmer. My clothes began to feel loose on me. I lost my craving for sweets. One night, after going to the Metropolitan's exhibition of Scythian gold from Russia, I stopped in a delicatessen and bought a T. & W. ice-cream sandwich. I ate it very slowly, and with appreciation. It had just the right consistency. It had been stored at just the right temperature. The chocolate wafer was not soggy and not too crisp. The ice cream was soft but not runny. The flavor was sweet vanilla but not artificial. I ate it, enjoyed it, and was pleased that I didn't regret it. I felt like a cured addict, who now had control over his own destiny. I was slightly black-and-blue from the rolling pin, but I felt lighter. I had a heightened appreciation of my own home and my own bed and my own cup of tea. I rearranged groups of family pictures. I read seven books and a psychoanalytic paper about Yukio Mishima—'Pyromania and the Primal Scene.' I had long talks with Naomi on the telephone, and I felt comfortable, waiting for Nat to come home and go on a diet."

Collection

WE dropped by at the Metropolitan Museum last week for a preview of the new Lehman Wing, an austere limestone-and-glass structure built to house a hundred-million-dollar collection of paintings, drawings, bronzes, tapestries, furniture, ceramics, glass, jewelry, and textiles. The collection, which was assembled over a period of seventy years by Philip Lehman and his son Robert, has been a cultural hot potato ever since Robert Lehman died, in the summer of 1969. The circumstances of its transfer to the Met are obscure and controversial; Central Park preservationists were violently opposed to the Wing's encroachment on precious urban greenery, and Robert Owen Lehman, the son and heir, filed a legal objection to the arrangement, on the ground that his father's wishes were not being carried out. The result of all this fuss was that the Museum celebrated its latest coup with uncommon discretion. There was a private party given by the Lehman Foundation, which was followed by two weeks of private viewing for Museum members, and a cheery lecture by the Met's



director, Thomas Hoving, who seemed to be relieved that it was all over.

"Before 1959, large elements of Robert Lehman's collection were on view here," Mr. Hoving told an overflow audience of Museum members in the Met's Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. "Then there was a falling-out. Lehman sent everything back to his father's house, on West Fifty-fourth Street, and informed people all over New York that the collection would never come to the Metropolitan. In 1966, on the day of my election as director, I telephoned Robert Lehman and asked to see him. He said he could give me fifteen minutes, and when I went downtown to meet him at his office he seemed completely at a loss. We talked for three hours, and finally he said, 'I was against your election, because I didn't connect you, as a young curator, with that political appointee from the Lindsay administration. It will be nice to be on the Metropolitan board again.' In the next years, we scoured the market together for works of art, and among the things we found were two fifteenth-century miniatures of a Venetian nobleman and a woman in a nun's habit. But the asking price was too high, so we decided not to buy them for the Museum. Sometime after that, I asked Bobbie what he was going to do with his collection. He said, 'It will never go to the Met, because, one, they never made me president; two, they never allowed me to name a trustee; three, I want it to be separate, because the collection is unique and can stand on its own; four, Bernard Berenson said don't ever give it away; and, five, I think it would be best to keep the collection in the family mansion, on Fifty-fourth Street.' I asked for time to overcome these objections and went to the Metropolitan trustees. They voted to make Robert Lehman chairman of the board and moved to keep the collection intact, if that was feasible. Bobbie was totally shocked by this, and several weeks of intense discussion followed. When he finally made the decision, it was so cryptic that I wasn't sure it had happened. I called him when he was in the hospital, for tests, to tell him that the Venetian miniatures had come down in price and that we wanted to buy them. He said he'd just bought them himself, because he'd been bored. And then he added that he would give them to the Metropolitan if they would be put in the building that housed his collection. I didn't quite pick *that* up until I had put down the phone, so I had one hell of a week. Finally, when Bobbie got out of the hospital, I called and mentioned that we would have to think about architectural plans. He said 'Yes,' sounding quite amused. And I thought, Oh, God!"

After Mr. Hoving had finished his talk, we collected a catalogue and walked back to see the new wing. It is a spacious pyramidal building, with a double layer of galleries running around a light-filled central courtyard. The pointed roof is composed of hundreds of clear glass panes, and the over-all effect is that of an elegant, expensive circus tent. Inside the front door we found the Lehman curator, Dr. George Szabó, who told us how the collection had been placed. "The outside main-floor galleries are rooms reproduced from the Philip Lehman house," he said. "They contain fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings, fifteenth-century French, Flemish, and German paintings, and a small group of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century masterpieces by such artists as Rembrandt, El Greco, Goya, and Velázquez. The Special Gallery, opposite the entrance, contains French pictures that used to hang in Robert Lehman's Park Avenue apartment. You can see the famous Ingres portrait of the Princesse de Broglie from here. She is surrounded by Renoir, Cézanne, Seurat, Signac, Matisse, Bonnard, Braque, and Vuillard. The Grand Gallery, which runs around the inside of the courtyard, contains more nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings, arranged in roughly chronological order. We start with Corot and Rousseau and end with Utrillo, van Dongen, and Balthus. Downstairs, in a gallery protected from daylight, we can show about a third of Robert Lehman's more than a thousand drawings. The artists include Pollaiuolo, Leonardo, Perugino, Tiepolo, Canaletto, Guardi, Rembrandt, Dürer, Fragonard, Goya, Daumier, Renoir, Degas, Modigliani, and Toulouse-Lautrec. The period rooms also contain Renaissance furniture, bronzes, and majolica, as well as some exceptional medieval aquamanilia. In our basement storerooms we have more furniture, more paintings, more bronzes, some wonderful old Venetian glass, an extraordinary collection of Renaissance jewelry, a closet full of eighteenth-century velvet and brocade robes, a group of carved precious-stone objects, and some rare enamelled gold snuffboxes."

"Who bought what?" we asked.

"Philip Lehman began the painting collection in about 1910, with a Romney and a Rembrandt," replied Dr. Szabó, leading us into a red velvet sitting room and pausing before a Rembrandt portrait of a well-fed Dutchman wearing a broad-brimmed black hat. "His next purchase was a series of early Sienese and Florentine paintings." We followed Dr. Szabó through two small rooms that were lined with glowing saints and madonnas in elaborate gold frames. "Philip also bought some superb early Flemish pictures, a lot of Renaissance furniture, some of the Renaissance bronzes, some choice majolica, and the aquamanilia," Dr. Szabó continued. "Robert began collecting in the early nineteen-twenties, with two marvellous Lippo Vannis"—we gazed at an elegant red-haired saint and a wistful blue-robed madonna—"and is responsible for almost everything else. During the nineteen-twenties, however, Robert and Philip bought some of the greatest paintings in the collection together." Dr. Szabó showed us several father-and-son collaborations: a naïve and delightful "Expulsion from Paradise," by Giovanni di Paolo; a delicate Botticelli "Annunciation" ("Robert bought this for his father's sixty-fifth birthday"); a pair of striking husband-and-wife profile portraits recently attributed to Lorenzo Costa; and the celebrated Petrus Christus scene of a red-robed goldsmith displaying his wares to an aristocratic young couple.

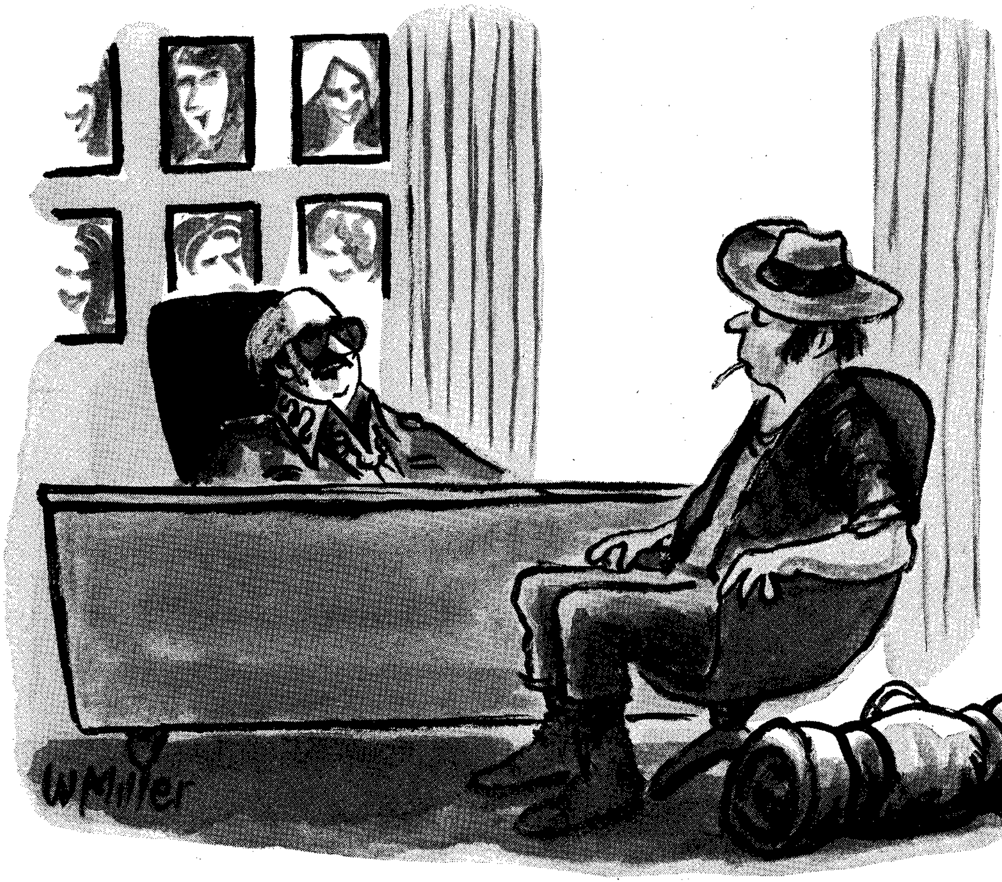
"Can you define Robert Lehman's taste in art?" we asked.

"That's virtually impossible," Dr. Szabó replied, "because he liked the strangest things and he bought only what he liked."

Sweet Land of Liberty

COCKED hats, tricornes; Marian Anderson, Mayor Beame, Mrs. Beame; an academic procession; the New York Philharmonic in shirt-sleeves; Masonic armbands, Red Cross armbands; Cardinal Cooke in scarlet, Archbishop Iakovos, of the Greek Orthodox Church, in sunglasses; a Coast Guard band, the All City High School Chorus and Orchestra; Walter Cronkite in a blue suit, a white shirt, and a red tie; Paul O'Dwyer, members of the City Council; Girl Scouts; Rabbi Gerstein, of the oldest Jewish congregation in North America (founded in Nieuw Amsterdam in 1654); a man in a red-white-and-blue tattersall suit, white vest, dark-blue shirt, red tie, and straw hat; policemen, firemen; Bishop Wetmore, Suffragan Episcopal Bishop of New York; Canon West, Subdean of the Cathedral Church of St. John the

Divine, in full clerical academic dress; Betty Comden, borough presidents, commissioners, ladies in floppy hats and white gloves handing out programs; TV cameras, home-movie cameras, babies in prams, Dr. René Dubos, flags, bunting, fifes, drums, folding wooden chairs, Angier Biddle Duke, pretty girls, several thousand others, and our pal the old curmudgeon. We supplied the curmudgeon, the city laid on everything else. It was the kickoff of New York's own Bicentennial celebrations. May 22, 1975, noon, only half an hour late, City Hall Plaza, hot sun, cool breezes. The Mayor was why it was late. Everyone stood up as he ascended the podium. The curmudgeon stood up, too, but reluctantly. "Why should we stand up for Beame when he almost stood us up?" he asked. The Philharmonic played the National Anthem—the music was pinned to the music stands with clothespins. Walter Cronkite read the Declaration of Independence while the Coast Guard Band played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Our favorite Bicentenarian began to study the pretty girls. The All City Chorus sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Dr. René Dubos praised diversity, and the Mayor began to read a speech. The curmudgeon looked glum. The Mayor said, "We must be God—uh, *we must guard* against being dominated by the will of a handful of people who have never stood for election before the citizenry but nevertheless seek to dictate our destiny from boardrooms, from union halls, or from the ivory towers of self-anointed oracles."



"O.K., man, so maybe you do sound a little bit like Tony Bennett. Take my advice. Go back to Australia, marry that girl from the next sheep station, and settle down."

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"Self-anointed oracles. That's *me*," said the o.c., perking up.

Dr. Barbaralee Diamonstein, a director of the New York City Bicentennial Corporation and co-chairperson of the opening-day ceremonies, delivered a greeting to the crowd.

"Barbaralee Diamonstein!" said the curmudgeon. "She is looking well. She always used to ask me when the two of us were going to go nightclubbing. Now she's got a daytime job." Betty Comden, who is high on the o.c.'s approved list, moved into range. "Betty, let's hire these pretty girls for your next musical. We're going to eat some Bicentennial Colonial food in a minute. Come along," he said.

Betty Comden couldn't, but the curmudge hailed a cab anyway and pointed it toward Fraunces Tavern, the oldest building in Manhattan. "We are invited to join the Tasting Committee," he explained. "Fraunces Tavern has added some authentic—maybe—Colonial dishes to the menu for the next two years, and today is the first day. You and I are supposed to help scrutinize the authenticity. Fortunately, I am old enough to remember exactly how these dishes tasted in 1776. By the way, two hundred years ago today—May 22, 1775—the First Provincial Congress of New York met here, in downtown New York, to assume the reins of government. It adjourned for lack of a quorum that day. Later on, it decided to join up with the rebels in Massachusetts. In 1776, it met for a month and a half in Samuel Fraunces's tavern, and he later billed the Honorable Provincial Congress for six and a half dozen bottles of Madeira, two and a half dozen bottles of port, plus porter, cider, spruce, sangaree, punch, bitters, and the cost of replacing sixteen broken wineglasses."

At the tavern, we met up with two Sons of the Revolution—Judge Earle H. Houghtaling, Jr., and Frank C. Baker, head of the Colonial Dining Committee—and Suzy Grote, curator of the Fraunces Tavern Museum. (The S.O.R. own Fraunces Tavern.) Suzy Grote must be the youngest, and is certainly the prettiest, curator extant. "She'll have to be in my next show," said the o.c. "Betty Comden missed out on this deal." The Tasting Committee, Judge Houghtaling and Mr. Baker, ordered Fish House Punch, a Bicentennial item, and one reputed by them to be practically lethal. There was some bickering about the formula. Mr. Baker held that this celebrated and ancient Philadelphia beverage is properly constructed with dark Jamaica rum; the old curmudgeon held that the rum put out by the Hudson's Bay Company—an outfit, he pointed out, much older than the United States of America—makes the best Fish House Punch.

"George Washington is supposed to have missed three days in his diary after stopping off at the Fish House Club for a blast," Mr. Baker said.

"The Hudson's Bay people never went back to the old country after they sampled the punch made with *their* rum," said the o.c. in rebuttal. "Let's order up one more practically lethal round."

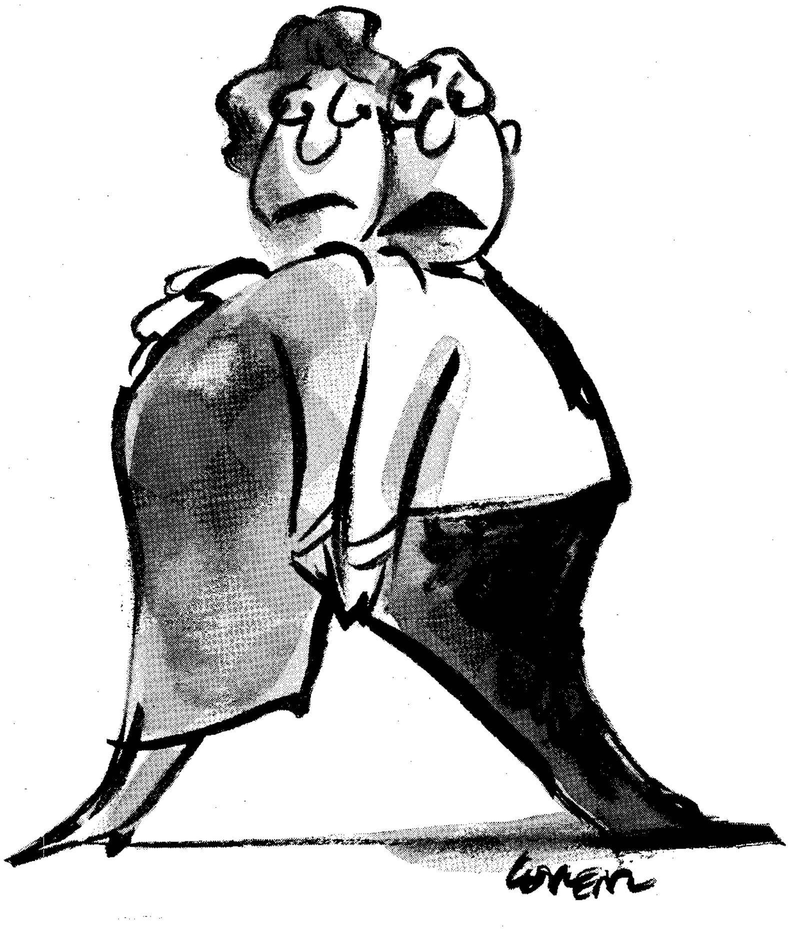
TEN

TEN o'clock, and nothing here looks like night. Or like evening. The white sky is as light as at four in the afternoon—some hushed, overcast afternoon in summer. Summer: a past, a time remembered, a season buried at the antipodes. I recall with surprise that this, in fact, is summer; this too: this glassy air empty of birds, this blank unmodulated hour, this lidless night. The old woman might have locked the enamel clock face, with a half turn, or a whole turn, and taken away the hour hand. But what she locked was the windowed front door, sometime after supper. It looked like one of the mores of a close-fisted region: locking a house in the afternoon, against the empty woods. Now they are all asleep. They have vanished. There is not a sound in the low wooden house. The white curtain over the glass of the door gathers the light from outside and gleams more intensely than any part of the sky. It breathes, when everything else is still. It goes on breathing, far from the sea, and out of sight of the moon. The old woman put the key on a ledge of varnished wood, in the hall, and before she was gone it had been lying in that position for centuries: it had been removed in one piece—ledge, varnish, dust and all—without disturbing so much as its shadow, into the museum of summer. I cannot hear whether the tall clock with the enamel face, standing in the hall near the key, is going or not. I put my ear to the wooden case varnished the same color as the ledge. Yes: far away a dry leaf rocking. But it is slow, according to the silent alarm clock in the next room, standing on a table piled with old magazines. Ten after ten, in there. Hanging on the wall, in that room papered with rusted vines, is a calendar ten years old turned to a month of spring, and a faded photograph of a field of daffodils, beside blue water, under a blue sky. At the foot of the calendar, a vase full of dusty plastic poppies.

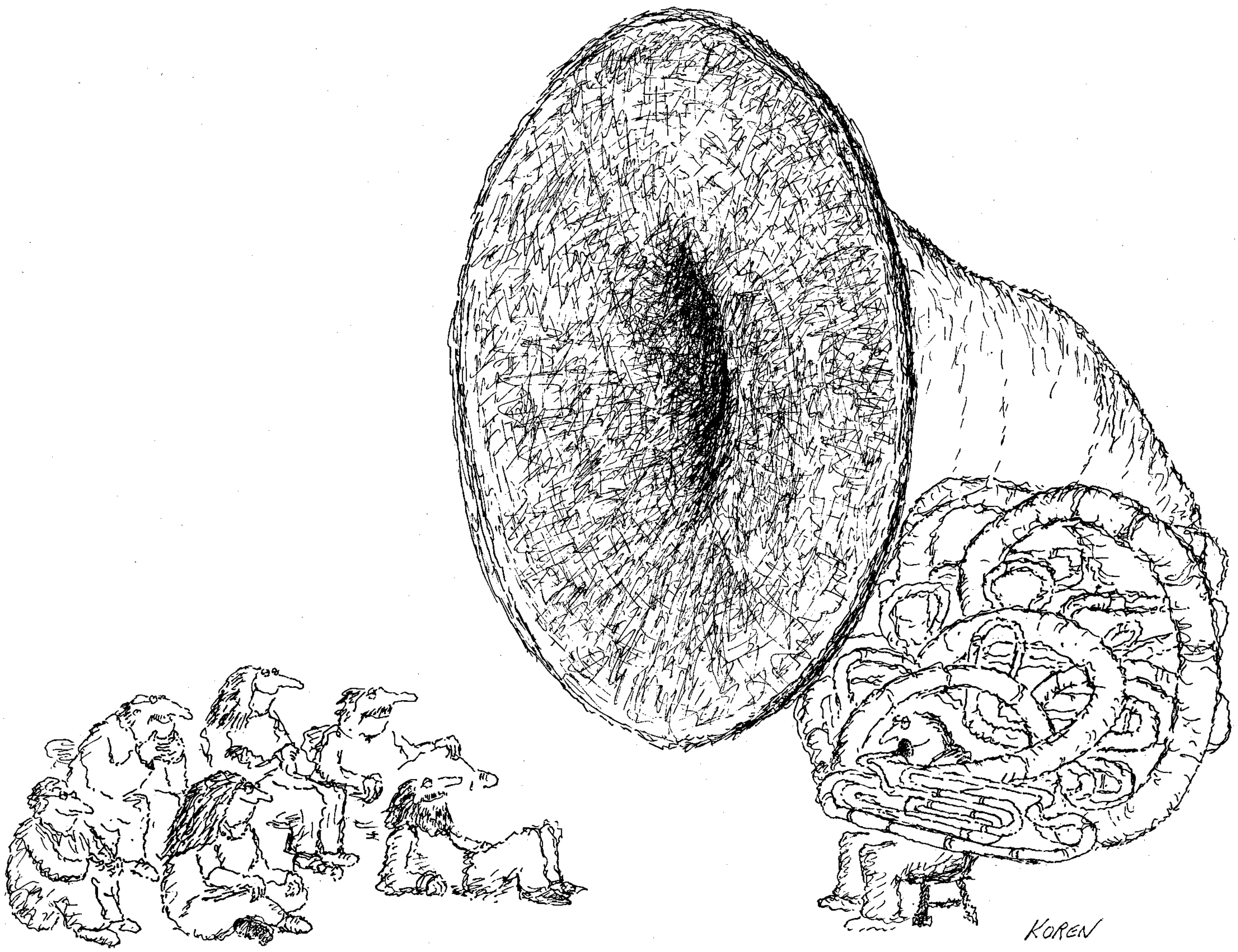
The room on this side of the hall, the one that has been given to me—what was it before? It is hard to imagine that this building—squat, shapeless, a melting bungalow, on cement blocks, covered with green tarpaper shingles, some of them dog-eared and torn—ever had a dining room. But the walls were once conceived differently: the patterned wallpaper has been thinly painted over and still shows through the ivory brush marks. The linoleum on the floor has been painted gray. A partition has been set up, near the wall farthest from the windows. What for? A shower that was never installed? And four iron cots have been arranged in a row, with their feet to the windows: half ward, half nursery.

SHE did not come from here, she told me. Not from this country at all. The language they speak here is not her native tongue. This was her husband's place, though not this house. This region, these woods. He had wanted to come back, talked of it for years, but had never returned. After he died, she had decided to come, by herself, to live away from the city. She spoke vaguely of sons, far away, with families of their own. The house in which her husband had been born and had spent his childhood had burned down, and the big barn with it. This house had been built afterward, and the shack, half barn, half garage, facing it. Everything had run down, she told me. The people around here knew nothing. Ignorant, she said—standing a little stooped, with folded arms, in an old cardigan, her head in a kerchief: the eternally foreign owner. A short, heavy man with a white face that looked flattened against a glass was splitting wood on a stump, beyond the house, in the gap in the elders where the overgrown hedge opens into pasture, as she spoke. Chunk. Chunk. A sound coming across water. When I next looked he had disappeared: there was no one standing in the gap, in front of the glow from the pasture. Rusted hayrakes, rotting wagons, the chassis of a truck—ancestors in daguerreotypes—emerge from the high green nettles and brambles. I saw them as I arrived: half-buried flotsam washed out into the woods. I see them through the white curtain on the door. I could take the key and go out. Nothing is moving out there. The lilacs have finished blooming. Along the one bend of a stream, motionless willow-bay is in flower. The birches have grown around and up through the stone foundation of the burned house that was a farm in another century, and they have overflowed the foundations of the barn: the dark walls are becoming transparent before the woods that are at once older and younger than they. On the side toward the house a cement loading ramp rises out of the midsummer growth and leads up to a mossy platform surrounded by nettle and elder leaves. The pile of split firewood gleams at the front of the bushes as tall as the woods. There are no shadows out there.

It is the only farm (if it can still be called a farm) in the woods. And the woods—they



"Edwina, we can't go on forever propping each other up like this."



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are the horizon, from a long way off, and I went on beside them and they came closer. Other farms in the region stand far apart on the plain: red houses with ladders against them, floating in hayfields in the long gold evenings, while the dust turns slowly to mist the color of the sky. They must be anchored, for they do not move. And they too are asleep in the shadowless light. Once I thought I would never see this hour. The farm then would be black on its hill, against the black sky, with hulking great Theo asleep in his one shirt, in a black room, behind bare glass the color of night, and his mother, whom no one else ever saw except from a distance, asleep somewhere else in the unseen house sagging toward its foundations. But I never saw it at this hour. That was the summer when I was ten, and I believed that the night was dark and not allowed. Theo had a huge white horse, and in the daytime, when it had rained, he would let me walk behind it with him, holding the plow handles. Sometimes he took his hands clear off them, when the plow was running easy, and I could hold them where they shone. We seemed to have the wind with us both ways; the cool furrows glistened along the slope, and I smelled them, and the horse, and Theo's shirt. Flocks of shrill birds wheeled around us, brushing us with their shadows, until Theo undid the links, at the end of the field, and we left the plow where it stood and walked to the barn, with the horse dragging its traces and its tail flicking over the ground, and I went home to supper, long before the yellow sun went down. The cold summer had turned, but the days were said to be long yet.

Out beyond the shining pile of kindling, in the pasture, a big white horse comes into sight. It sheds light like the curtain I watch it through. I think that it too may be transparent. I stand wondering how long it has lived, or could have lived. It moves slowly toward the house, never looking at it. It stops to gaze into the fresh firewood. It turns and comes through the high elder hedge, nibbling here and there at a tuft of grass. It passes the shed, on which an old ladder is hanging, and stands still in the space between the buildings, blowing at the ground, on which it casts no shadow. Then it turns and walks past the loading ramp and the foundations of the barn and the house, into the woods. Still gleaming, it passes out of sight among the trees, like the white sun. Again nothing is moving, nothing has changed. I could take the key, and open the door, and go out and see, and no one would hear me.

—W. S. MERWIN

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Inflation's latest sting is a 20-per-cent increase in the price of queen bees, United Press International reports.

"A queen could be bought for only $1.50 or $2 only 18 months ago, but today one costs $5 or $6," according to E. C. Martin, an insect biologist at Michigan State University.

Mr. Martin says the cost is up because of a bee shortage brought on by a booming demand for honey—as consumers seek something to replace high-priced cane and beet sugar.—*The Times.*

Even a twenty-per-cent increase is a lot bigger than it used to be.

BABY BLUE

THREE short quick death knocks had resounded in her bedroom the night before they met. He said, when Elena told him, not to give it a thought, not to fret. He asked if she would like a kiss later on, and she nodded. They were alike in everything, and they talked with their heads lolled against the back of their armchairs, so that to any spectators it was their throats that would be readily visible. The others had gone. He had been brought in unexpectedly by a friend, and, as she said somewhat frankly, it wasn't every day that one met an eligible man. He, for his part, said that if he had seen her in a restaurant he would have knocked down tables to get to her. Her hand was on the serge of his knee, his hand on the velvet of hers, and they were telling each other that there was no hurry at all, that their bodies were as perfectly placed as neighboring plants.

SHE escorted him to the corner, to get a taxi, and on the way they found a pack of cards on the wet road, cut them, and cut identically. Next day, he would be making the short flight across the sea to the Isle of Man, to his home, which sounded stately with its beech trees, its peach houses, its asparagus bed, and its Corinthian pillars supporting the front porch. In time, she would be acquainted with the rooms; she would ask him to describe them one by one: library, kitchen, drawing room, and—last, but very last of all—bedroom. It was his wife's house. His wife was Elena's coloring and also five foot seven, and somewhat assertive. His children were adorable. He had thought of suicide the previous summer, but that was over; meeting her had changed all that. It was like Aladdin—magical. His hair would begin to grow again and he would trim his black beard, so that by the next weekend his lips would find and imprint hers. He worked as a designer and had to come back to London each week, to continue plans for a little theatre that was being built as part of a modern complex. It was the first thing he had done in years.

THE postcard he sent her was of an historic building going up in flames, and she thought, Ominous. But because of the greetings on it she was in an ecstasy.

HE would arrive on Fridays, telephone from the airport, and in the hallway, with his black mohair bag still in his hand, he would kiss her while she bit at his beard and groped to the secrecy of his lips. Then he would hold her at a distance from him and tilt her head until she became flawless. There she would be, white-skinned, agog, and all of a blush, and there he would be. His smell was dearer to her than any she could remember, and yet it was redolent of some deep buried memory—her mother, she feared. Something of the same creaminess and the same mildness united them, as if they were poised for life's knife. He plaited some of her hair around his finger; they constantly swapped plates, glasses, knives, and forks and were unable to eat, what with all the jumping up and down and swapping of these things. He took her hands to his face and she said that all the little pouches of tension would get pressed away, and not long after this—during one of those infinite infinities—he cried and she drank in two huge drops of very salty tears. He confessed to her that when he was little and got his first bicycle, he had to ride round and round the same bit of safe suburban street, so that his mother would not worry about his getting run over on a main road. She said, That fused them together, that made him known to her throughout. And again she thought of slaughter and of some lamb waiting for life's knife.

"Will it last, Elena?" he said.

"It will last," she said.

She never was so sure of anything in her life. In the bedroom, she drew the pink curtains and he peeled the layers of her clothing off, and talked to her skin, then the bones beneath it, then to her blood; then their bloods raced together.

"I CAN'T stop my wife coming to London to shop," he said, getting out of bed, dressing, and then undressing again. He scarcely knew what he wanted to do. He had a migraine and asked if she ever suffered from that. She said, Go, please go. They had known each other for six weekends, and he intended to get her a ring. Her mascara was badly crusted on her lashes and had smeared onto her lids.

This was no way to be. She had left her earrings on and knew that the crystal would have made a semblance of a gash on each side of her neck. They had gone to bed drunk, and were drunk oftener than they need be. He would intend to go early to the family he was supposed to be staying with, but always his resolution broke and he stayed with her until breakfast time, or later.

"Go, please go." She said it again.

His smile was like a cowl placed over a very wretched face.

THE next weekend, it didn't work out too badly. It was a question of his running back and forth to her, and from her, helping his wife with shopping, getting his daughter a diary, getting his son some toy motors, once having to fail her by not showing up at all and then, in a panic, ringing her from the flat in the middle of the night—presumably his wife was asleep—saying, "I have to talk to you, I will see you tomorrow at ten, if you are not there I will wait, I will see you tomorrow at ten, I have to talk to you, if you are not there I will wait. . . ."

At ten, he arrived, and his complexion was that of an old gray sock.

"What is it?" she said, sympathetic and still relatively in control of herself. If only she had crystal-gazed.

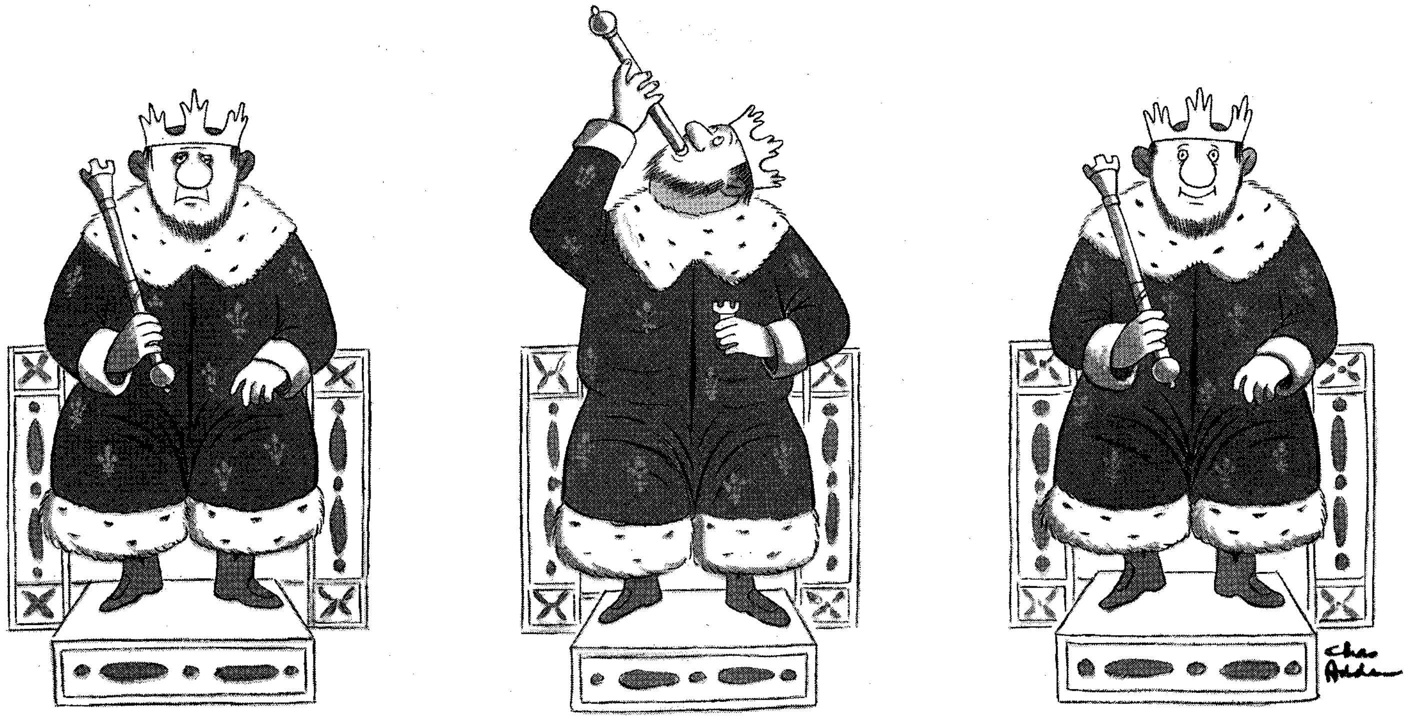
"I dread looking into my wife's eyes and telling her that I am in love with another woman."

"Then don't," she said.

"Do you love me anymore?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, and they sat in the dining room, on a Carver chair, looking out at the winter trees in the winter sky, feeling sad for each other and for themselves and remembering to the future, when the trees would be in leaf and they would walk in the gardens together; and there and then, a bit teary, unslept, and grave beyond belief, they started to build.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and when it does it brings families together. He went home and, as the friend who had introduced them said, was probably busy—dressing the tree, going to parties, pulling crackers, and, as she silently added, looking into his wife's eyes, or his old cat's eyes, doing his duty. He had told her how he



would sit on the stairs, talking to his cat as if it were her and then biting one of its whiskers. No letter. She didn't know it, but the huge gilt mirror in his hall fell, broke, and just missed his wife by inches. And she did not know it then, but that miss was relevant. New Year's Eve saw her drunk again and maudlinly recalling dead friends—those in the grave and those who were still walking around. She would not leave the restaurant but sat all night at the corner table, until the waiter brought her coffee and a little jug of warm milk in the morning. He found her curled up in her fox cape.

"Gigo, am I old?" she said.

"No—not old; well-looking," he said.

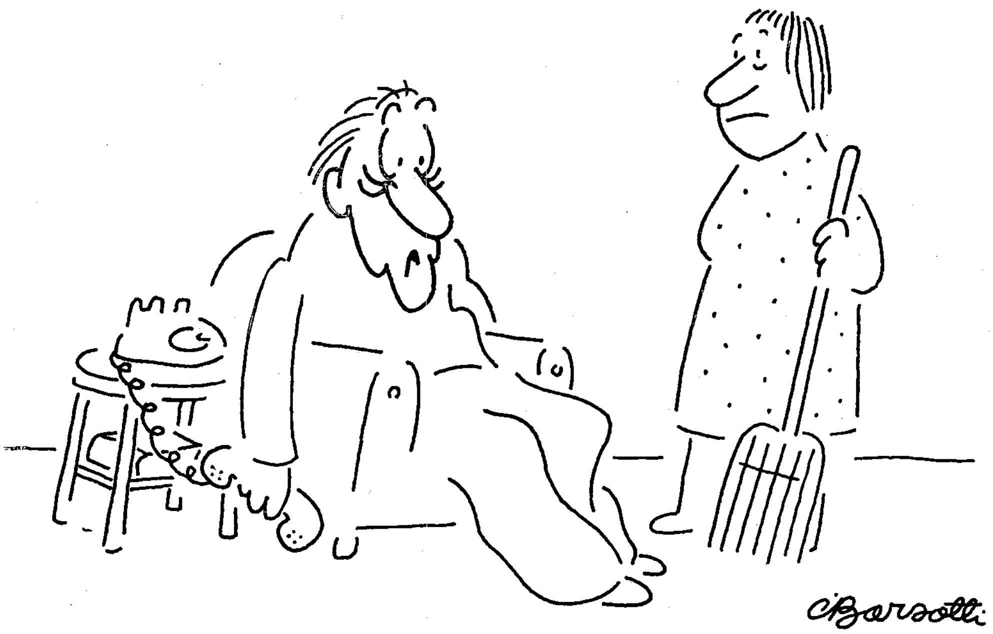
He had known her a long time and had often helped her out with her parties. He knew her as a woman who worked for a public-relations firm and brought him nice customers and did lavish entertaining. They sat and talked of towns in Italy: Siena, Pisa, Padua, Forte dei Marmi, Spoleto. At the mention of each town, he kissed the air. On the twelfth day—Little Christmas—her man wrote to say, "Only that I love you more and miss you desperately. I am in a Sitka spruce wood, and it is growing dark." It was. She saw that, but she refused to comprehend.

WHEN she saw his wife, she thought that, yes, she would have known her, and felt that the scalded skin and marmalade hair would be a thistle inside her brain. "I will dream of this person," she said to herself as they shook hands. Then she handed him a bottle of white wine but kept her little parcel of robins' eggs, because they looked too intimate and would be a revelation in their little nest of chaff—speckled, freshly boiled an hour before, blue-green eggs as fresh as their love.

It was at his hospital bedside, and there beside him were these two women, and above him a little screen denoting the waver of his heart. It was all a bit unreal to Elena. No two people looked more unsuited, what with his shyness and his wife's blatancy, his dark coloring and hers that had the ire of desert sand. For a moment, she felt there was some mistake—it was perhaps his wife's sister—but, no, she was busying herself, doing a wife's things: touching the lapel of his pajamas, putting a saucer over the jug of water, acknowledging the flowers. The lilies of the valley that Elena had sent him were in a tumbler—the twenty sprays dispatched from Ascot. Asked by his wife where they had come from, he said, "An admirer," and smiled. He smiled quite a lot as he nestled back against the pillows, seeming like a man with nothing on his mind except the happy guarantee that there would be hot milk at ten, two sleeping pills, and oblivion. She kept eying his wife, and the feeling Elena got was of a body, tanklike, filled with some kind of explosive. His wife suddenly told them that she was something of a seer, and he asked, politely, if he would recover. The wine Elena had brought they drank from cups. Exquisite, chilled white wine, such as she and he had often drunk, and such as he had drunk with his wife in the very first stages of their courtship. He was a man to whom the same thing was happening twice. The nurses were beginning to stir themselves, and bade good night overloudly to one lame visitor who was getting up to leave. The man in the next bed begged to have his clothes in order to go home to his own house, whereupon the night sister gave him a little peck on the cheek.

"I must go," Elena said, and looked at him as if to ask if there were some means of becoming invisible and staying.

"So must I," his wife said, and it was apparent that she wanted them to go together, to have a chin-wag, perhaps. Elena touched the counterpane where his feet were and left hurriedly, as if she were walking on springs instead of high-heeled patent shoes. No chin-wag. No nothing with this self-proclaimed seer. Yet something in her wanted to tell it, to have it known, to have each person speak his mind. She ran down the stairs, crossed the road, and stood trembling in the porchway of the pub, dividing her glance between the darkness of the hospital doorway and the welcoming soft pink light inside the pub itself. When she saw the woman, the wife, emerge in a black coat with a little travel bag, she felt momentarily sorry for her, felt her defeat, or perhaps an intuition of defeat, in the way she walked down the street. She watched her and thought that if they had been at school together, or were not torn between the same



“I thought I was dialling Dial-A-Joke, but I dialled Bob Grant instead.”

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unfortunate man, they might have some crumb of friendship to toss at one another.

BACK at his bedside, making the most of the two minutes the sister had allowed her, she looked at him and said, “Well.”

“What did you think?” he said.

“She talks a lot,” she said.

“Now you see,” he said, and then he held her and she knew that there was something that she did not see, something that existed but was hidden from her. Some deposit of pain that would one day come out.

“I am not jealous,” she said.

“How could you be?” he said, and they sobbed and kissed and rocked back and forth, as if they were in their own room.

“I would like you to have a baby,” he said.

“I’ll have twins,” she said.

“MY wife says if it was anyone but you.”

“But me,” she said, and she could feel herself boiling.

His wife had gone on a short holiday in order to recoup her strength so that they could make final the divorce. Elena had flown over to see him and was staying in a hotel a few miles from where he lived.

“She won’t let me see the children,” he said.

“That’s what everyone says; that’s standard.”

“I had to lie about your key.”

“How did she find it?”

“In my pocket,” he said, then imitated searching each of his pockets.

“Stop,” she said. “Don’t.”

The question escaped out of her. “Do you sleep together?”

“Once,” he said. “I thought it was honorable.”

“Don’t,” she said.

“It’s a big bed; it’s almost as big as this room.”

Although she’d meant to hold her tears at all costs, they accrued, dropped onto the toasted sandwich and into the champagne that he had bought her and onto the orange paper napkin. They were like rain, softening the napkin. He squeezed her hand and led her back to the hotel room. There he undressed her, washed her, powdered her, and put her to dry in a big towel, then told her he loved her, that he would always love her. And as she lay inside the towel, listening to the crows cawing, then the rain pelting off the roof and the old trees with their old branches groaning, then the spatters against the windowpane, with the thought of the daffodils getting soaked, he clasped her through the warm towel and begged of her to let him in, always to let him in. Later, that evening, when she caught the plane back, he simply said, “Soon, soon.” All through the journey, she kept thinking, Soon, and yet there was one little niggle that bothered her—his saying that he would have to renew the license for the car next day, because his wife liked their affairs to be kept in order.

THE night his wife returned, he phoned from a booth and said he was never in all his life so incensed. He said he had no idea what he might do next. Elena did not know it then, but he had a black eye caused by a punch, by a ringed finger. She said he ought to leave at once, but he was too drunk to understand. The next day, when he phoned, he said that everything was going to be more protracted but that he would phone when he could, and that she was to be well. He was with her within twenty-four hours—sitting on the Carver chair, pale, bruised, and so dishevelled that she realized he had known more ordeal in a day than in the previous sum of his life. He kissed her, asked her to please, please, never pull his hair by the roots, because he minded that more than anything. They made love, and on and off throughout the day, and in his short sleeps he kept threshing about and muttering things. He dreamed of a dog—the dog at their gate lodge—and when he told her, she felt stricken. She would have to replace wife, children, animals, a sixteen-room house, the garden, stables, the river, and the countryside, with its ranges of blue-black mountains. As if he guessed her thoughts, he said sadly that he owned nothing and the little stone he once gave her would be the only gift he could afford for a while. The theatre design was completed, but no other offers of work loomed. That was the other thing that galled—he had busied himself in craven domesticity and let his work slide. He had beggared himself.

HE would telephone her when he was out and say he was on his way home, so to speak. He was seeing various friends and, though she did not know it, getting communiqués from his wife to come back, to come back. The evening he told her, he asked if she had seen a rainbow in the sky and described how he saw it when standing in a bus shelter. Then he coughed and said, “I rang my wife,” and Elena gulped. “My wife isn’t like you, she never cries, but she cried; she sounded ill, very ill,” he said.

“She’s a maneuvering liar,” she said.

“I have to be there,” he said.

“Go now,” she said, not wanting the ritual of a wake, and, in fact, he had forestalled her in that. His wife was flying at the very moment and was to meet him in a friend’s house—empty, as it happened.

Then followed their first dirty quarrel, because he had told her so many hideous things that his wife had said about her, so many wild untruths.

“She’s mad,” she said. “It’s a madhouse.”

“I’ll tell you what a madhouse it

is," he said and proceeded to describe how, as a farewell barter, his wife had induced him to make love to her and was now in the process of looking for an abortionist.

"You mean you did," she said.

"In the morning, I'm always, a man is always . . ."

"She stinks."

"It stinks," he said, and as he left she held on to his sleeve, just as it must have been held on to by his wife a few mornings earlier, and she saw his hair so soft, so jet, his eyes bright hazel and overalive, and then she let go without as much as a murmur.

"I'll always love you," he said.

She walked with him in imagination up the road, to the friend's house, where he had once brought her, and then to the doorway, his wife waiting; and all night she kept vigil expecting one or the other of them to come back to her to consult her, to include her, to console her, but no one came.

THE Sunday he was due to arrive back, she went into the country, both to escape the dread of waiting and to pick flowers. She picked the loveliest wild flowers, took them back, put them all around the house, then put a side of salmon in a copper pan, peeled cucumber, sliced it thin as wafer, proceeded to make a sauce, and was whipping, stopping every other minute for the sound of the telephone, when in fact the doorbell rang. He was in a sweat, carrying a bag of hers that he had once borrowed. Yes, his wife had insisted on coming with him, and was in the friend's house, a mile away, making the same threats about writs, about custody, about children, about his whoring. They drank, and kissed, and ate dinner, and it was the very same as in the first wayward weeks when he kept kneeling by her, asking for special favors, telling her how much more he loved her. Around midnight, he said he had no intention of going back to the house where his wife was, and, falling half asleep and still engaged in the tangle of love, he thanked her from the bottom of his heart and said this was only the beginning. Next day, when he telephoned, his wife demanded to see him within the hour, but he decided not to go, said, "Let it mull."

THEY were invited by friends of Elena's to the country, and he chose what she should wear, he himself having only the clothes that were on his back, his suitcase being in his wife's possession. It was a beautiful house, and he already knew it in imagination from the way she had described it.

"Look, black swans," she said, pointing to an artificial lake as they drove up to the beautiful house and stepped out onto the very white gravel, her shoes making a grating sound. The butler took their bags, and straightaway, with their hostess, they set out for a walk. The lawn was scattered with duck droppings, swan droppings, and fallen acacia petals. It was a soft, misty day, and the black swans were as coördinated and elegant as if they were performing in a pageant. It was perfect. A few last acacia flowers still clung to the bushes and made a little show of pink. In the grotto, one of the guests was identifying the hundreds of varieties of rock there. Had they stayed outside, they could have watched a plane go by. He loved planes, and, for some reason having to do with portent, she kept count of them for him. When she entered the dark of the grotto and caught him by surprise, their two faces rubbed together and their breaths met. That night, in a different bed, a four-poster, they made love differently, and he told her, as he tore at the beautiful lingerie she had bought for the occasion, that never had he loved her so much as earlier in the grotto, with her big eyes and her winged nose looming over him. The torn silk garments fell away from her, and she felt at last that they had truly met, that they had truly come into their own.

HE went back, but in his own time. Each night when he phoned, he said there was no question now of their losing each other, because he was recovering his self-esteem. Then he returned sooner than she expected—in fact, unannounced. She was hemming curtains—lovely cream lace curtains that she had bought with him in mind. They went to the kitchen, and he said, Yes, that his wife had come again and was making the same contradictory threats, one minute telling him to get out, the next minute begging him to stay. He was wearing a striped seersucker jacket, and it was the first time that she saw him as his wife's property, dressed expensively but without finesse. He was restless, and without knowing it she kept waiting for the blow.

"I can't phone you in the future," he said.

"You can," she said.

"They listen at the exchange," he said.

"I insist," she said, and began in jest to hit him.

All of a sudden, he told her how he had thrown his wife out of a room the night before, and how he realized he wanted to kill her.

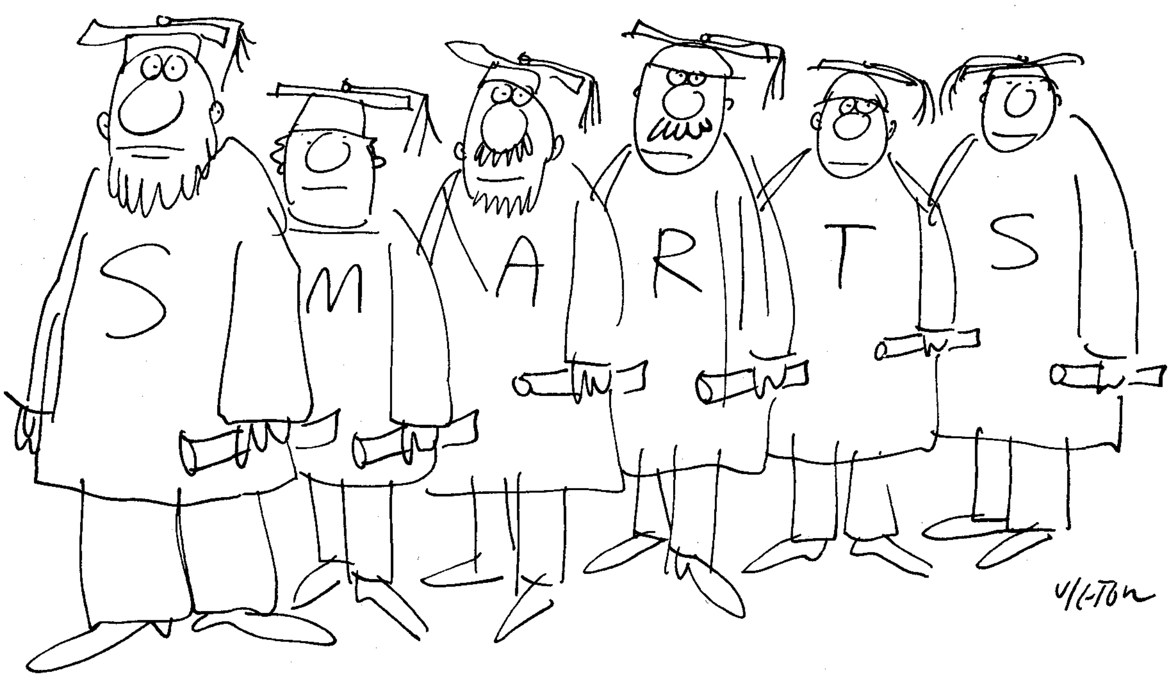
"And?" she said.

"She came back to say she was bleeding from the inner ear."

"And?" she said.

" 'Good,' I said."

There was a dreadful silence. They sat down to eat a bit of bread and cheese, but the jesting was over. Next



day he went to inquire about work, and when he came home in the evening everything was friendly, but something needed to be said. He was going to be incommunicado, he said, thus making it impossible for his wife to find him. Next night they went to a party, and she made certain not to cling to him, not to make him feel hemmed in. Yet they had to rush to the little cloakroom to kiss. On the way home she expressed the wish to be in Paris, so that they could have breakfast and dawdle all day. What she really wished was not Paris but a place where they could be free. It was Midsummer Night, and they decided to go into the square and sit under a tree where the pigeons were mildly cogitating. He gave her a Borough Council rose and said would she keep it forever, crumpled. He said there was no doubt about it, that his wife was psychic, that she who always wore girdles was now buying the same knickers as Elena. He had seen them in a case—white, brown, and cream, with the maker's name and the little borders of lace. She asked a question. He said no, there had not been a reunion, that he had gone into the bedroom to get his book from the bedside table, and there they were on the top of the opened suitcase.

"I would like to be there, just once, invisible," she said.

He shook his head and said that all she would see would be himself at a table, trying to draw something, and his wife, in her cashmere dressing gown, coming in, snatching the drawing out of his hand, going on about her worth, her intelligence, the sacrifice she had made for him, leaving the room to down another glass of wine, coming back to start all over again with fresh reinforcements, to get into her stride.

"Are you hiding something?" she said.

"Only that I love you passionately," he said, and together they held the Council rose, which was as red, as vibrant, as blood.

A FEW days later, he was remote, refused to eat or drink, and was always just short of frowning when she entered the room. He sat downstairs and watched cricket on television, and sometimes would get up and mime the movement of the batsman, or would point to one of the running fielders and say how miraculous it was. A few times he went upstairs to kiss her, kisses of reassurance, but, each time, when she commenced to talk he was gone again. They were too worn by everything.

She was glad when there was a guest for dinner, because he became his old self again, warm and friendly; then he sang and, in the course of singing, put one lock of her hair behind his ear, which made him look like a girl. They met each other's glance and smiled, and it was all like before. The friend said no two people were so well matched, and they drank to it. In bed he tossed and turned, said it would have been better if he had stayed in a hotel, so as not to disturb her sleep, said all in all he was a very spoiled person and that he would have to get a steady job. He said he had to admit that his wife was now nothing to him, no one, though he had dreamed of her the previous night, and that he was hoping that she would go far away and, like a Santa Claus, send back some of her money. Yes, it was like that. All his past life was over, finished. Then he doubled over with pain—and she massaged him gently, but it gave no relief, and he said the pain went right through to the fillings of his teeth.

"You have something to tell me?" she asked.

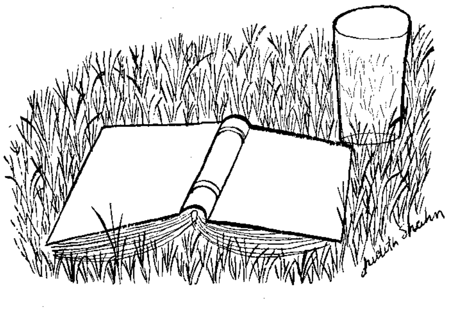
"Yes." He said it so quietly that the whole room was taut with expectation. The room where eight months before she had heard the unfathomable death knocks, the room to which they climbed at all hours, where the sun coming through the gauze curtains played on the brass rungs of the bed and seemed to reveal and scatter imaginary petals, the room where he gave her one drop of his precious blood instead of the gold ring he had promised. What he had to tell her was that he was giving it all up—her, his wife, his family, his beautiful house, the huge spiderweb that he had got himself into. For a moment she panicked. He had once told her that he would like to go to a hotel room and write to the people concerned—herself, his children, his wife—and, as he implied, put an end to himself. She thought, Not that, not that, no matter what; and for a second rehearsed a conciliatory conversation with his wife where they both did everything to help him.

"I'll leave tomorrow," he said.

"Where will you go?" she asked.

"I'll go home to say goodbye."

And in those few words she knew that he would go home not to say goodbye but to say, "Hello, I'm back." She prayed that by the morning he



THE DEPENDENCIES

This morning, between two branches of a tree
Beside the door, epeira once again
Has spun and signed his tapestry and trap.
I test his early-warning system and
It works, he scrambles forth in sable with
The yellow hieroglyph that no one knows
The meaning of. And I remember now
How yesterday at dusk the nighthawks came
Back as they do about this time each year,
Gray squadrons with the slashes white on wings
Cruising for bugs beneath the bellied cloud.
Now soon the monarchs will be drifting south,
And then the geese will go, and then one day
The little garden birds will not be here.
See how many leaves already have
Withered and turned; a few have fallen, too.
Change is continuous on the seamless web,
Yet moments come like this one, when you feel
Upon your heart a signal to attend
The definite announcement of an end
Where one thing ceases and another starts;
When like the spider waiting on the web
You know the intricate dependencies
Spreading in secret through the fabric vast
Of heaven and earth, sending their messages
Ciphered in chemistry to all the kinds,
The whisper in the bloodstream: it is time.

—Howard Nemerov

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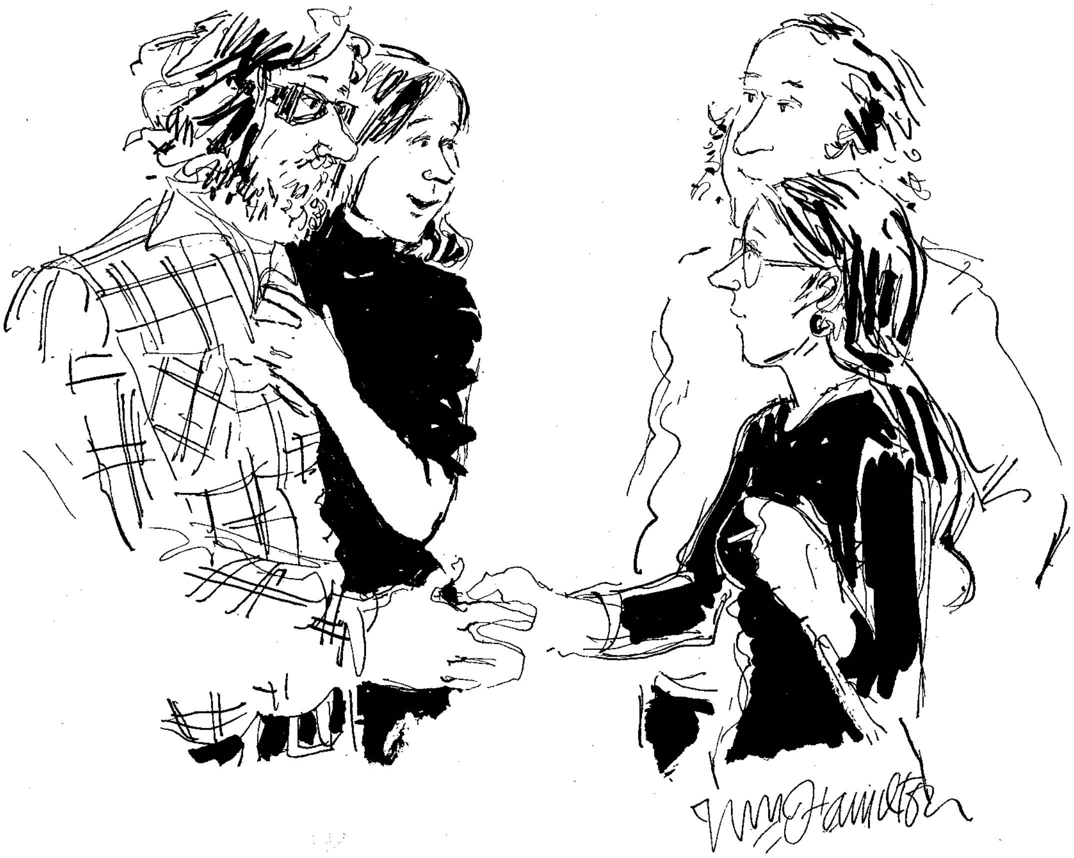
would change his mind or at least feel less conclusive about things.



"Well, this is Andrew—radical economist and dreamboat."

I AM not dead, she thought in the morning, and clutched at objects as if they could assure her of the fact. Then she did rash things—went outdoors but had to be indoors at once, and barely inside was she when suffocation strangled her again, and yet out in the street the concrete slabs were marshy and the spiked railings threatened to brain her. It was as if someone had died and she could see, without looking, his returned latchkey, its yellow-green metal reflected in the green stone of her ring. The ring she had taken off the previous night for her fingers to be completely at one with his fingers. It was not long after, that he said it. And it seemed to her that she must have precipitated this in some mysterious way, and that maybe she had made him feel lacking in something, and that it need never have happened, but that it had happened and he had suddenly announced that there was no room for her in his life, that she was not someone he wished to spend his life with—that it was over, that she was off the cliff again. The night and the morning were getting crushed together—the night when he told her and the morning when he had packed every stitch while she was having a shower, and had his bag down in the hall and was whistling like a merry traveller.

"I can't," she kept saying, "can't, can't." And then she would come back to his hair, his brown tweed jacket and the beautiful sombreness of him, and then, again, she would remember the words, the fatal words, his Adam's apple moving, juggling, and the way she bit at it out of love, out of need, and in the morning—yes, it was morning—she kissed him all over and he asked would she do that when he was very old and very infirm and in an institution, and for a moment they both cried.

She knew in her bones that it was final, that he had deceived her, that all those promises—the reams of love letters, the daily pledge "You, I hold fast"—were no longer true. And she thought with wizard hatred that perhaps they never had been true, and she thought uselessly but continuously of his house with the fawn blinds drawn down, his getting home after dark, putting his bag on a chair, saying he was back for good and all, had sown his wild oats. That would not be for a few hours yet, because he was still travelling, but that is what would happen.

To get through until dark was all she asked, as if dark itself offered some sort of solution to the problem. Two women, one an old friend, held her pressed to a chair and said commiseratingly to each other that it was impossible to help someone. Judging by their startled faces, and by the words that flowed out of her mouth, she knew that she was experiencing the real madness that follows upon loss.

"We're here, we're here," her friend would say.

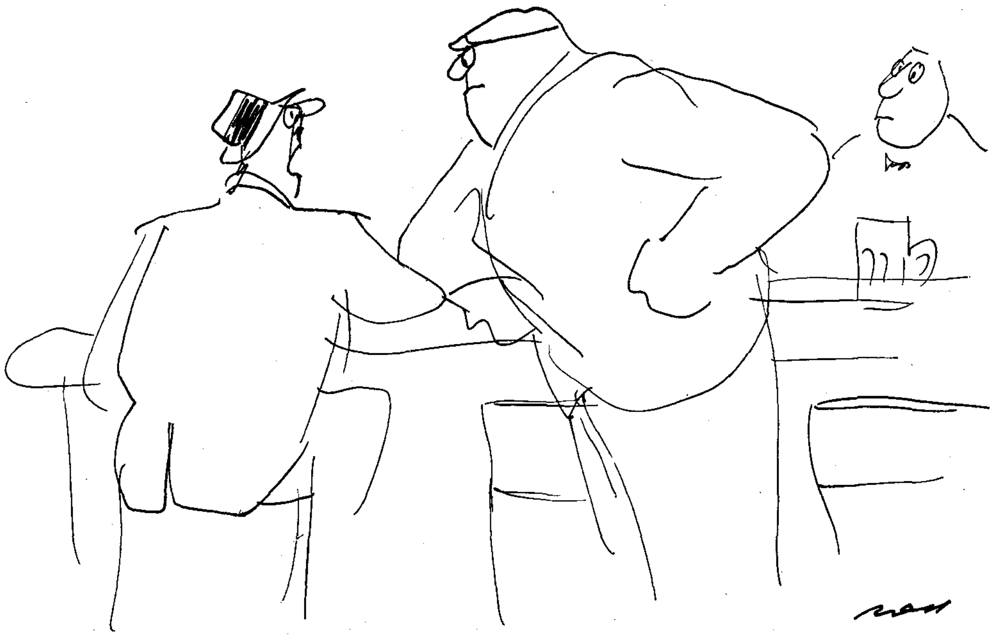
"Where is he, where is he?" she would ask, rising, stampeding.

The Carver chair was like a corpse in the room, and she threw the paperweight at it. What had once been a dandelion clock inside pale-green glass was now pale-green splinters and smithereens. If he had had a garden, or, rather, if he had tended their own garden, he would have cultivated only white flowers, such things as snowdrops and Christmas roses. Between her tears, she tried to tell them that, so they would have some inkling of what he was like and what had gone on between them, and for a moment she saw those Christmas roses, a sea of them, pale and ribbonlike in a damp incline.

SHE went to a friend's house to write it, being too afraid to do it in her own house, in case he might telephone. She used the friend's foolscap paper and, over that hour, filled three full pages. It was the most furious letter she had ever written, and she wished that she had a black-edged envelope in which to post it. There was no tab on the postbox telling the time of the next collection, so she went into a nearby shop to ask if the post was reliable. It was a lighting shop. Long glass shades hung down—like crystals, like domes, like translucent mushrooms—reminding her of some nonexistent time in the future, when she would entertain him. After posting the letter she went back to the friend's house, to finish her tea, and afterward, as she was being conveyed up the street, they saw an elderly woman with a big sheepdog in her arms, holding it upright, like a baby, and she wanted to run across and embrace both of them.

"That woman saw her father being run over when she was fourteen and hasn't been the same since," her friend said.

"And we think we're badly off," she said. She felt curiously elated and began to count, first in hours, then in



"No, I most certainly would not like a punch in the nose!"

minutes, then in seconds, the length of time before he would receive the letter.

HE was sleeping in his wife's bedroom again. That was part of the pact—that and a vow that he would never travel abroad without her. Also, that he would pay attention to her at parties, appreciate her more than he had in the past. He said yes to all her demands, and thought that somehow they would not be exacted once she was over her fit. He slept badly. He talked, shouted in his sleep, and in the morning when being rebuked about it he never inquired as to what he had said, in case he might have said the other woman's name. Her photo—the small snapshot of her that he had kissed and licked so many times—was in the woodshed along with the one letter that he had brought away out of the pile; the others he had left in her study for safety.

It was the night of his thirty-fifth birthday, and they had been parted but a week. He stood over his son's bed, telling himself that what he had done was the right thing. The little boy had one finger in his mouth and the other hand was splayed out like a doll's. "It's the hands that kill you, isn't it?" his wife, who had crept in beside him, said. He nodded. But later he kept going to the front door long before visitors were due to arrive, and he was even of two minds about nipping the cord off the master telephone because he was in dread of its ringing. At the party, he sang the same songs that he had sung to Elena—in fact, his repertoire. His wife drank his health, and the old nanny, who had been in the habit of hearing and seeing the most frightful things, and had seen decanters flying, thought how changeable a thing human nature can be. Even staggering to bed, he imagined he heard footsteps. His wife dared him to make love to her, but it was a drunken dare and drunkenly dismissed; in fact, it made them laugh. She didn't sleep well, what with her thirst and his tossing and turning.

She was downstairs sipping black coffee, putting a touch of Cutex on her nails, when footsteps came over the gravel. Early Monday, she thought, and went out to open the door for the postman, who always said the same dumb thing—"Fine day, Ma'am," regardless of the weather. Now more than ever his letters concerned her, and her own letter, from her sister in Florida, took mere second place as she looked at the two business envelopes and then the large envelope with its deceptive blue-ribboned type. She decided to read it out-of-doors.

"Drivel," she said, starting in on the first stupid nostalgic bits, and then was in her element as she saw words she knew, words that could have been her very own, and, resealing the envelope, she knew that the poison had set in.

HE opened his mail in bed. "What's that?" she said lightly, and snatched the letter from him. He watched her read it with a speed that made him think for a minute she had written it herself. He saw her eyes get narrower and narrower, and she was as compressed now as a peach stone. She pursed her lips the way she did when entering a party. She got to the bits referring to herself, read them aloud, cursed, and then jubilantly tore the letter up and tossed the pieces in the air as if they were raffle tickets. She danced, and said "Kiss-kiss," and said he'd be a good boy now. He got out of bed. He had to go to the hotel; he had to have a drink. She said go to the hotel, have a drink, and not to forget that they were going to a party that night and not to get "drunkies" early in the day, as there were plenty of parties for the summer vacation.

When he left, she was phoning to ask the girl in the boutique to send up some trouser suits—a few—and then she started discussing colors. "Wait a minute," she said, "hey."

He turned round in order to be asked if pale blue and baby blue were one and the same thing. "Just asking my beau," she said to the girl on the telephone, but he was unable to give any reply.

In the driveway, he tried to remember the letter from start to finish, tried to remember how the sentences led from one to another, but all that he could remember were single vicious words, and these flew up into the air, and it was the same as if these crows had turned into great black razors and were inside his head, cutting, cutting away. He would stay in the hotel for as long as possible—all day, all night maybe—and he would go back tomorrow and the next day, and maybe one day he would take a room and do the thing he wanted to do, maybe one day.

THEY were simply little slabs of stone laid into and just beneath the level of the grass—about a hundred of them almost begging for feet to dance, or play hopscotch. Here and there was a vase or mug filled with flowers, mostly roses. Elena asked one of the gardeners what the slabs signified, and he said each one covered someone's ashes. "There's two boxes in some, where is a husband and wife, but most of 'em there's one," he said.

The words went straight to her heart. Not long afterward, she found a tomb with a name like his on it and, nearby, the same name as his daughter's. These names swam before her eyes. She wished that at least her own name were there, too, and began to search. She went round and round the main graveyard, then to that part where the meadowsweet was so high that the tomb and the stone effigies were all covered over and she could not read a thing. Some French children on a conducted tour were running back and forth, amused at what they saw, and even more amused when they went in under the red stone ruin that had a big sign saying "Dangerous Structure." A few hundred yards away, they were setting up wagons for the weekend's amusement fair, and men in vests, with big muscles, were laying aluminum slabs for the Dodg'em cars. Graveyard and pleasure green were side by side, with a tennis court and miniature golf course at the northern end. The caravans had arrived: The women were getting out their artificial flowers, their china plates, and their bits of net curtain, to set up yet again their temporary dwellings. She tried to hold on to life, to see what she was seeing—these people setting up house for a day or two or three; muscles; burial places; schoolchildren with no thought of death. It was a windy day, and the roses in the containers kept falling over and girls kept bullying each other to come on or not come on. In the church of St. Nicholas she looked at the altar, at the one little slit of light from the aperture above, which left half of the altar stained and half clear. Then she looked at oddments in a glass case—bits of tiling and one tiny bit of bone, a perfect pillar, which had been found by a schoolchild as the accompanying label boldly said.

Outside, the lawnmowers were full on, and those, plus the shrieks of the visiting children, tried to claim her attention, and she hoped that they would, thereby banishing forever the thought of all that had gone before. The sun came in fits and starts; tiers of yellow bulbs were all bunched up, waiting to be lit; the haunted caravan, its black skull and its blooded talons, looked a little ridiculous since no wicked ogre lurked within. She had come on a train journey to consult a faith healer, but was much too early. All was still, and only the bright garish daubs of paint suggested that by Saturday all would be in motion and, for better or worse, people would go and get on the Dodg'em and the mad merry-go-round.

What would she not have given to see *him* for a moment, to clasp him, utterly silent, no longer trusting to speech. It will pass, she thought, going from grave to grave, and, unconsciously and almost mundanely, she prayed for the living, prayed for the dead, then prayed for the living again, went back to find the tomb of his namesake and prayed for all those who were in boxes alone or together, above or below ground, all those unable to escape from their woeful selves.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

THE LAST BICENTENNIAL MINUTE

(AFTER SEVERAL TELEVISED GLIMPSES OF OUR GLORIOUS PAST)

JEFFERSON left the bakery by the front door (as was his custom in leaving retail stores) and turned north on Broad Street at Walnut, heading for Market, although a casual Colonial onlooker might have thought he was heading for Race in this year of 1776. He had momentarily considered taking Juniper, but for some reason that lay either shallow or deep in his Renaissance mind he now applied his full resolve to the navigation of Broad, one of the many streets that belonged to King George III, whose soldiers' jackets matched Jefferson's hair.

As he walked along in the manner of the day—left foot, right foot, left foot, right foot—Jefferson amused himself by trying to count his illegitimate children. This was one of the many challenging turns that his awesome intellect liked to take in its daily pursuit of conditioning.

Step on a crack, break your grandmother's back, he suddenly thought, for he was not above the common touch on this uncommonly fine May morning, still in 1776. The weather report in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* had said a chance of rain today, with a temperature in the low sixties and an air quality as unacceptable as the Sugar Act, but Jefferson, in his quiet wisdom, knew that the forecast was incorrect thirty-eight per cent of the time, so he eagerly looked ahead to the afternoon, when his laundry was due to come back. He liked clean clothes, although he stubbornly recognized the right of every man to be a part of the Great Unwashed.

At the corner of Chestnut, a nondescript young woman walked up to him and said, "Excuse me, but don't I know you?"

"I do not believe so, Madam," Thomas Jefferson said in the way he had of addressing people two hundred years ago.

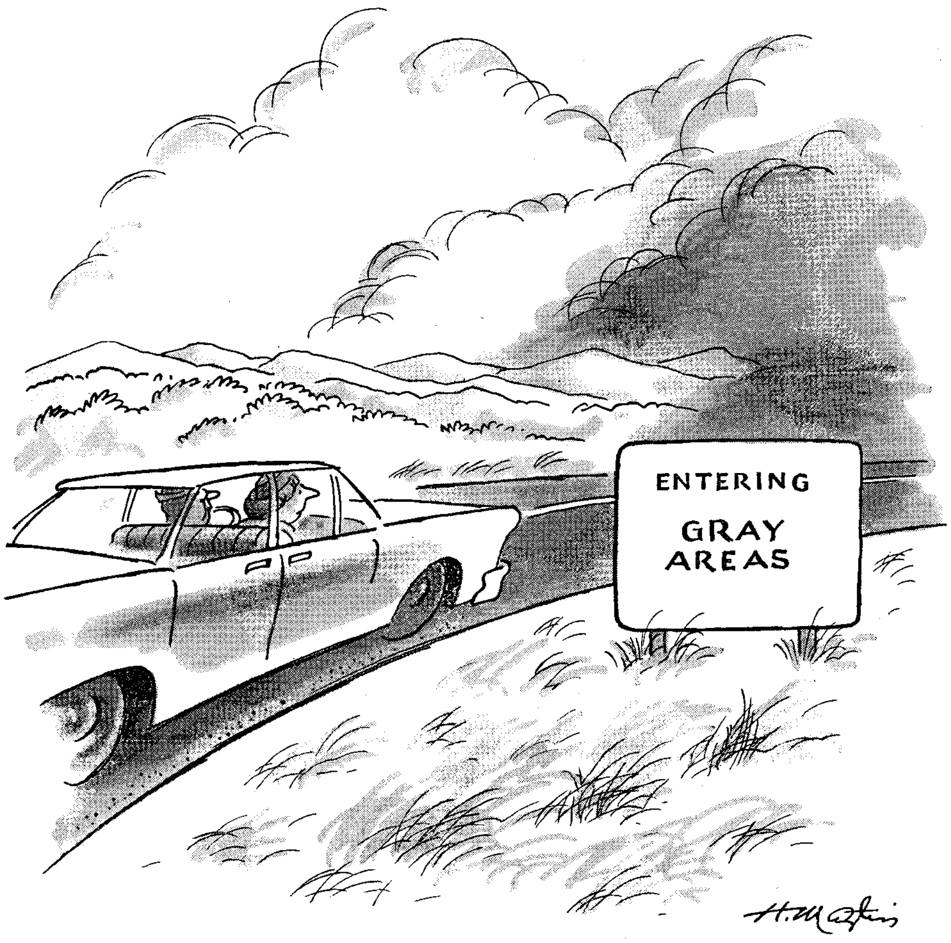
"But I'm sure of it," she told him. "Your face is so familiar. I know you. I *do*."

"I'm afraid not, Madam. All we deists look alike. By the way, do you happen to know if construction work is still being done at the corner of Franklin and Girard?"

"I haven't the foggiest," she said and walked away, with an expression of disgust that now belongs to history.

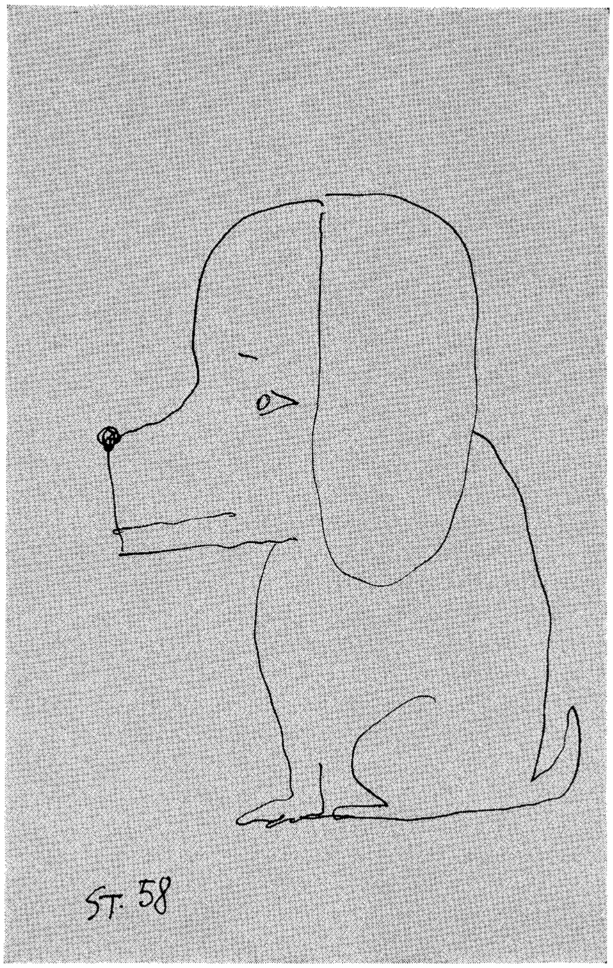
And that's the way it was.

—RALPH SCHOENSTEIN



PROFILES

A KEEPER OF THE TREASURE



Betty Parsons

IN twenty-nine years as an independent art dealer, Betty Parsons has always been happiest when showing the unfamiliar. It takes only a year or so these days for the unfamiliar image or style in art to become familiar and accepted, and a good many of Mrs. Parsons' artists have been with her a good deal longer than that, but one cannot help feeling that her boundless enthusiasm is directed mainly toward her latest discoveries. Last September, for example, Mrs. Parsons opened the new season with a show by Bill Taggart, a young, relatively unknown painter—this was his first one-man show at the Betty Parsons Gallery—and a follower of none of the currently fashionable avant-garde austerities. Taggart paints large, colorful, quirky abstractions whose general effect is exuberant. "I've had my eye on him for several years, and I've bought a few of his things myself," Mrs. Parsons told a friend at the opening. "He has a wonderful childlike quality—you see how he sticks those little blocks of color from a child's paint set right to the canvas and then blows water across them somehow to get that rainbow effect? He's got humor and vitality. Anyway, last spring I just decided to go ahead and give him a show—bang, like that."

Vitality is a quality that appeals very much to Betty Parsons, for obvious reasons. At the age of seventy-five, she usually manages to seem twenty years younger than anyone else in the room. Her conversation is brisk and telegraphic—ask her a question and she will give you, in her deep voice, a reply so succinct, and often so striking, that further discussion is superfluous. She is always going somewhere or coming back from somewhere. "I've had a marvellous summer," she said earlier that same afternoon, sitting at her tiny, cluttered desk in a dark corner of the storeroom that serves as her office at the Parsons Gallery, on the third floor at 24 West Fifty-seventh Street. "In June, I went to London and Paris, saw the Morris Louis show at the Hayward and the Miró at the Grand Palais and a lot of other things, and bought a painting by a young Chinese named Dui Seid. Both his parents are Chinese, but he was brought up in France—interesting background. I'd like to show him one day. Then I went down to Poitiers and stayed with a friend who's doing a book on Romanesque art. We went around to a dozen or more Romanesque churches, and I loved it—the first time in ages I've been able to stay in the middle of the French countryside. After Europe, I went out to Wyoming for three weeks and stayed with my friend Hope Williams, who has a ranch near Cody. I did a lot of painting there. And then I was at my cottage in Maine for two weeks. I love to travel, and I'm delighted to find that I can still do it."

Being an artist herself makes Mrs. Parsons something of a rarity among art dealers. She has had more than a dozen solo exhibitions of her work, including major retrospectives at the Whitechapel Gallery, in London, in 1968, and at the Montclair Art Museum, in New Jersey, in 1974. Wherever she goes, she carries along a four-by-six-inch sketchbook, and makes rapid watercolor sketches—of landscapes, patterns of light and shade, shapes and rhythms and fleeting impressions of all kinds—which often provide the basis for her abstract paintings. At the theatre or at a concert, she will often pull out her sketchbook and jot something down—a few lines of verse that have come to her, or a shape or color that strikes her eye. (She carries in her handbag, along with the sketchbook, a tiny bottle of water and a bunch of watercolor crayons.) An old friend, Annie Laurie Witzel, reports that when they went to see the musical "Candide" Mrs. Parsons' enjoyment of it was somewhat dampened by the fact that the action went on all around her in the theatre and this made it difficult for her to sketch. "I like to get it down before it gets away," she says.

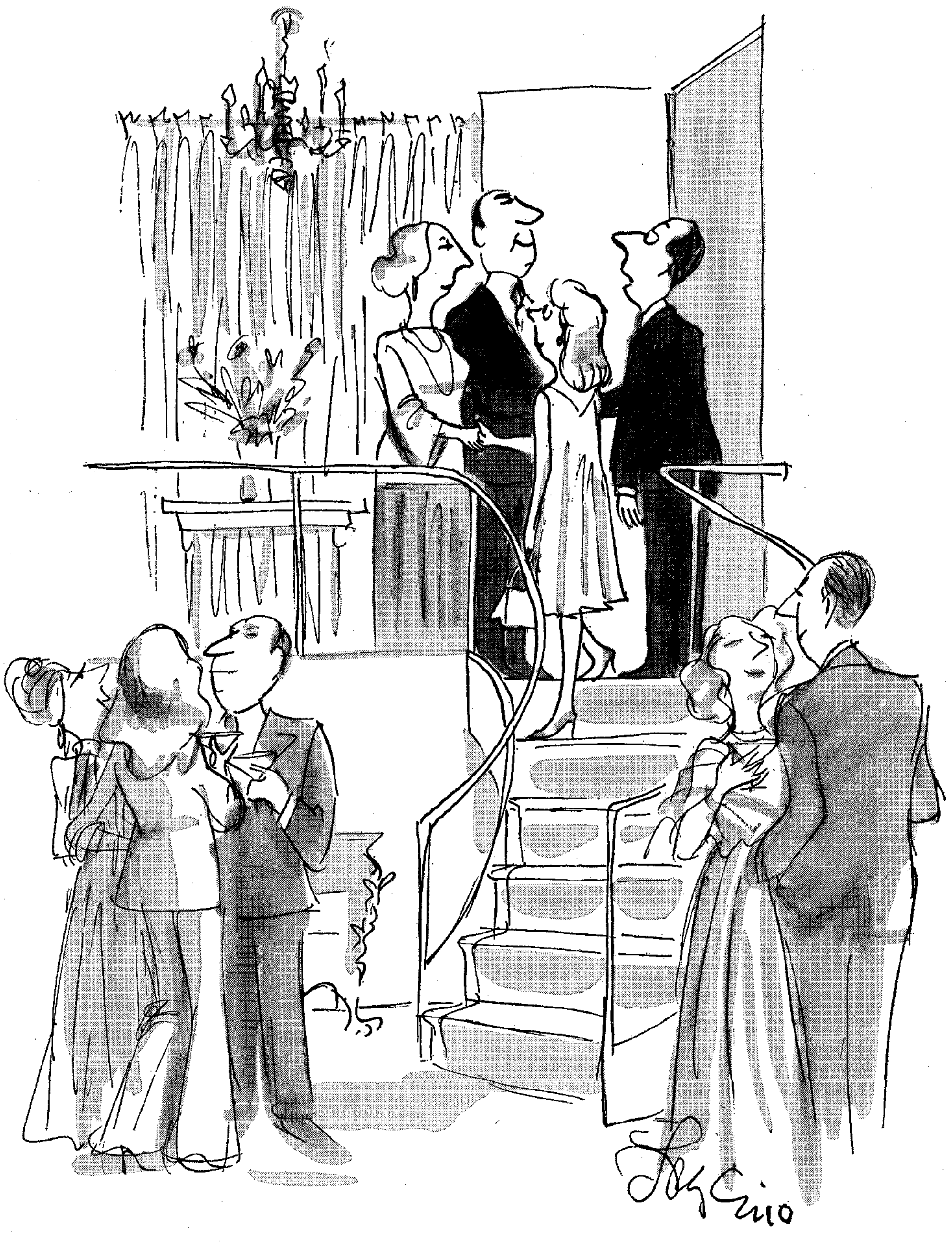
Jock Truman, her associate at the gallery for the last thirteen years, is a connoisseur of Mrs. Parsons' vitality. "Betty vibrates, and this place vibrates because of her," he said a while back. "Betty's fantastic commitment to life affects all of us here—me, Gwyn Metz, who's been with us two years, Debbie Lawrence, and Arthur Pierson, who happens to be Betty's cousin. It's amazing how she's influenced my life. When I came here, it was as though everything I'd done before became useful. Until then, it had seemed like a lot of unrelated failures and messing around." Truman had spent much of the previous few months overseeing renovations of a new gallery, on the fifth floor in the building—two floors up from their regular space. Last spring's New Talent exhibition at the Parsons Gallery had received such a favorable response that they decided to take additional space in order to show new work that was impossible to fit into the schedule otherwise. The fifth-floor addition, which will show drawings and other works on paper, is called the Parsons-Truman Gallery, and it was originally supposed to be mainly Jock Truman's responsibility, but as soon as Mrs. Parsons returned from her summer's travels she became very excited about it, and insisted on showing the new space off to everyone who came by. "We opened it with a show of Walter Murch drawings," Truman said last September. "He's one of Betty's old-timers—he died seven years ago—and, of course, Betty hung the show. Something marvellous happens when she hangs a show of Murch or of Paul Feeley—a kind of direct contact between her and the work. I've learned that the best thing is just to leave her alone with it."

Betty Parsons has not always hung the shows in her gallery. There was a time, in the late forties and the early fifties, the gallery's heroic period, when Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Clyfford Still, and Barnett Newman used to help hang each other's shows there—shows that changed the course of modern art not only in America but internationally. The gallery was at 15 East Fifty-seventh Street then, and the roster of artists who showed there reads like a pantheon of American art. In addition to the big four already mentioned, there were Hans Hofmann and Ad Reinhardt, Theodoros Stamos and Richard Pousette-Dart, Bradley Walker Tomlin, Saul Steinberg, Buffie Johnson, and Alfonso Ossorio. Later, she showed Robert Rauschenberg, Anne Ryan, Kenzo Okada, Ellsworth Kelly, Jack Youngerman, Eduardo Paolozzi, Alexander Liberman, Paul Feeley, Agnes Martin, and many others. "No gallery anywhere has equalled her record," the critic Lawrence Campbell wrote in 1973, in *ARTnews*, and he added that the atmosphere of the Parsons Gallery had always been different from that of other galleries. "It is more like an artist's coöperative," he wrote, "except that the spectrum of styles and talents is much wider than most artist's juries would permit."

Artists have always felt at ease with Betty Parsons, perhaps in part because, being an artist herself, she has always been far more interested in the artist than in the client, in the work of art than in its sale. It is generally assumed that this is also why so many of her important artists have left her. She didn't try hard enough to sell their work, some of them said. Instead of committing herself totally to the artists of the Abstract Expressionist breakthrough, she kept discovering new people. Truman disputes the poor-sales myth. "A few years ago, I went back over our records of the forties and fifties," he said. "Pollock made six thousand dollars in 1950, which wasn't bad then, and Rothko made almost three thousand dollars. When Rothko went to Sidney Janis, he made less than that the first year. Of course, time was on the artists' side, and eventually their prices had to go up. It's true, though, that Betty's has never been a star-system gallery. And Betty doesn't go out and hound people the way some dealers do."

It is also true that the gallery does not send out press releases, that it advertises sparingly, and that, while it has done reasonably good business for nearly three decades, it has never made a great profit. "Most artists don't think I'm tough enough," Mrs. Parsons conceded recently. "That I don't go out and solicit, call up people all the time. I don't. I know how people hate that sort of thing, because I hate it myself, so I don't do it. I also think that a lot of artists would have been better off if they'd stayed with me. Maybe not financially but professionally. Becoming famous can be a terrific responsibility. Richard Lindner was with me for five years. I gave him three shows, and couldn't sell him. Finally, we wept on each other's shoulder and decided he would be better off somewhere else. He went eventually to Cordier & Ekstrom, and that same year Pop Art arrived and Lindner began selling like hotcakes. Lindner has something of Pop in him, although he's not a Pop artist. Anyway, that's been the story of my life."

With one or two exceptions, the artists who left remained her friends. Some never did leave. Ad Reinhardt stayed for twenty-one years, even though for



"*Everything was truly great, sir. How did we do?*"

the first ten the gallery sold under six thousand dollars' worth of his paintings. Tomlin was with her until he died, and the gallery now represents his estate. Kenzo Okada, the most successful of her current crop in terms of sales, has been with her for twenty-two years, and Saul Steinberg and Hedda Sterne, both of whom Mrs. Parsons first showed in 1943, when she was running the Wakefield Gallery, have been with her ever since—although Steinberg continues his practice, begun when Parsons and Sidney Janis shared the same floor of the building at 15 East Fifty-seventh, of showing his work at both galleries simultaneously. Steinberg is very fond of Betty Parsons, who nevertheless strikes him as being not quite real. "One of the attractive things about Betty is that she resembles fiction more than anything else," he said not long ago. "She exists in the way that Raskolnikov exists, or Julien Sorel. The profession of art dealer is very difficult, very delicate. A dealer is the intermediary between two of the most important things in life—money and fame—and the fact that Betty is a fictional character makes it easier to deal with her, although it also makes things less precise. Janis, now, is completely brass tacks. But there is a Faustian quality about dealers, because of their having to deal with fame and money. They become strange, like swans or giraffes. It is good for a dealer to have a fictional side. The best dealers are like Nibelungs, keepers of the treasure. They are remote. Betty is like that." Steinberg once drew a profile portrait of Mrs. Parsons as a dog—"an adoring, serenading dog," as he put it. Everyone, including Mrs. Parsons, agrees that it is an extraordinary likeness. "She has that slightly bulging, philosophical forehead," Steinberg explains. "The forehead of Leonardo da Vinci, and of babies, and of this dog—is it a spaniel? If you look at Betty, you see the Sphinx, the Garbo-like quality, the remoteness. And, strictly *entre nous*, the Sphinx *is* doggy." To another observer, Mrs. Parsons might seem, with her aristocratic features and intonation, her quick, graceful way of moving, and her quiet little explosions of mirth, more closely related to some exceptionally independent breed of cat. There are moments during a crowded opening at her gallery when she can be seen standing entirely alone, hands clasped behind her back, blue eyes missing nothing—a trim figure so self-contained, so centered, that others appear insubstantial beside her. She dresses like no one else, usually in slacks and a loose jacket, but with a stylish touch of color—a scarf at the throat. She loves to dance. On the island of Saint Martin, where she has a house, the employees at a nearby inn called Mary's Fancy line up on New Year's Eve to dance with Betty Parsons, whose fame as a calypso partner has spread far and wide. "She dances her way through life," Hedda Sterne once said of her. "She has a fantastic ability to adjust to new realities, and she is always graceful."

OWL

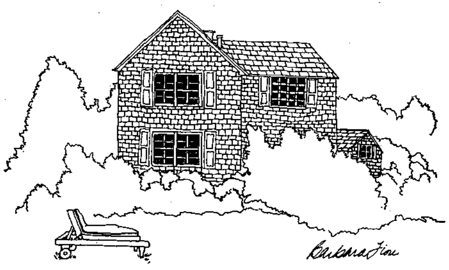
There's a roof over me I cannot see,
The branches of a tree
Hung with Chinese characters, and an owl
Huddled in its center like a seed.
Even now I scratch myself awake
The way I've seen the forest scratch its skin
From brown to green. When I am
Quite tired, and the lake in front of me
Spreads out like a thin map of the moon,
Reason is nothing
More than the distance home.

—VICKIE KARP

• •

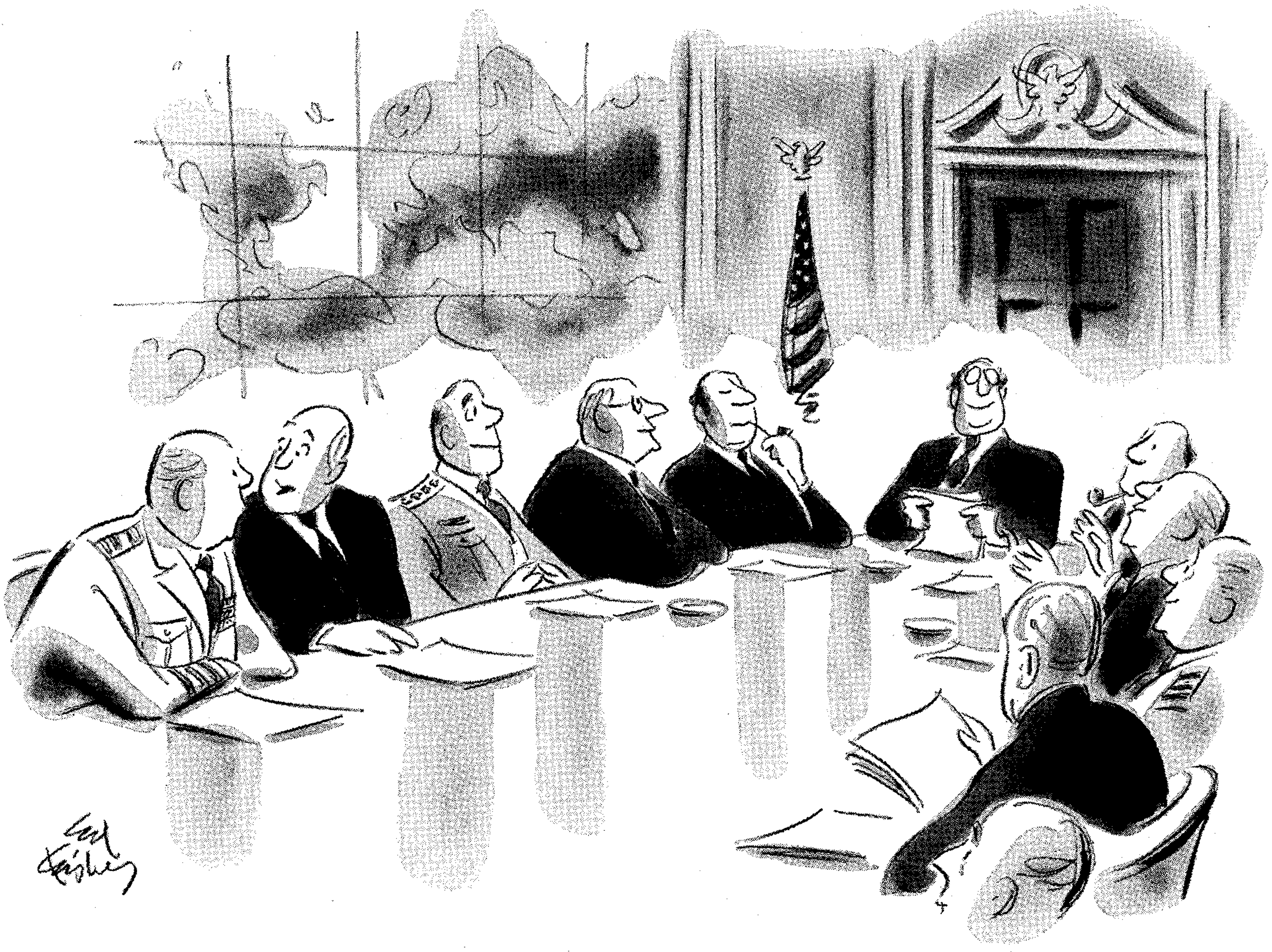
"I've led several different lives," Mrs. Parsons remarked one day. "Fortunately, I have enjoyed all of them."

ONE of Betty Parsons' great-great-great-great-grandfathers, Abraham Pierson, Jr., was the first rector of Yale. Subsequent generations of Piersons manufactured industrial machinery at a plant near Tuxedo Park, wintered in Palm Beach, summered at Newport, and maintained a large house at 17 West Forty-ninth Street, where she was born, in 1900. (The site is now part of Rockefeller Center.) Convention ranked high in their scale of values. "When my grandfather heard I was getting a divorce, in 1922, he demanded to see me," Mrs. Parsons recalls. "It was the first divorce in the family. 'Does he drink?' he asked me. I said he did. 'Does he beat you?' I said that he didn't beat me but that we were incompatible. 'That's not enough,' he said, and he cut me out of his will because of it. My mother's side of the family was partly French—thank God for the French! The William Porcher Mileses, of New Orleans and Charleston. They were intellectual but not artistic. They had a great library, and they lived in a fantastic house on Old River Road, and they all drank a great deal. Whenever I go down there now, they fill me full of bourbon. In the old days, I'm told, they used to think nothing of drinking juleps before breakfast. My mother and my older sister, though, were great intellectuals, always telling me facts about the past, and I hated it. I think that's what made me so anti-historical."



The three Pierson girls—Betty had a younger sister as well as an older one, but no brothers—were much admired in Newport and Palm Beach. Jeanne Reynal, a slightly younger contemporary who became an artist and has shown at the Parsons Gallery, remembers that when they were in their teens she and her Newport friends thought Betty was just about *it*. "She had a real peaches-and-cream complexion and a trim figure, her eyes were like delft, she played damn good tennis and she swam beautifully, and she always seemed to be surrounded by the most attractive men. Later on, I used to call her Lady Elizabeth Pierson Parsons—she seemed like those great English aristocrats who take for granted what they are. It's interesting that Betty never really broke with all that. She just seemed to widen her horizon to include other worlds."

In those days, Newport was more or less impervious to the world of art. "In our house and in all those big Newport houses, you saw the most wonderful crystal, and china, and flowers, and great, huge pieces of furniture, but never any paintings," Mrs. Parsons recalls. "There was so much complicated molding on the walls that you couldn't have hung a picture if you had wanted to." At the Chapin School, in New York, and later at Miss Randall McKeever's Finishing School there, art was somewhat more



"This is turning out to be such a high-minded meeting it would be a shame if someone didn't leak it to the press."

• •

visible, if not yet wholly respectable. It was the Armory Show in 1913 that first gave Betty Pierson, who was thirteen when she visited it, the idea that she wanted to be an artist. "I'd always thought that the Old Masters were much too advanced—that I'd never be able to catch up to them," she said recently. "But then I saw those things at the Armory, and I thought, Here's where I can get on board."

The Piersons disapproved of college for women, so Betty didn't go. Instead, she wangled permission to spend the winter of 1918-19 studying sculpture in New York with Gutzon Borglum, the tormentor of Mt. Rushmore, whom she remembers as being a terrible teacher. "When he'd have us draw a bone, he'd make us draw it from his sketchbook—we couldn't even draw a real bone." In the spring of 1919, she married Schuyler Livingston Parsons, who was wealthy, conservative, socially prominent, and ten years older than she was. They spent their honeymoon in Paris, and returned in the fall to take up housekeeping in an apartment at 15 West Fifty-fifth Street and at a country place in Islip. "Parsons was a nice guy," she recalls, "but he drank." The new Mrs. Parsons spent a good deal of her time that winter at the studio of Mary Tonetti, the sculptor. She still has, in her New York apartment, a little plaster cast of a Neptune that she modelled in that studio. "Sculpture was my ideal," she has said. "Painting came more easily to me, but I was always more drawn to sculpture." She also attended classes at the Parsons School of Design (no connection with her in-laws), and was later offered a job as a clothes designer at thirty-five dollars a week; her in-laws insisted that she decline it.

The marriage lasted a little more than two years. Grandfather Pierson's ire did not prevent the couple from achieving a highly amicable divorce, with Mrs. Parsons going to Paris so that the decree would be granted there, on the ground of mutual incompatibility. It was the turning point in her life. She stayed on in Paris for ten years, living on the Left Bank and working in a studio on the Rue Perçeval. She had made up her mind to be an artist. It was a fine time to be in Paris, of course, and she got to know most of the livelier people: Alexander Calder, Man Ray, Jean Lurçat, Isamu Noguchi, Hart Crane, Max Jacob, Tristan Tzara, Eugene Jolas, Natalie Barney, Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, Gerald and Sara Murphy, Caresse and Harry Crosby. ("Harry Crosby sent me an opium pill one Christmas. I threw it down the drain. Later, he carried out his suicide pact in the apartment of a great friend of mine in New York.") She even met Gurdjiev, the Russo-Greek mystic, whom she thought "a bit of a brigand," but who stimulated in her a lifelong interest in occult studies.

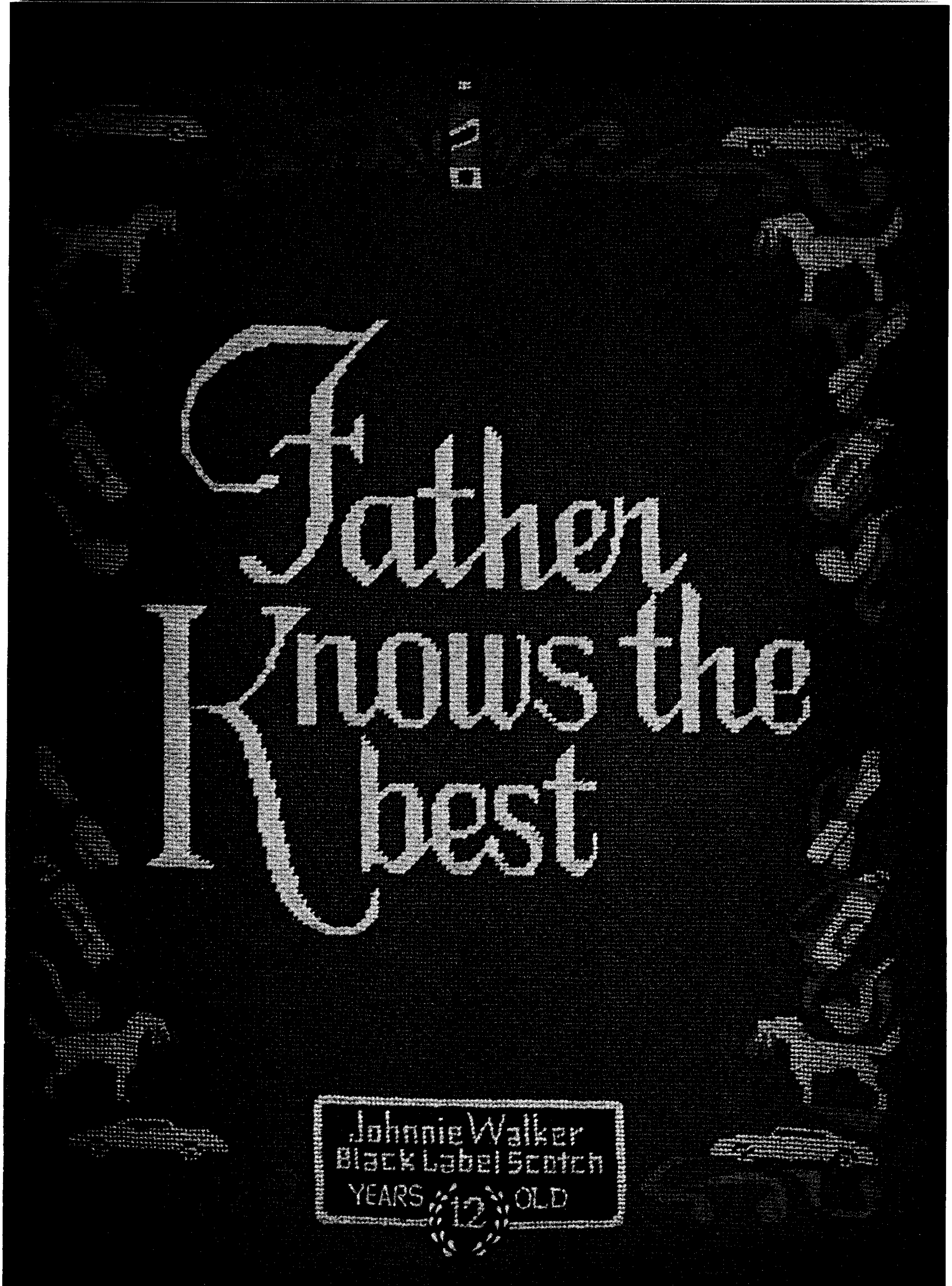
Her first six years in Paris, she studied sculpture with Antoine Bourdelle, whom she considered a better teacher than sculptor. " 'Beware of learning too much about art,' he used

"Why don't you two get acquainted?"

to tell us, 'because it will keep you from finding your own way.' Giacometti was in the same class, but we were both so shy we hardly spoke. Once, Bourdelle said that Giacometti and I were the only ones who were trying to say something about the model, not just copying." After Bourdelle, she studied with Ossip Zadkine, mainly to learn the use of different kinds of sculptural materials. "But Zadkine imposed Zadkine on you, so I left," she says. Every summer, she went to Brittany to study watercolor technique with the English painter Arthur Lindsey. The Galerie des Quatre Chemins gave her a solo show of watercolors in 1927. She might have stayed on in France indefinitely if it hadn't been for the Crash.

Mrs. Parsons' father, who had forsaken the family machinery works for Wall Street, was hard hit in 1929; so was Schuyler Parsons, and he stopped sending his modest alimony payments. Mrs. Parsons nevertheless stayed on until 1933, and then, like most of the expatriates, she came home—not to New York, though. Acting on the advice of friends, she went to California, settling first in Hollywood and then in Santa Barbara. She supported herself by giving lessons in drawing and sculpture, and by painting portraits on commission. She also worked for a time in a liquor store in Santa Barbara, where her knowledge of French wines was a great boon to butlers for the larger estates, and she continued her studies in sculpture by working with Aleksandr Archipenko, the Russian émigré, who was then living in Los Angeles. It was a good time to be in Hollywood. Robert Benchley, whom she and other friends used to call Parthenon, because he seemed so much bigger and better than anyone else, introduced her to the film colony, and she got to know Charles Butterworth and Marlene Dietrich, and played tennis with Greta Garbo. (Mrs. Parsons, with her straight hair, slim hips, and classic, slightly severe features, would sometimes hear young bucks call out "Hiya, G.G.!" and wonder what they meant. In New York today, she is still occasionally mistaken for Garbo.) She was asked about this time to join an informal American tennis team that would be playing in major amateur tournaments here and abroad, but the prospect did not appeal to her. She also met Martha Graham, whose work she has followed with great enthusiasm ever since. "I always wanted to get back to New York, though," Mrs. Parsons said not long ago. "I didn't really like California that well. I met a lot of people who became great friends, but the atmosphere was depressing. There was such heavy drinking all the time. Finally, I sold my engagement ring for a thousand dollars—I knew Schuyler had paid a lot more than that for it—and came back East."

SOON after her return to New York, Mrs. Parsons had a show of her work at the Midtown Gallery, and sold a number of pictures from it. But the proceeds were hardly enough to live on, so when Alan Gruskin, the Midtown's director, invited her to arrange exhibitions there and to sell for the gallery on a commission basis, she agreed. The next year, she went to work, also on a commission basis, for Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan, one of the three "founding mothers" (as Russell Lynes has called them) of the Museum of Modern Art, who had a gallery at 460 Park Avenue and sold nineteenth-century and twentieth-century art. Early in 1940, Mrs. Parsons was approached by the owners of the Wakefield Bookshop, at 64 East Fifty-fifth Street, with the suggestion that she establish an art gallery in the bookshop's empty basement. She did so, and was in complete charge of the Wakefield Gallery, which opened that autumn. For the first year or so, she showed mostly the work of book illustrators (Ludwig Bemelmans among them), but she had a keen and curious eye, and before long she was showing artists who did more than illustrate: Walter Murch and Alfonso Ossorio in 1941, Joseph Cornell in 1942, Saul Steinberg, Constantine Nivola, Hedda Sterne, and Theodoros Stamos in 1943, and Adolph Gottlieb in 1944. (Gottlieb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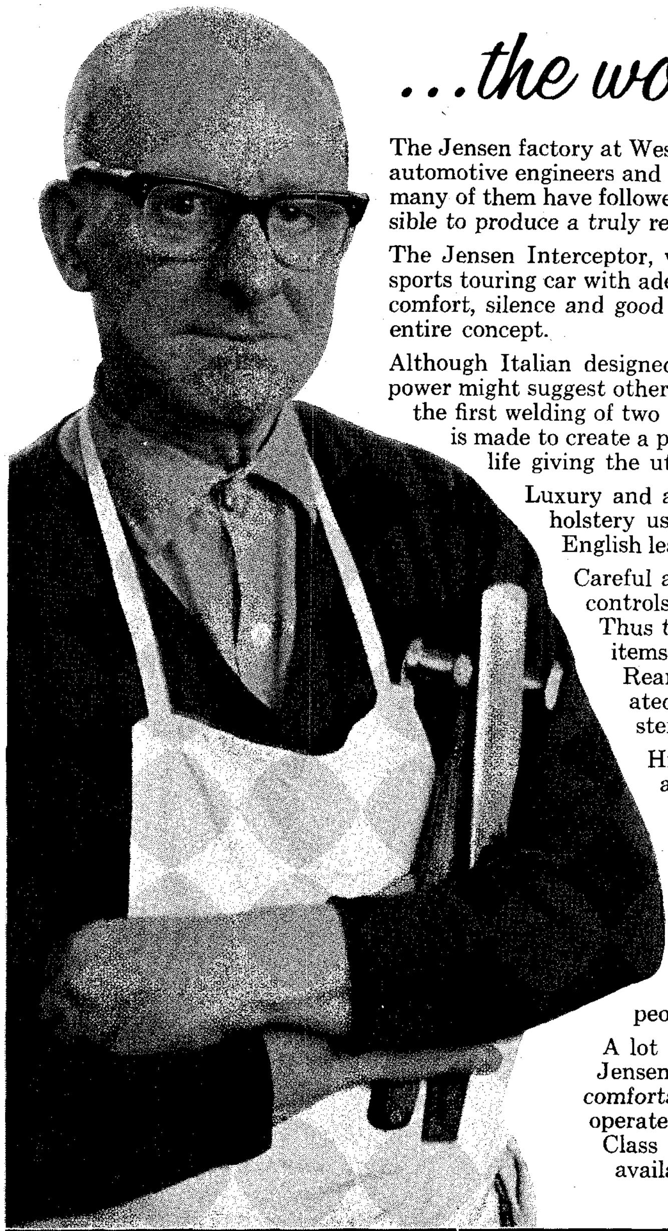

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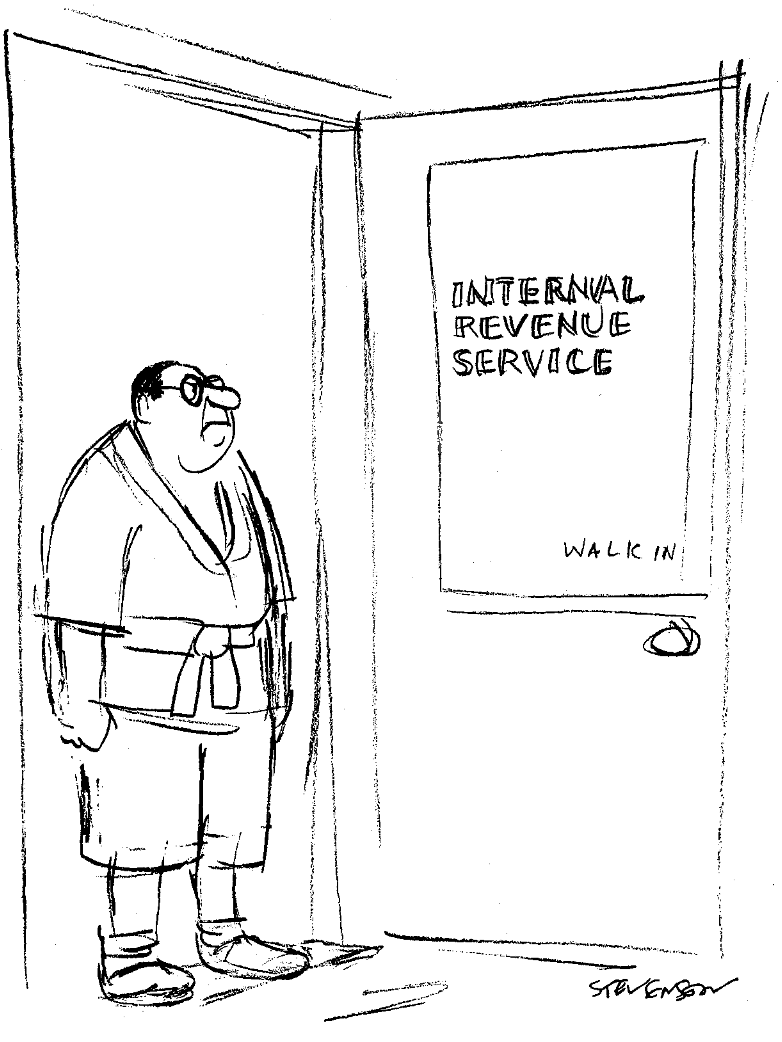
had shown Surrealist work elsewhere, but his first abstract pictures appeared at the Wakefield.)

The early nineteen-forties were a critical period of transition in American art. "American scene" regionalism, on the one hand, and post-Cubist, geometric abstraction, on the other, had come to seem increasingly inadequate modes of dealing with contemporary reality. The war in Europe, moreover, had ended the isolation of American artists by bringing some of the leading European Surrealists as refugees to this country, where they came into close contact with the younger New York artists. The creative ferment of those years led to a number of developments in painting that have been lumped together, somewhat misleadingly, as Abstract Expressionism. Mark Rothko's floating rectangles of color and Barnett Newman's vertical divisions of space are hardly Expressionistic, and in a sense their work stands at a polar remove from Jackson Pollock's or Willem de Kooning's explosive encounters with paint and canvas. All four of these artists passed through somewhat similar aesthetic crises, however, and each arrived at a radical new style whose effect on the viewer was aggressive, immediate, and often overwhelming. Their paintings had an all-at-once visual impact that was entirely new in Western art; Pollock's friend Tony Smith, an architect who later became an important sculptor, once said that the only comparable aesthetic experience he could think of would be to come suddenly, after wandering in the desert, upon the great gate of a mosque. It took several years for the new painting to lose its shock effect and be seen for what it was, but in the period when it was coming into being New York emerged as the energy center of modern art. For the third time in her life, Betty Parsons had managed to be in the right place at the right time.



Beginning in 1942, Peggy Guggenheim, who had been married to the European Surrealist painter Max Ernst, showed most of the advanced American artists at her Art of This Century gallery, at 30 West Fifty-seventh Street in New York, along with work by Ernst, Masson, Arp, Giacometti, and other Europeans. The critics were more or less appalled by it. Pollock's furious abstract calligraphy seemed insane to most of those who came to his first one-man show, at Art of This Century, in 1943, but artists alive to the new currents were profoundly affected; as de Kooning said afterward, Pollock had broken the ice. Having spent ten years in Paris, Mrs. Parsons knew the background of what was taking place, and although she had not yet made her own breakthrough into the abstract—she was still doing mostly impressionistic landscapes then—she was artist enough to recognize the validity and the power of the new painting. "I realized that they were saying something that no European could say," she reflected a few months ago. "Europe is a walled city—at least, it's always seemed that way to me. Everything is within walls. Picasso could never have done what Pollock did. Pollock released the historical imagination of this country. I've always thought that the West was an important factor in the art of the forties and fifties here. Pollock came from Wyoming, Clyfford Still grew up in North Dakota, and Rothko in Oregon—all those enormous spaces. They were all trying to convey the expanding world."

The Wakefield Bookshop moved uptown in 1944, and Mrs. Parsons moved to the Mortimer Brandt Gallery, at 15 East Fifty-seventh Street. Brandt dealt in Old Masters, but he wanted to open a modern section, and he had been advised that Betty Parsons was the person to run it. Two years later, looking back over her sales figures, he thought better of the idea. Brandt moved to another building and told Mrs. Parsons to do whatever she liked with the space at 15 East Fifty-seventh. Mrs. Parsons, for whom sales were not the main issue, had begun to think that she might have some real ability as a dealer, and she decided that it was time to establish a gallery of her own. The Betty Parsons Gallery opened in the fall of 1946. Her entire working capital came to fifty-five hundred dollars—a thousand of her own, and the remainder from four of her friends. Her real capital was in artists. Peggy Guggenheim closed her gallery in 1947 and went to live in Venice, so Pollock and the other Americans she had shown were left in a precarious position. There were not many modern-art galleries in New York then, and certainly not more than two or three that would consider handling their work. Betty Parsons had already shown Rothko, Hofmann, and Reinhardt at the Brandt Gallery. Pollock, Rothko, Newman, and Still wanted to remain together as a group, and they decided that summer to go to the Parsons Gallery. Mrs. Parsons remembers having a conversation at about this time with Curt Valentin, who was then the most respected dealer in the country. "He asked me what I thought about these new artists, and I said I thought they were fascinating," she recalls. " 'I must be going blind,' he said. 'I can't see them at all.' So I got them—they would all probably rather have gone with Curt."

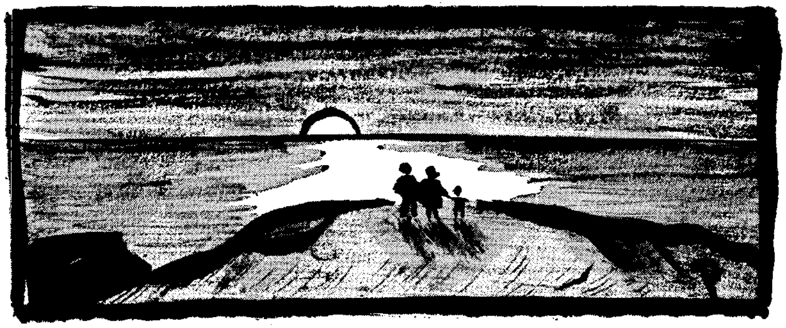
Barnett Newman was Mrs. Parsons' "inspiration and guide," as she puts it, during the early years of the gallery. She had met him in 1944, at a dinner party at the Adolph Gottliebs', and they had taken to one another right away. Newman was a native New Yorker, a genial, articulate, immensely well-read man, whose horizons stretched well beyond the art world. He could talk brilliantly on almost any subject—philosophy, religion, baseball, politics (he had even run for mayor of New York in 1933, against LaGuardia and others)—to the point where some of his fellow-artists considered him more of an aesthetic theorist than an artist. (This always irritated Newman, who once observed that "aesthetics is for artists as ornithology is for the birds.") Like a number of the other American artists who would forge the revolutionary new art of the forties and fifties, Newman had in the early forties come to an impasse in his own work; he did not make his breakthrough until 1948, when he began to paint single-color canvases cleft by one or more vertical stripes of a different color—paintings that enraged the critics even more than Pollock's networks and skeins of dripped or thrown paint. Throughout the forties, Newman was in close touch with all the important artists—he had introduced Mrs. Parsons to Pollock—and in 1943 he published an article predicting that America would become the new center of Western art.

"Spontaneous, and emerging from several points, there has arisen during the war years a new force in American painting that is the modern counterpart of the primitive art impulse," Newman wrote in 1947, in the catalogue for a groundbreaking show at Parsons called "The Ideographic Picture." It was a note that he had sounded before, when he helped Mrs. Parsons organize a show of pre-Columbian stone sculpture at the Wakefield Gallery in 1944, and again in 1946, with a Northwest Coast Indian Art show, which inaugurated the Betty Parsons Gallery. This was a stunning show, selected largely by Newman from the storerooms of the American Museum of Natural History, and one of the first shows ever to present American Indian materials for their aesthetic rather than their ethnological significance. The high quality of the objects themselves and the manner of their presentation—in a bare, white-walled room with no decoration of any kind—set the tone for a new kind of gallery, devoted to a new kind of art.

Most New York art galleries in those days followed the European pattern of sumptuous wall coverings, wall-to-wall carpets, and decorative touches suggesting opulence. Even the rooms of Alfred Barr's Museum of Modern Art had a sort of Bauhaus chic about them—an elegant spareness. The Parsons Gallery was the first to look like a contemporary artist's loft (a rather clean one), without even a potted plant to distract attention from the works of art. Mrs. Parsons had rented the space across the hall—Mortimer Brandt's old space—to Sam Kootz, who also showed contemporary art. The main gallery on her side was spacious and beautifully proportioned, not quite square, windowless, with a scrubbed wood floor. There was a smaller gallery behind it, and a tiny office. It was the ideal environment for the big, single-image, visionary paintings of the New York School.

From the beginning, it was also a place where artists felt at ease. Newman was there nearly every day, talking with anyone who came in. On Saturday afternoons, a dozen or more artists might gather in the back room and stay several hours, and then go out to dinner together. Newman, Pollock, Rothko, and Still all helped to hang each other's shows, and Betty Parsons gave them complete freedom to do so. Once, Rothko wanted to hang more pictures than the walls would accommodate; he got Tony Smith and his other artist friends together the afternoon before the opening, and they stayed in the gallery overnight building a freestanding wall and installing the rest of the show. "I give them walls," Mrs. Parsons used to say. "They do the rest." Having arrived in 1947 at his distinctive abstract image—floating rectangles of saturated color—Rothko soon started to paint mural-size canvases, which eventually grew to be as large as eleven by fifteen feet. Another dealer might have complained that it was impossible to sell a painting that big, but not Betty Parsons. "It was the expanding world they were after," she said last fall. "Barney was doing it vertically, with that great plunging line—his 'zip,' as he called it. Rothko was doing it horizontally. Reinhardt by trying to make his pictures more and more invisible, I guess. Still was always the most romantic, with those dark, jagged shapes. He always made me think of an eagle, or a stallion. And Tony Smith—his sculpture holds down the horizon."

Not many people shared Mrs. Parsons' enthusiasm for the new American painting. The establishment critics reviewed her shows with a viciousness reminiscent of the early days of Impressionism. *Life* and other magazines demanded a return to "humanism" in art, and a Republican congressman, George A. Dondero, of Michigan, saw the new abstract paintings as part of a dangerous Communist conspiracy. The Parsons Gallery, along with the galleries of Kootz and Charles Egan (where de Kooning showed), absorbed most of the abuse. "Stuart Preston, of the *Times*, came to me after the first Barney Newman show and said, 'Betty, any more shows like that and they'll throw you off the street,'" Mrs. Parsons recalls. "Another time, he came to a Clyfford Still show, got off the elevator, took one look, and got right back on it. I literally dragged him back into the gallery, and I took him into the small room, where there was one painting by Still, and I said, 'Just stay in here for five minutes, will you, please?' He stayed, and he came out grumbling that maybe there was 'something' there after all. Emily Genauer, of the *Trib*, used to ask me a lot of questions and then misconstrue everything I said. It got so that I didn't even dare talk to her. John Canaday, of the *Times*, was often very hostile. He's a nice fellow outside the art world, and a very good dancer, but he was often hostile to me because he just didn't *see* the work."



The almost universal adverse critical reaction drew the artists together. They met frequently at The Club, on Eighth Street, or at the Cedar Tavern, or at one of the galleries that showed their work. They gave each other confidence. One evening in 1951, Rothko, Newman, Pollock, and Still came

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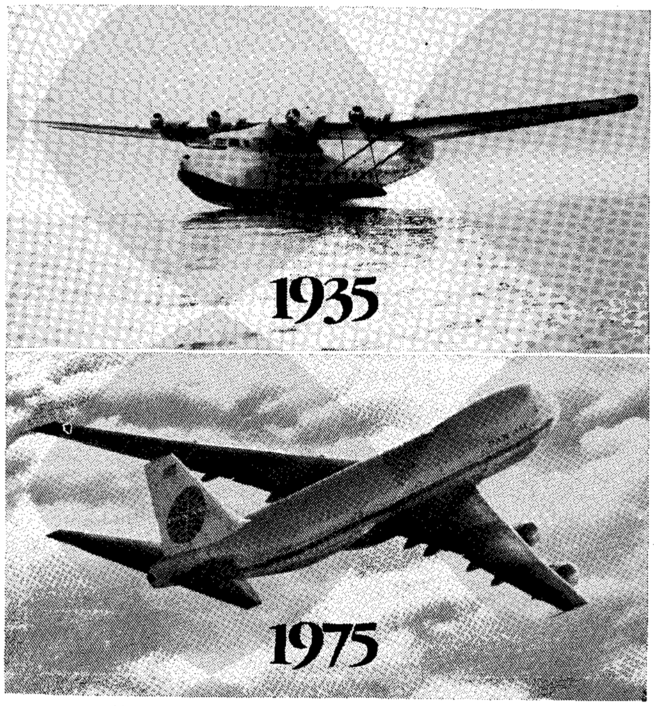

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to Betty Parsons' studio apartment for dinner. She was living then in a fifth-floor walkup at 143 East Fortieth Street—a large, airy room that had seen countless similar gatherings. This time, however, the four artists ("I thought of them as the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse") had come to make a serious proposal. They wanted her to drop most of the other artists in her gallery and concentrate her energies on showing and selling their work. "They said they would make me the most famous dealer in the world," Mrs. Parsons recalls. "And they were probably right. They really were paying me a great compliment. But I didn't want to do a thing like that. I told them that, with my nature, I liked a bigger garden."

The exodus began soon afterward. First Pollock and then Rothko went to Sidney Janis, who had taken the gallery across the hall from Betty Parsons in 1949, when Kootz moved out. Pollock left sadly, and gave her a painting as his parting gift. ("We were very good friends right up to the end," Mrs. Parsons once said.) Later, when she heard rumors that Still was also going to Janis, she wrote him an outspoken letter saying that he was free to go wherever he chose but asking why she had to hear about it from other people. Still wrote a furious reply, and they did not speak to one another for years afterward. Newman, deeply hurt by the vitriolic reviews of his 1951 show at Parsons, and even more by the failure of any fellow-artists to come to his defense, withdrew his pictures from the gallery and did not show again in New York for eight years. But he and Mrs. Parsons remained close friends, and he continued his advisory role at the gallery.

By 1952, the artists' solidarity had disintegrated in a series of bitter and often foolish quarrels. Newman sued Reinhardt for slander. Still, who did not go to Janis after all, quarrelled publicly with Newman. "It all went from love to hate in four years," Mrs. Parsons remembers. But the movement that had come together at Peggy Guggenheim's and had flowered at Betty Parsons' was now on the verge of its international triumph. Rothko, Pollock, Still, and Tomlin were among those included in the Museum of Modern Art's important "Fifteen Americans" group show in 1952. (Newman's exclusion from this exhibition was another factor in his decision to withdraw from the art world.) Edward Root and Duncan Phillips, the most discerning and adventurous of the collectors who frequented the Parsons Gallery, were starting to buy the work, and so were such new collectors as Ben Heller and Mrs. Burton Tremaine. By the time Pollock died—in an automobile accident, in 1956—Abstract Expressionism was the most famous and influential school of painting in the world. In December of that year, for the tenth anniversary of the Parsons Gallery, Barney Newman selected and Tony Smith hung a group of paintings and sculptures by twenty-five artists who had been or still were associated with the gallery. The critics were virtually unanimous in their praise. "Mrs. Parsons has never lacked for courage," the critic Clement Greenberg wrote in a catalogue note for the show. "It is not a virtue signally associated with art dealers . . . but then she is not, at least for me, primarily a dealer. . . . In a sense like that in which a painter is referred to as a painter's painter or a poet as a poet's poet, Mrs. Parsons' is an artist's—and critic's—gallery: a place where art goes on and is not just shown and sold."

THE fact that the Parsons Gallery had and then lost so many of the masters of Abstract Expressionism has been variously interpreted. Dorothy Miller, who was for many years the chief curator at the Museum of Modern Art, used to say, half joking, that Betty Parsons lost interest in an artist the moment he began selling at high prices. Mrs. Parsons could argue that she has never lost interest in Kenzo Okada, whose suave abstract pictures she has been selling at higher and higher prices ever since 1953. On the other hand, Jock Truman, whom she met in the spring of 1962, and took on later that year, once complained that he knew of several established artists whose pictures had been *unsold* by Mrs. Parsons' ardent proselytizing on behalf of some other gallery artist, whose work was less in demand. Richard Tuttle, whom a number of people, including Truman, consider the most important young artist on the gallery's current roster, suggested recently that a strain of competition seemed to enter into Mrs. Parsons' relationship with fully developed, mature talents. "Betty never *celebrates* an artist," Tuttle said. "It's not true that she's a bad businesswoman. She's a very good one, and she's made a lot of money for Okada and Ossorio and others. But that's not her real interest. Betty cares about growth. The gallery is unique, because she has always thought an artist should mature slowly—she used to

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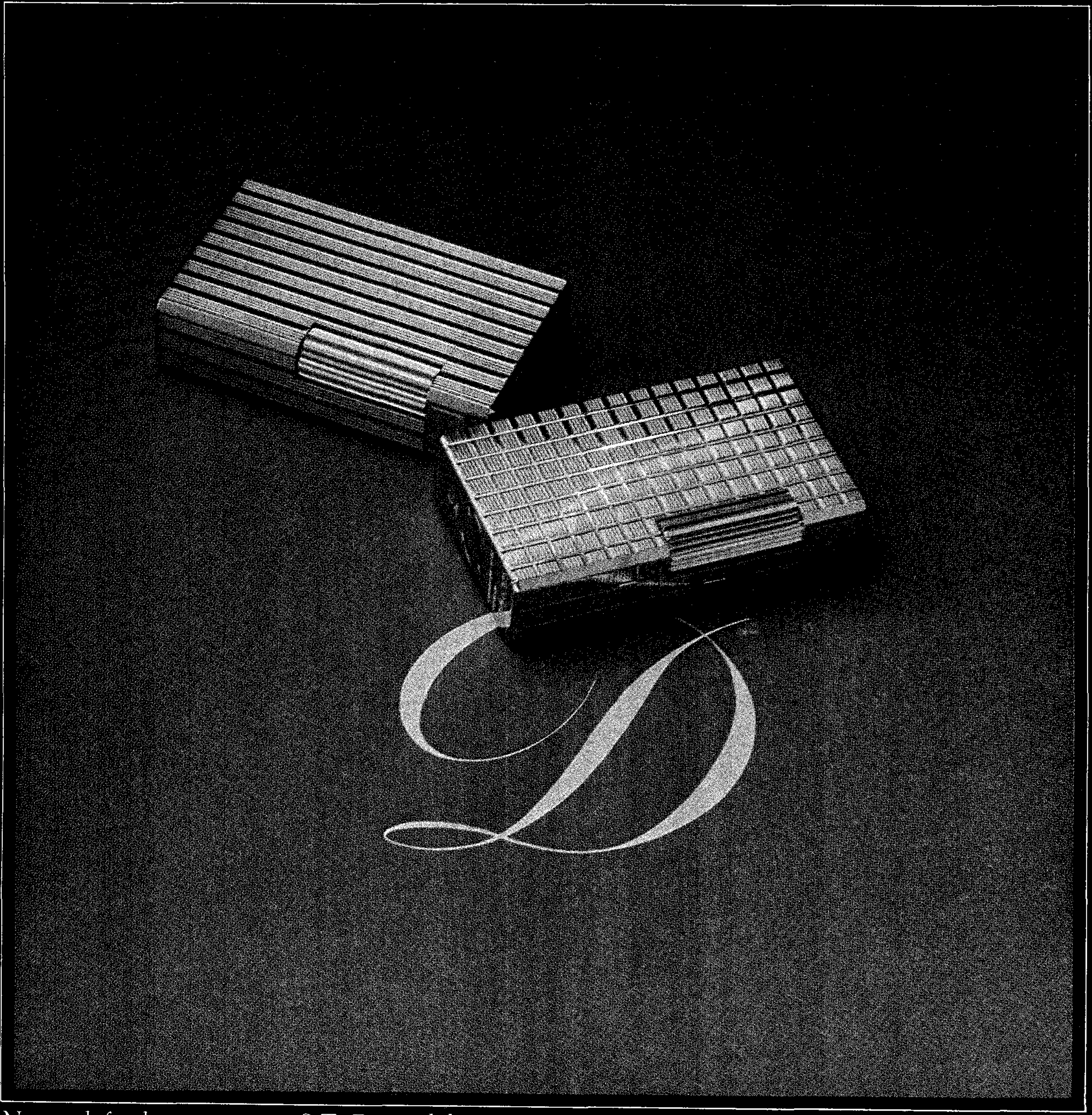

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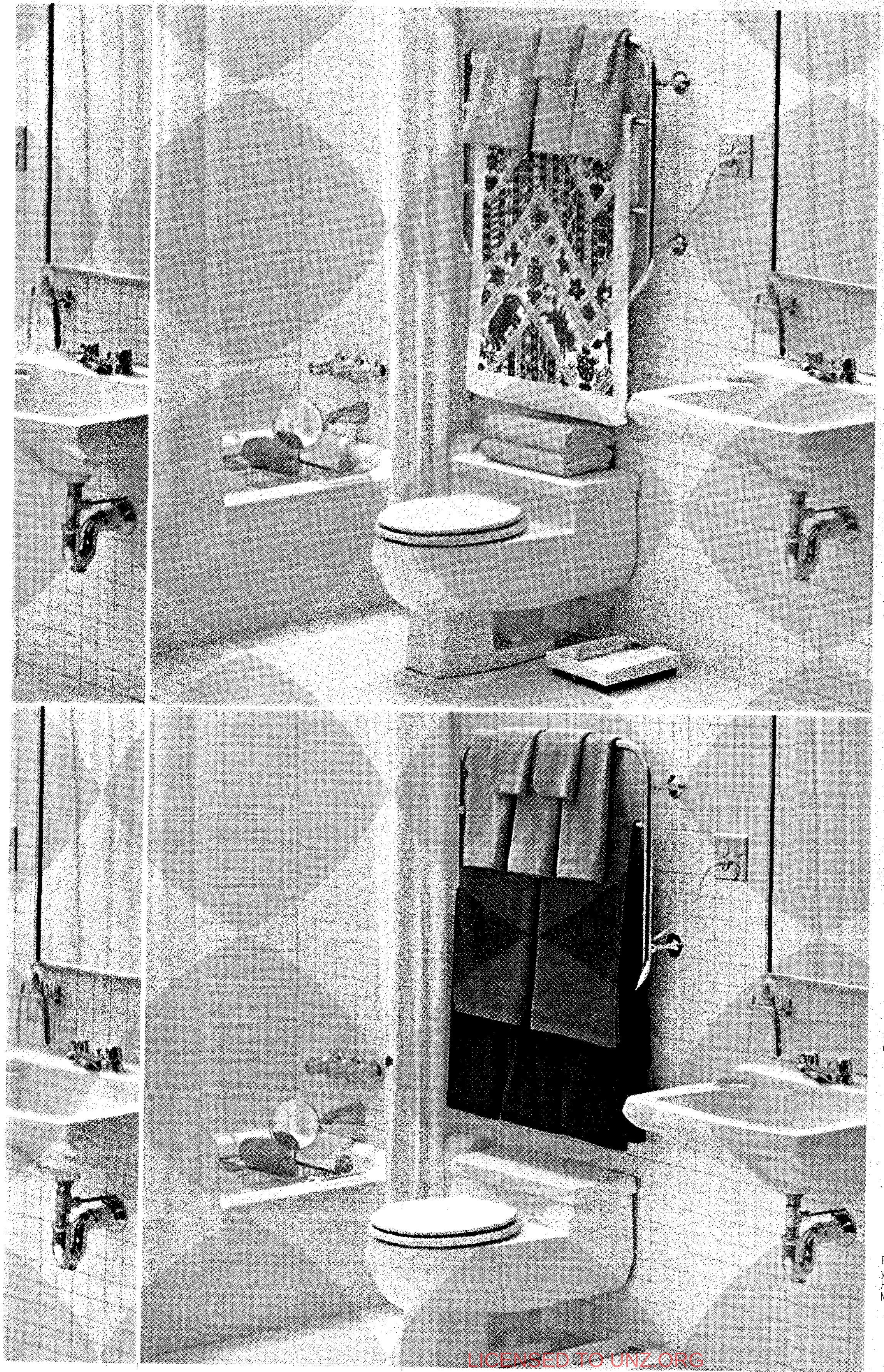

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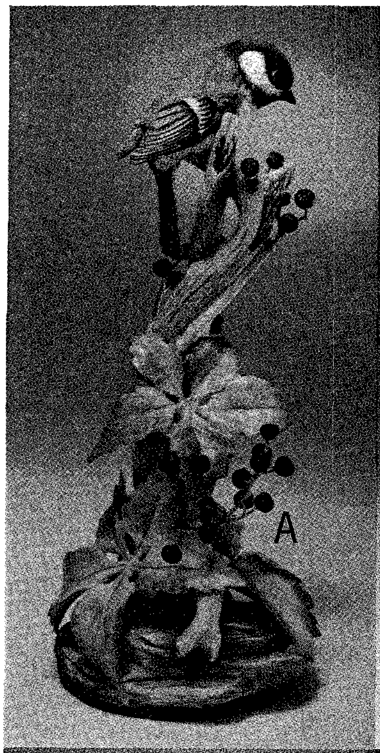
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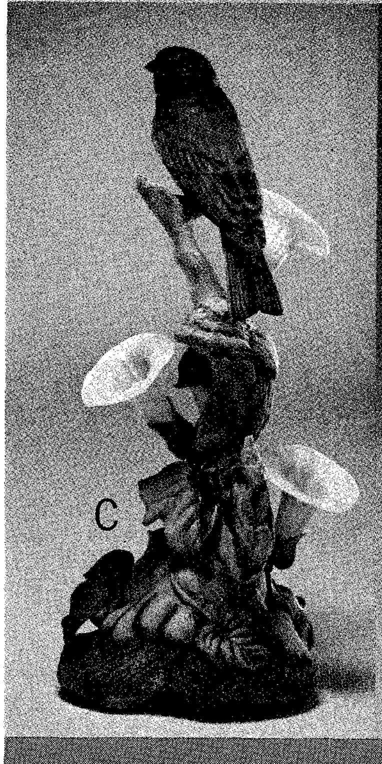
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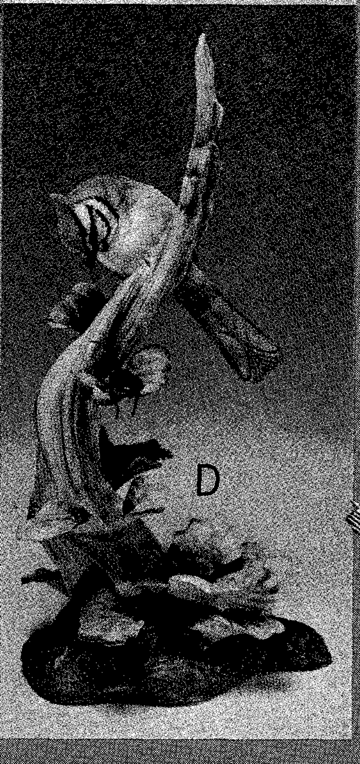
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Artists are always changing galleries, of course, and for Mrs. Parsons the real excitement has been in making new discoveries. In 1951, she gave Robert Rauschenberg his first show, much to that young artist's astonishment; he had taken his work in to her, he said, just to get a reaction from "the best gallery in New York," and had never expected to be offered a show. (Rauschenberg, the *enfant terrible* of the fifties, who was forging a way out of Abstract Expressionism, believes that he was denied a second Parsons show because Barney Newman ruled against it; he went to the Stable Gallery, and then to Charles Egan, before settling at Leo Castelli's.) Mrs. Parsons' discoveries continued with Richard Lindner, in 1954; Ellsworth Kelly, in 1956; Jack Youngerman, in 1958; Alexander Liberman and Paul Feeley, in 1959. From 1958 to 1961, she ran an annex to the main gallery called Section Eleven, which was devoted principally (as the new Parsons-Truman Gallery is) to new talent. Ruth Vollmer showed there first, and so did Agnes Martin, whose mystical grid paintings were to have such an influence on the Minimal Art of the sixties. (Mrs. Parsons once described these pictures—composed of unbroken horizontal and vertical lines in subtly related colors—as "heartstrings pulled out, endlessly.") Most of these artists, too, have left the gallery. When Kelly said he was leaving, Mrs. Parsons told him that he was free to go anywhere he liked but that if he went to Sidney Janis she would never speak to him again. She and Janis were engaged just then in a dispute over the gallery space. Mrs. Parsons is convinced to this day that Janis went to the landlord's agent, William A. White, and made a deal, without consulting her, to rent the entire floor. Janis maintains that he did no such thing—that the agent for the landlord, informed by an inspector that it was a violation of the building safety code to have two galleries on a floor with only one, common exit, had come to Janis and offered to rent him the entire floor. At any rate, Janis agreed to take the floor, and Mrs. Parsons, who thought that as the floor's prior occupant she should have been the one approached, and who brought suit against the landlord—Vartain Realty—and Janis to this effect, unsuccessfully, was obliged to move in 1963 (after an indignant year of paying rent to Janis), and took her present space at 24 West Fifty-seventh Street. Ellsworth Kelly had meanwhile gone to Janis, and Mrs. Parsons did refuse to speak to him for years—until he moved to Castelli, in December of 1972. Now they are great friends again.

In the twenty-nine years since Betty Parsons opened her own gallery, she has shown primarily abstract painting and sculpture—Abstract Expressionism, color-field abstraction (Kelly, Youngerman), Minimal Art (Agnes Martin, Richard Tuttle), and a great many developments in between. Pop Art never got its foot in the door, although Mrs. Parsons did consent once to let Andy Warhol draw *her* foot. Warhol, who was still drawing shoe ads for I. Miller at that point (he blossomed as a Pop artist soon afterward), came to the gallery one day and asked permission to draw Mrs. Parsons' foot, which is rather narrow. Mrs. Parsons agreed, on the condition that she could go right ahead with what she was doing, and so for the next hour, while she talked on the telephone and wrote letters, she held up her right foot for Warhol to sketch. Mrs. Parsons admires the work of Warhol, whom she once described as the "murderer" of modern art, but she would never have consented to show it, because she is not comfortable with any work that she finds destructive. She also admires Claes Oldenburg. "He's a great historian, a journalistic historian," she said not long ago. "Can't you imagine in the future, when people look back at our time, they'll see Oldenburg's sculptures and say, 'Is *that really a toilet?*' 'Is that really a typewriter?' He's preserved all those things." But Pop Art was too literary for her taste, and she has never shown it. Perhaps for the same reason, she missed Jasper Johns, whom she now considers one of the most important artists alive. "He came to the gallery twice, in the fifties, and I turned him down," she has said. "I just couldn't see him at the time."

LIKE most dealers, Mrs. Parsons is herself a collector of art. She began buying when she ran the Wakefield Gallery—mainly the work of artists she showed or would like to show. Sometimes an artist would give her a painting to pay off a debt, and sometimes, when she knew that an artist was broke, she would go to his studio and buy something. Once, she bought two de Kooning gouaches from Charles Egan for seventy dollars, be-

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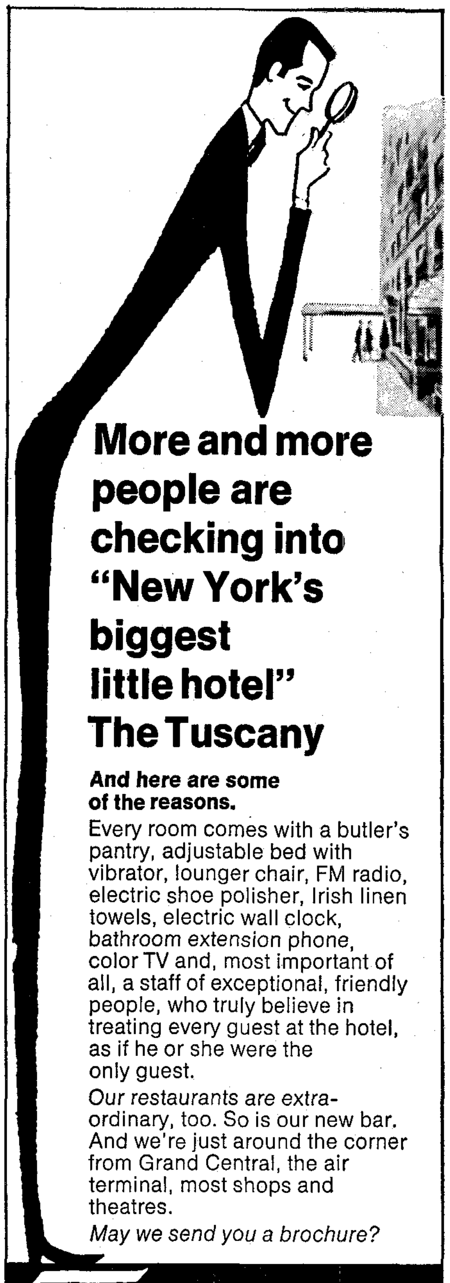

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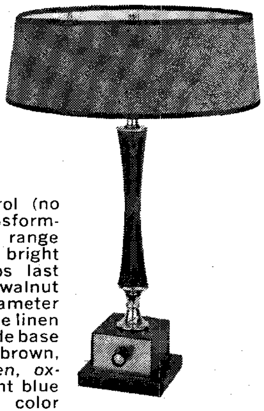

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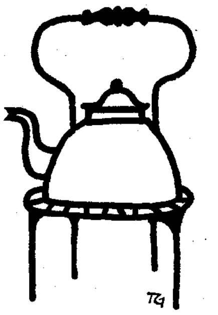
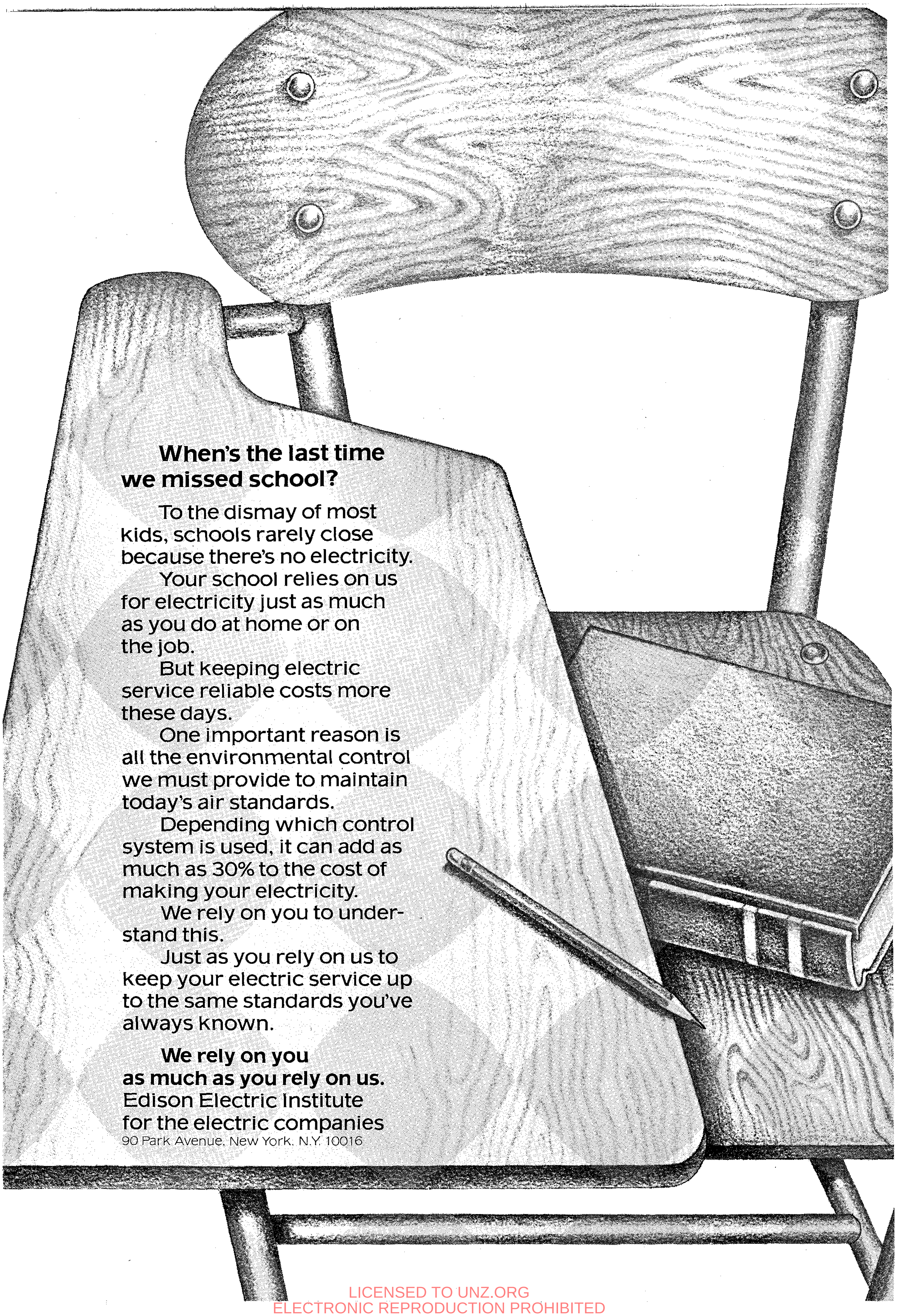
cause Egan told her that de Kooning didn't have enough money to go to the dentist. Later, she began buying pre-Columbian and African sculpture. Bourdelle had introduced her to pre-Columbian art in Paris. "He asked me what nationality I was, and I told him American, and he said, 'You mean Mexican?' He said my work was so primitive it must be Mexican. Then he showed me two little pre-Columbian stone pieces, the first I'd ever seen, and they fascinated me." Mrs. Parsons' personal collection is highly eclectic and definitely nonhistorical. She lacks the exclusive and annihilating passion of the compulsive collector. "I'm not the possessive type," she said last fall. "Possession is entirely an inner thing with me. If I fall in love with a picture, then because I love it it's mine—it doesn't matter where it is or who owns it. My own collection is really just a tribute to the artists I like."

Discussing the range and catholicity of Betty Parsons' taste in a thoughtful essay on the occasion of her show at the Montclair Art Museum last year, the critic Thomas B. Hess wrote that her enthusiasm, seen over the years, "is not so much for what has come to be known as the modernist tradition, or for esthetic qualities, or even for art." He explained, "Rather she is dedicated to a rare human quality that sees visions, hears a faint music in nature, finds patterns and insights that are hidden from everyday glances, camouflaged by ordinary existence. She responds to this quality—which for want of a better word we must call 'poetic'—with seismographic delicacy." Jock Truman feels that this hits it exactly. "Betty likes a lot more things than I do," he said last fall. "We're both highly intuitive, but she's still seduced by things that I no longer think are valid. We had an argument about this the other day. I said that I wasn't interested in aesthetics, in beautiful ways of putting paint on canvas—that no matter how well it was done, that wasn't enough for me. Betty thought for a minute, and then said, 'I think it's still enough for me.' "



When Truman joined the gallery, in 1963, he decided on a secret plan of action. "My idea was to push Betty into being the star she is, and then I would step in to fill the vacuum. And that's really what has happened. She travels a lot more now than she used to, and she's more useful to the gallery travelling and meeting people than sitting here. Betty is very shy, and she resisted it at first, but she does love to travel." Over the last ten years, Mrs. Parsons has travelled extensively in Africa, Turkey, Ireland, India, and Japan, as well as all over Europe; she has built her house on Saint Martin, where she spends Christmas and Easter, and she has bought her Maine cottage, in Sheepscott. Between trips, she spends long weekends at a studio that Tony Smith built for her sixteen years ago in Southhold, Long Island, on a cliff overlooking the Sound. When she travels, she sketches so constantly and so assiduously that her friend Gordon Washburn, who has accompanied her on several trips, accuses her of hardly ever knowing what country she is in. "She doesn't care about where she is, and she never reads a guidebook," Washburn said the other day. "It's only that direct, visual contact that counts." When she is in Southhold or Saint Martin, or in Maine, she spends most of her time painting and making sculpture.

Betty Parsons painted her first abstract picture in 1947. Up until then, she had painted pretty much "what I felt about what I saw," but in 1947, while convalescing from a serious illness with her friend Wright Ludington in California, she was taken to a rodeo, "and I got so excited by it, by the color and the movement, that I went back and did an abstract painting," she says. "I couldn't have conveyed that rodeo any other way. I just suddenly saw what to do and why and how to do it." The next big change in her work came in 1966, when Jack Youngerman saw a group of flat stones that she had picked up on the beach at Southhold, brought back to the studio, and painted on with the new acrylic colors. Youngerman suggested that she consider these painted stones preliminary studies for larger oils, and she did, with the result that her pictures grew bolder and more striking in their juxtapositions of color and shape. After a 1973 trip to East Africa with her nephew William Rayner and his wife, her color became even more vibrant and intense. Mrs. Parsons often speaks of the importance of "light" in a painting. If she doesn't get light into it somehow, she says, the painting is no good. Asked what she meant by light, she thought for a moment and then said that it was a question of inner excitement. "You see a line that excites you, or a flower—the color of it or the



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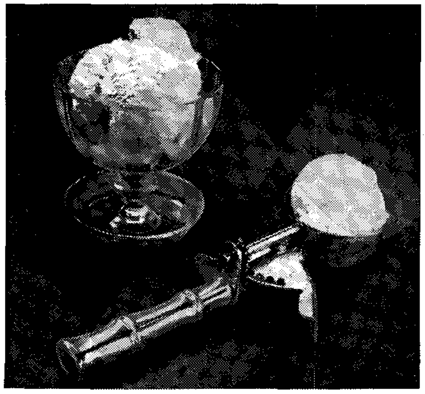

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shape—and you work with that, and the excitement makes light. In England years ago, I spent a weekend at Lady Redding's place in Sussex. I was painting inside a greenhouse there, and Lady Redding came in and looked, and said she didn't see what on earth I saw to make me paint like that. I said, 'That flower excites the hell out of me, and I'm trying to paint that excitement.' She saw right away what I meant."

About eight years ago, Mrs. Parsons' long-suppressed urge toward sculpture was reanimated by bits and pieces of wood that washed up on her beach at Southhold. The home-building boom along the shores of Long Island Sound provided an endless supply of these oddments and mill ends, and they began to pile up in Mrs. Parsons' studio because the shapes had attracted her. Eventually, she got the idea of painting them with acrylic colors—like the stones—and then assembling them into fanciful, striking, and sometimes hilarious combinations, to which she assigns titles in keeping with the spirit of the piece: "Look at Me," "Go Away," "Kick of Spring," "The Clown." Her artist friends love the painted-wood pieces, which strike most of them as direct reflections of Mrs. Parsons' own impulsive, witty, and energetic nature.

No one has yet suggested that Betty Parsons is a major artist, but her work is looked upon with respect; it is shown by the A.M. Sachs Gallery, in New York, and by the Studio Gallery, in Washington, D.C. (Mrs. Parsons is much too professional to have ever considered showing it at her own gallery), and this July she will have a show at the Benson Gallery, in Bridgehampton, Long Island. "Painting is a compulsive thing with me," she has said. "It's a way of keeping alive. There's no conflict between my work as an artist and my work as a dealer, because when I sit down to paint I have no recall. Nothing interests me except that direct contact I try to make with the canvas. A lot of artists don't go to exhibitions, because they're afraid of being influenced. A lot more shouldn't go—I could name names, but I won't. I started quite late finding my own clear path, and now nothing interferes with it."

LOOKING back over her career is not something that Mrs. Parsons is much inclined to do. She lives her several different lives at a pace that leaves little time for reflection, and she shows absolutely no sign of slowing down. During a single week last fall, for example, she flew to Syracuse on Saturday, September 28th, for the opening of a sculpture show by Ruth Vollmer, one of her artists, at the Everson Museum there; spent Sunday and Monday painting at her house in Southhold; returned to preside over the hanging and then the opening, on Tuesday afternoon, of a show of paintings by the English artist Mark Lancaster at her gallery, and entertained the artist and nine others for dinner that night at a West Side restaurant; flew to Washington on Wednesday for the opening of the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, where she was pleased to observe that the many works of art acquired by Hirshhorn from her gallery looked "happy" on the walls ("At the Guggenheim, all the pictures look as though they wish they were somewhere else. But not here"); stayed overnight in Washington with her friend Mrs. Adelyn Breeskin, formerly the director of the Baltimore Museum of Art and now a consultant on twentieth-century painting and sculpture at the National Collection of Fine Arts; and then toured the Hirshhorn all over again the next morning, before flying back to New York, where she just had time to dress for a party given by the collector Samuel I. Newhouse, Jr., in honor of Alexander Liberman's opening at the André Emmerich Gallery. (Liberman showed first at Parsons, and he and Mrs. Parsons have remained good friends.) In between these events, she had managed to sell a difficult painting by a relatively unknown artist, Edward Zutrau, for six hundred dollars, to a collector who had said he was reluctant to buy any painting that cost less than five thousand dollars; had conferred at length, in idiomatic French, with the Italian sculptor Mario Ceroli, whom she would be showing in December, and who had turned up unexpectedly in New York just when she was trying to reach him by telephone in Rome; had had dinner with her friend and customer Joel Grey, the actor, and his wife (Grey describes Mrs. Parsons as "the strongest vulnerable person I know"); had taken one of her several nieces on a tour of the art galleries in SoHo (Mrs. Parsons enjoys the lively SoHo art scene but has no intention of moving her gallery there); had paid a visit to Kenzo Okada, who was in the

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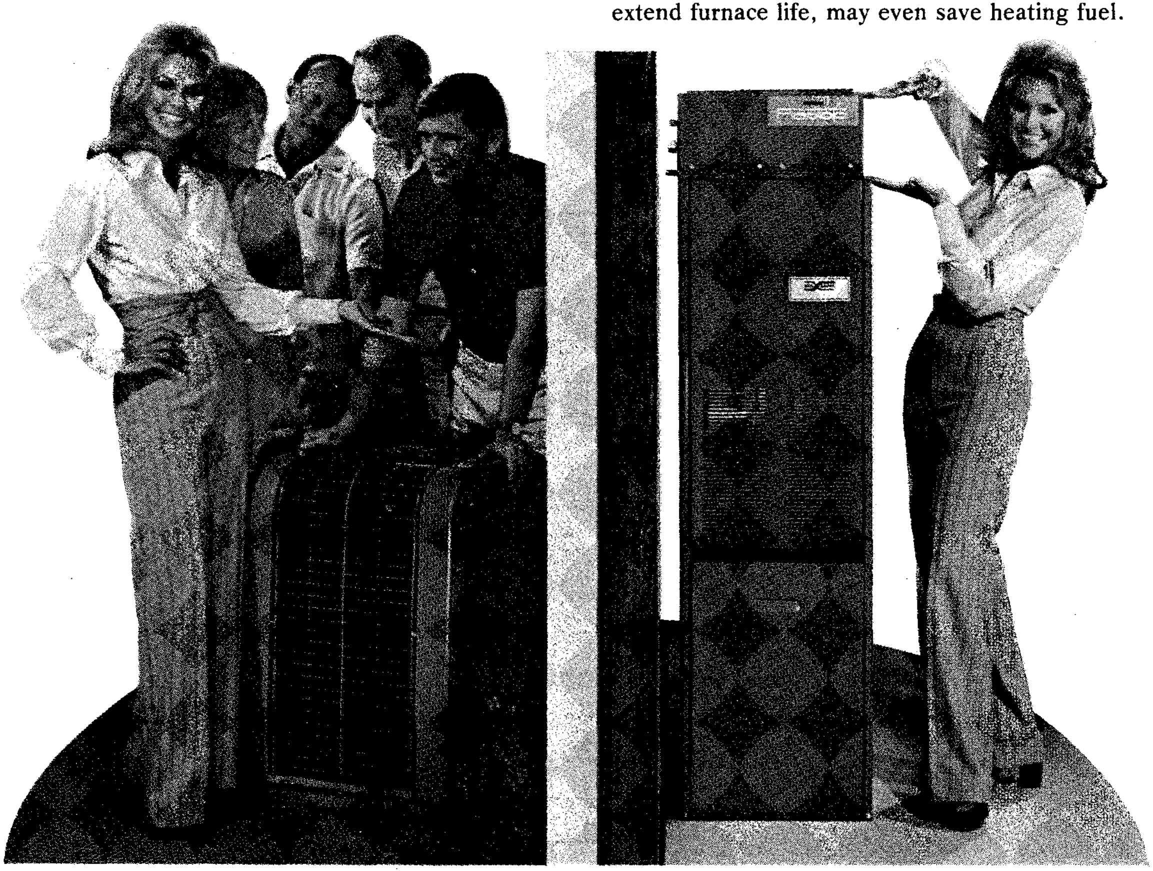

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hospital, and whose parting words as she sped on to her next appointment were "Betty! Control yourself!;" and had somehow found time for a considerable amount of office work, reading, and letter writing, and for her twice-weekly sessions at the Subud Center, where followers of the Indonesian sage Muhammad Subuh practice various methods of emptying the mind and calming the emotions, so that they can enter "the creative void." Mrs. Parsons has been a Subud practitioner for fifteen years, and she is convinced that it helps to keep her going. Her own mind-emptying technique is movement—a personal form of dance.

"Mies van der Rohe once said something that has stuck with me," Mrs. Parsons said recently. "I have a bad memory, but some things I don't forget. Mies said that there is a great deal of talent around but that there are only two things that really count—clarity and energy. Some people have one without the other, but both are necessary. Anyway, that's what I look for in an artist. There's a lot of work being done today that's interesting, and intelligent, and beautifully made, but it doesn't have any vitality. It has clarity without energy. I'm very much interested in the future. We're finished with the expanding world now—it's become impossible to expand any more—and so I think artists will have to do some exploring of their inner worlds. I feel that in the time of enormous change that's ahead of us we're going to depend on the artist more than ever. Businessmen never see anything but profit and loss, but the world is going into a phase where that doesn't count anymore." She paused for a few moments, and then said, "The forties and the early fifties—that was an incredible period in art. I don't think we'll see that kind of energy again for a long time. But I'm not really interested in the historical thing. I go along entirely on enthusiasm and belief in artists and faith in the creative process. Which is very *mysterious*, thank God. Once, a few years ago, I went to see Giacometti in his studio. He was making drawings, a whole series of new drawings, and they were incredibly beautiful. I said, 'How do you do it?' He said, 'It's easy. All it takes is a lifetime.' "

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

CITY CRIME RATE SOARS,
POLICE EXPRESS CONCERN
—*Headline in the Ottawa Citizen.*

Somebody has to show an interest.

THE THEATRE

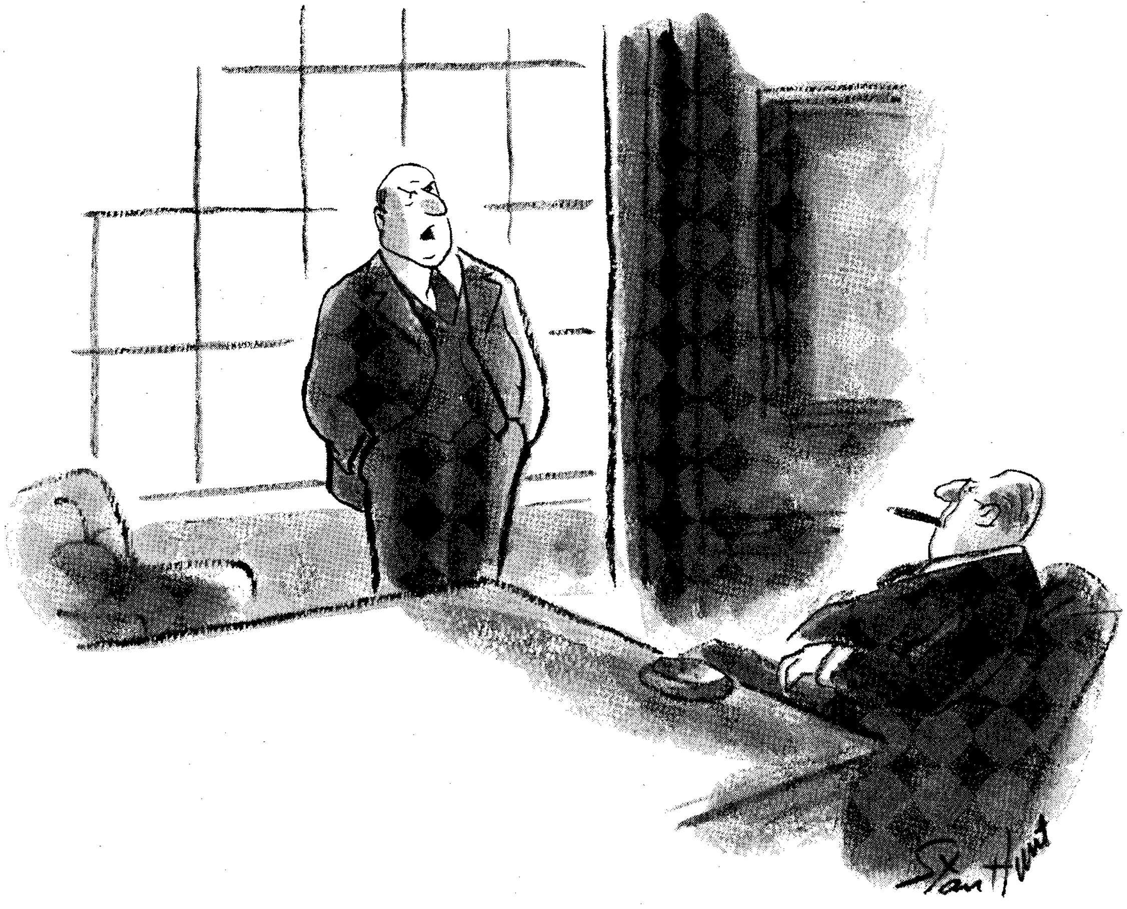
OFF BROADWAY

Jonathan Reynolds is a new and lively humorist whose first plays—a pair of one-acters called "Rubbers" and "Yanks 3 Detroit 0 Top of the Seventh"—will run at the American Place (subscribers only) until June 14th. Best—or better—first. "Yanks 3" is a very funny monologue, perfectly directed by Alan Arkin and perfectly performed by Tony Lo Bianco, as a pitcher for the Yankees who is making a brilliant comeback after eight bad years—a monologue interrupted from time to time by his catcher and his manager, by heckling Detroit baserunners, and, in a vision, by his girl. The good setting (by Henry Millman) centers on the pitcher's mound, and as the action starts we see Duke Bronkowski throwing one strike after another. So far, the game is a no-hitter. Then, slowly, his nerve and concentration go, and with them, of course, his control. Constantly on his mind is the disaster of 1967, when he also started bravely but then conked out. Yet that is only part of what is on his mind. When he loses his control, he also loses whatever remnants of bonhomie still exist in his nature: every batter becomes an enemy, if only on ethnic grounds; the catcher is inadequate; the manager is a phony. As Duke's spirit slowly and steadily disintegrates, his wisecracking cynicism rises to the surface. In his soliloquy (much of it played straight to the audience), he gives us a rundown on his life, his prejudices, and his observations, and although there is no doubt of the increasing desperation that is all but driving him out of his mind, Mr. Lo Bianco, as guided by Mr. Arkin and Mr. Reynolds, never allows the comic mood to lapse. The soliloquy is full of sharp, funny lines, allusions to television coverage ("Rizzuto must be going crazy out there"), and verbal free swinging at any number of targets. The play moves easily into fantasy and back again; two relief pitchers warming up in galleries along the sides of the auditorium start pelting Duke with balls, and the catcher throws him a basketball.

All the acting seems right, and more than that. Lou Criscuolo is the touchy, nerve-racked catcher; Mitchell Jason is the manager, whose pep talks consist of the rapid-fire delivery of irrelevant maxims; Lane Binkley is Duke's girl—or, for all I know, the girl of his dreams—especially funny in an abbreviated monologue of her own; and John Horn, Albert Hall, and Robert Lesser are the jeering baserunners. As for splendid Mr. Lo Bianco, he delivers a totally convincing portrayal of this pitcher, this self-described pillar of Roslyn, L.I., society on the skids—an invader of Lardner territory, perhaps, but entirely Mr. Reynolds' own. Roger Morgan's lighting is extremely effective.

"Rubbers," also directed by Mr. Arkin, opens the evening. It is a play about the women's movement, as personified by a Mrs. Brimmins, a state assemblyperson from Brooklyn, who tries to put a bill through the Legislature forcing druggists to keep contraceptives (for both sexes) on display instead of concealing them under the counter. The action amounts to a multiple filibuster—some of it entertaining but a lot of it forced—by the men on both sides of the house, who do some rather elaborate sidetracking to forestall passage of the bill. This action, for all its funny lines, goes on far too long, and the performance is no help, being the sort of hokum by all hands that occasionally works but more often doesn't. No reason for discouragement, though: "Yanks 3" and Mr. Lo Bianco lie ahead. Mr. Millman's setting, the Assembly Chamber of the State Legislature in Albany, certainly appears authentic. Lighting by Mr. Morgan and costumes by Susan Denison. By the way, there is a photograph of Mr. Reynolds on the program. He even *looks* like a writer.

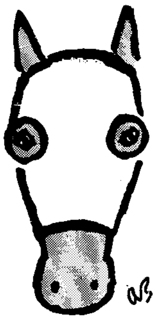
—Edith Oliver



"I don't like the look of things, Bronson. Lately, all my yes-men are saying 'Yes, but . . .'"

THE RACE TRACK

Ruffian All the Way



NOT since Secretariat won the Belmont Stakes by thirty-one lengths two years ago have we seen as remarkable a performance as Ruffian's in the Mother Goose Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday. To say that she outclassed her opponents in winning the second circlet of the New York Racing Association's Triple Crown for Fillies would be a pitifully inadequate description. She breezed along on a tight rein as if she were in a workout, until Sun and Snow, under the whip, challenged on the turn for home. Vasquez, who rode Ruffian, let out one little wrap and she shot ahead, drawing away in the stretch to pass the post, easing up, thirteen and a half lengths (it looked at least fifteen) ahead of her nearest rival, Sweet Old Girl, the long shot of the pack. Sun and Snow finished third, two lengths farther behind, and the three others were down the course. (At the break, Dan's Commander unseated her rider, Rudy Turcotte, who fell heavily. He was taken to a hospital for X-rays and was released later.)

Ruffian's time for the mile and a furlong was 1:47⅘—the fastest since the race has been run at that distance. Unbeaten in all nine of her starts, she has earned $246,709 for Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Janney, who own her. Her backers again got ten cents on the dollar. Next the Coaching Club American Oaks, the last race in the Triple Crown series, on June 21st, and then a long rest.

If you asked the trainers at Belmont and Aqueduct to pick the best three-year-old anywhere, I venture to say the almost unanimous choice would be Ruffian. In fact, horsemen from other tracks and from the breeding farms have been coming to Belmont mornings, standing around Barn 34 waiting for a look at her. It's easy to understand. She's not merely a supremely efficient racing machine, she is big and beautifully made, with a fine heart, an imperious carriage, a long, effortless stride, and that priceless quality—the ability to accelerate instantly. In temperament she is kind and has no hangups, and she goes to the post without a lead pony.

WILLIAM HAGGIN PERRY'S Sarsar, who in my book was the best three-year-old at Santa Anita last winter, won the hundredth running of the Withers Mile at Aqueduct the previous Saturday. It was her sixth consecutive victory, and the second for one of her sex in the annals of the race. (The first, in 1886, was by Biggonet, who was owned by W. P. Burch, a noted horseman of those days.) Sarsar, very much on her toes in anticipation, outlooked the dozen colts who made up the opposition, and Shoemaker, who had come East for the ride, got her away well behind Greek Answer, who led down the backstretch. Approaching the far turn, she got into close quarters, but once in the clear she sailed along, taking command as she swung into the stretch to beat Laramie Trail, with Ramahorn third. Which again brings up the question "When will she meet Ruffian?" Mr. Perry says, "Someday." And there you are. In the turf race that afternoon, Snow Knight, who was bought by E. P. Taylor after winning the English Derby last year, and whose aversion to the starting gate is notorious, wouldn't go near the thing; he unseated his jockey and ran off down the track. When finally caught, he was scratched.

SOME races are lucky for certain horses. The Metropolitan Handicap isn't for Forego. A year ago, he was second in it to Arbees Boy, and on the recent Memorial Day holiday he was third to Gold and Myrrh. A sizable dark-bay four-year-old by Damascus, Gold and Myrrh is owned by William Wilmot and his brother James, and is trained by his son Bill. The beast is no stranger to the winner's circle; his previous trip to it was after the Grey Lag, in which he beat a good field and got just the right warmup for the Metropolitan. In the latter race, at 121 pounds, he had an advantage of fifteen pounds over Forego, and Blum, who rode him, made good use of it, keeping him just off the pace of Onion, who stepped the first half in 0:45⅗ and then called it a day. Whereupon Gold and Myrrh took the lead and held it long enough to beat Stop the Music by three-quarters of a length. Forego, apparently anchored by the impost of 136 pounds, finally got going, but not fast enough. By the way, the last half mile was run three seconds slower than the first. The old race always brings out a crowd; this year it was 47,167—the largest of the season at the Big A. The mutuel handle was $5,378,567.

THE Belmont Stakes comes up at Belmont this weekend, and Foolish Pleasure, who I daresay will be the favorite, will have plenty of company. Master Derby, who beat him in the Preakness, will be a supplementary entry. Avatar and Diabolo have been training well for another go at him, and so has Prince Thou Art, who finished like a good one in both the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. Then, there's Singh, who ran a smasher in the Jersey Derby at Garden State Park. (He won by three lengths from Honey Mark, and Bombay Duck, who led as far as the stretch turn, was third.) There will also be other starters, and nobody in the race has tried the Belmont distance of a mile and a half. To win it, a horse must have both speed and stamina, for nowadays races at any distance are run all-out from start to finish. And, if I may say so, the jockeys riding in them haven't the foggiest notion of how fast they are going. It should be an interesting exhibition.

JERSEY horseplayers will have plenty of racing this summer. Monmouth Park, which opened last week, will run for a hundred and eight days, closing on October 4th. Atlantic City opens on June 9th and continues through July 28th. So there will be forty-two days in which the customers can take their pick, and this won't do either track any good financially. Fewer than thirteen thousand people went to Monmouth for its opening, and wiseacres are shaking their heads.

AND don't forget that there will be racing at Belmont Park this coming Sunday—the first Sunday racing ever for Belmont.

—AUDAX MINOR

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DEAR DEBBIE:

The most interesting thing occurs outside my kitchen window every other day. Along around 4:30 in the afternoon a man pulls up in a station wagon and parks. Around 10 minutes later a woman in a compact car pulls up behind him, gets out and joins him in his car. They drive off, and right on the dot at 5:45, they return. She gets out of her car and drives away in her own. Do you think I should report this to anybody?

AN OBSERVER

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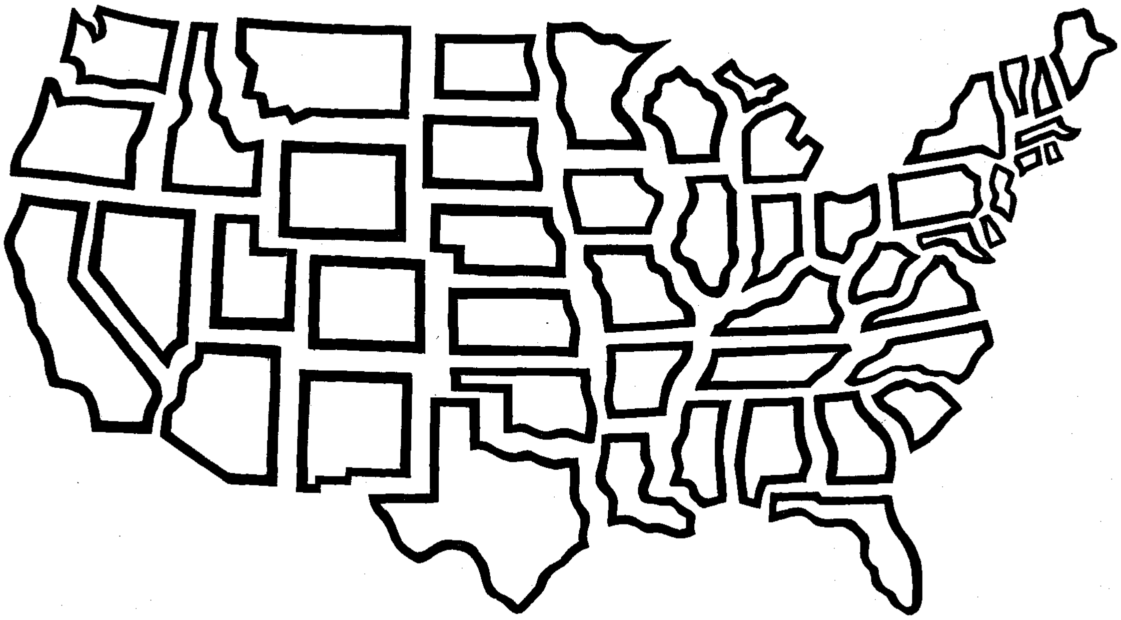

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REFLECTIONS

THE TIME OF ILLUSION

II—DIVISION

IN his first nine months in office, President Richard Nixon performed an about-face. At the beginning of his Presidency, he had promised the nation an early end to the war in Vietnam and had guaranteed relief from the anger, strife, deception, and repression that disfigured the Lyndon Johnson years. But by November of 1969, President Nixon, moved by what he saw as global imperatives of American foreign policy, had rededicated the White House to the Johnson war aims, and had brought back into the lives of the American people all the familiar afflictions. In fact, in the domestic battles President Nixon was proving to be an even more dedicated combatant than President Johnson had been. President Johnson had been bewildered and torn by the opposition to his war policy; if the nation had been in torment during his Presidency, his face had been the picture of that torment. One source of his difficulties had been the fact that the anti-war movement had deprived him of a large part of his natural constituency, for the divisions of those years ran down the center of the Democratic Party, destroying the consensus he needed if he was to put through his cherished domestic reforms. President Nixon was more single-minded and, in some ways, more consistent. To be sure, he had switched suddenly from a political line in tune with the national desire for peace and promoting a spirit of national unity to a political line justifying protraction of the war and promoting what Vice-President Agnew approvingly called "positive polarization;" yet the underlying drift of his policies, even during the early months (particularly in the growing area of his Administration's covert operations), was in the direction of division. Moreover, he had begun to put together a political consensus, centering on the Republican Party—what he called the "silent majority"—that would exclude the protesters against the war and the supporters of civil rights. He was persuaded, however, that the principal established institutions of American political life, including the Congress, the Supreme Court, and, above all, television and the press, were impeding his communion with the new majority, and were thereby thwarting the majority's will. His first job, then, as he saw it, was to clear away this noisy, willful minority impediment, and he had launched a many-pronged assault on it which he referred to in his private memos as the Presidential Offensive and also as the Nixon Big Charge. By the fall, his assault on the press and the television networks, at least, had grown into an elaborate, highly organized overt and covert program of intimidation.

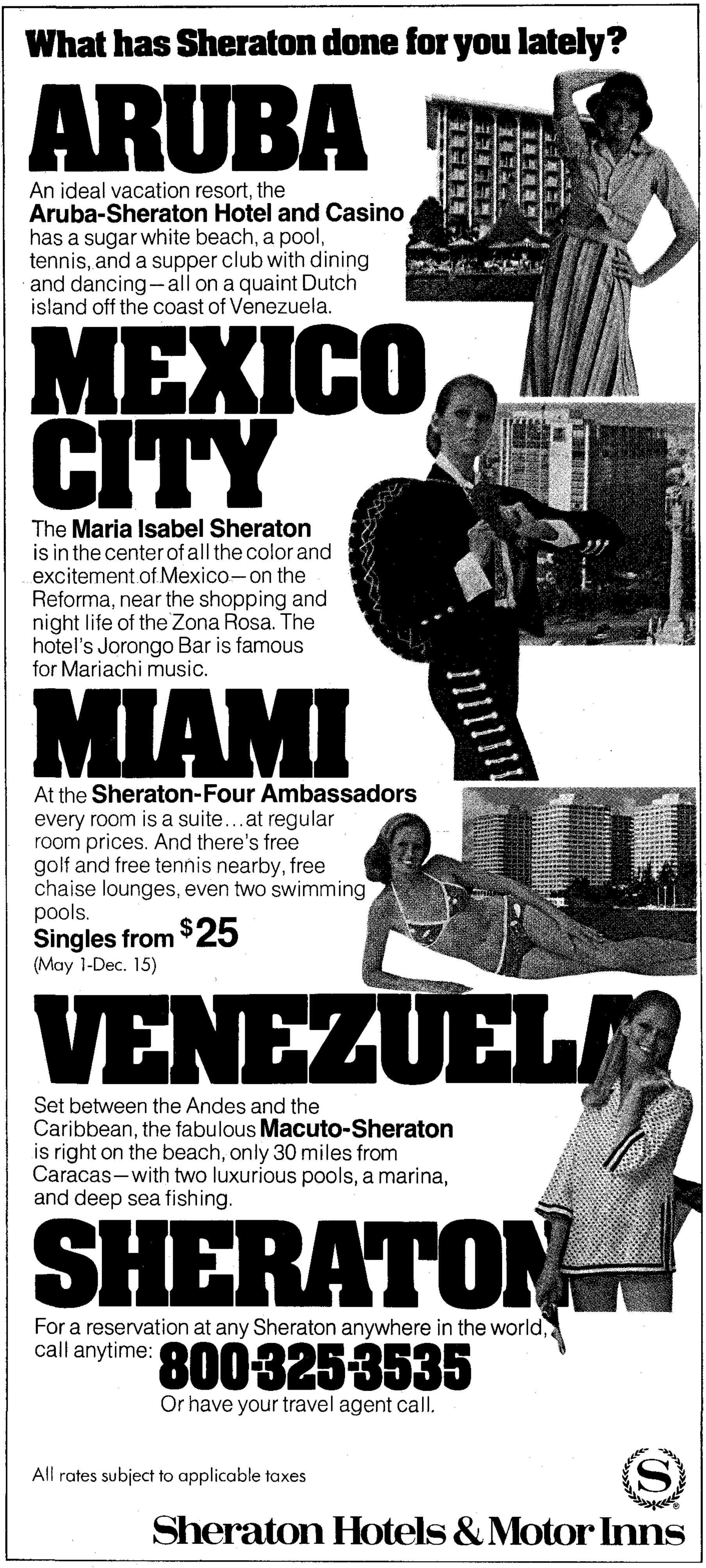
President Nixon was consistent in another and stranger respect as well. In his battles at home and abroad, what concerned him most was the propagation and preservation of images. This preoccupation, too, was rooted partly in global strategic imperatives, for the doctrine that ruled his foreign policy—as it had ruled the foreign policy of President Kennedy and President Johnson before him—was the doctrine of credibility, which required him to bring the Vietnam war to what he called an "honorable" conclusion in order that the image of the United States as a powerful and resolute nation might not be dimmed. The campaign to build up the nation's image also served the purely political purpose of enhancing the President's popularity in preparation for national elections, and in his messages to his public-relations experts he requested that they promote not only the theme of "World leader restoring respect for United States" but also such themes as "Staff treatment (compared with Johnson)," and "RN family." If he hated the press and television with a special hatred, and if his Administration's attack on those institutions was exceptionally angry, it was because they, in the normal course of their duties, were propagators of rival images. In the matter of the Presidential Offensive, as in

"Hi there! Didn't we meet at Zabar's?"

many others, the nation's credibility and the President's own credibility became ever more tightly entwined in the President's thoughts.

As Christmas approached, the President announced the withdrawal of fifty thousand troops from Vietnam; added to withdrawals of twenty-five thousand in June of 1969 and thirty-five thousand in September of 1969, this meant that some four hundred and thirty thousand were left in Vietnam. On January 1, 1970, in his first official statement of the new year, the President voiced support of the movement to reduce environmental pollution. "The nineteen-seventies absolutely must be the years when America pays its debt to the past by reclaiming the purity of its air, its waters, and our living environment. It is literally now or never," Mr. Nixon said. An abatement of the "positive polarization" advocated by the Vice-President in the fall seemed to be in the works. (The Vice-President was off on a tour of Asia and the Pacific.) In his first State of the Union message, on January 22nd, the President's angry mood seemed to have given way entirely to the mellow—even glowing—mood of Election Night and the Inauguration. "The moment has arrived," he told a joint session of the Congress, "to harness the vast energies and abundance of this land to the creation of a new American experience, an experience richer and deeper and more truly a reflection of the goodness and grace of the human spirit." After calling for "equal voting rights," among other things, he said, "But we could still be the unhappiest people in the world without an indefinable spirit, the lift of a driving dream which has made America from its beginning the hope of the world. . . . Above all, let us inspire young Americans with a sense of excitement, a sense of destiny, a sense of involvement in meeting the challenges we face in this great period of our history." It seemed that Mr. Outside—as Raymond Price, the more conciliatory of the President's two major speechwriters, was known in the White House—was back on the job.

The President's benign tone notwithstanding, the campaign to bring the press into line moved forward both in public and in private. In early January, the Justice Department subpoenaed the unused portions of a CBS film about the Black Panther Party. At the end of January, a second subpoena demanded that all the materi-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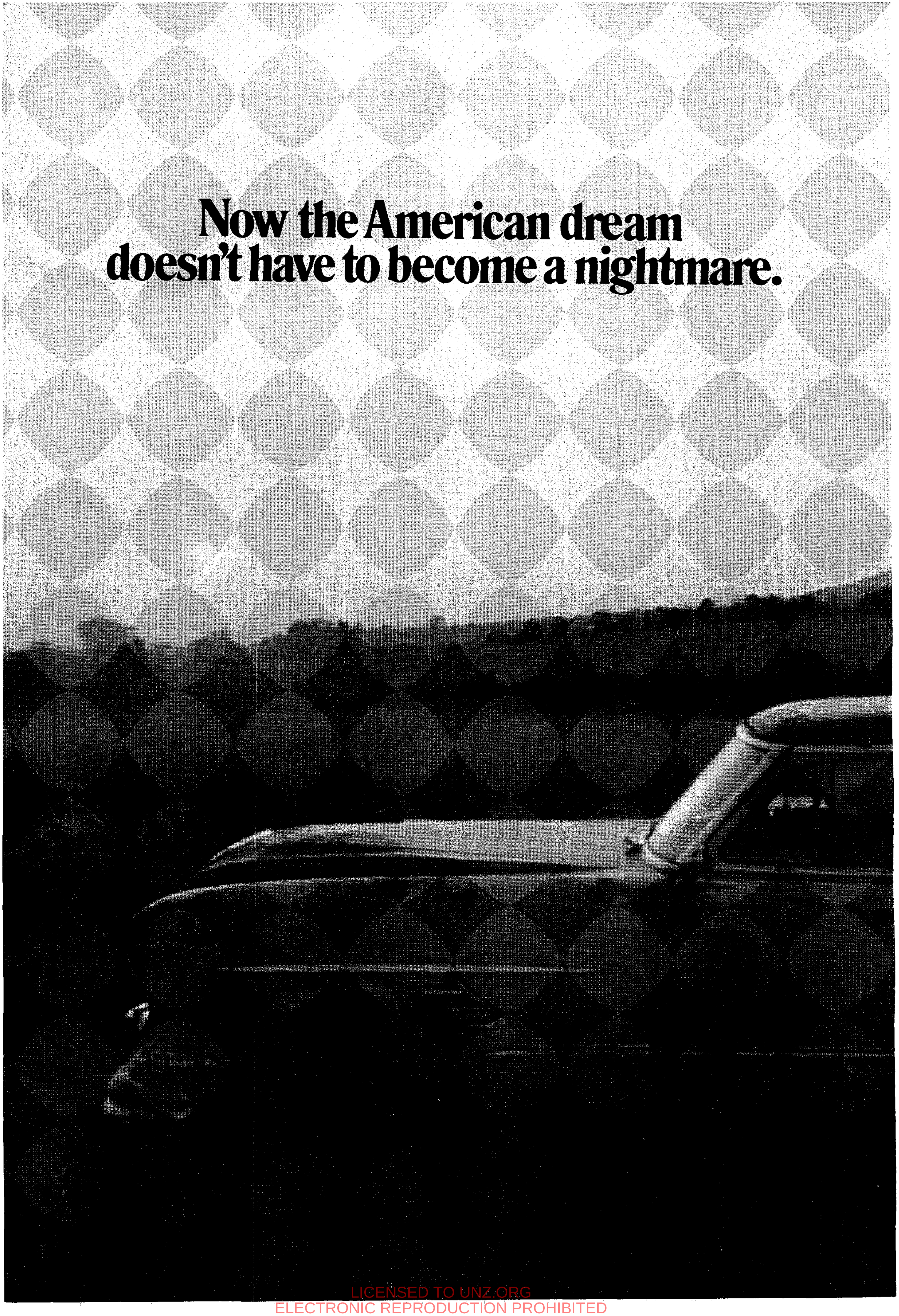
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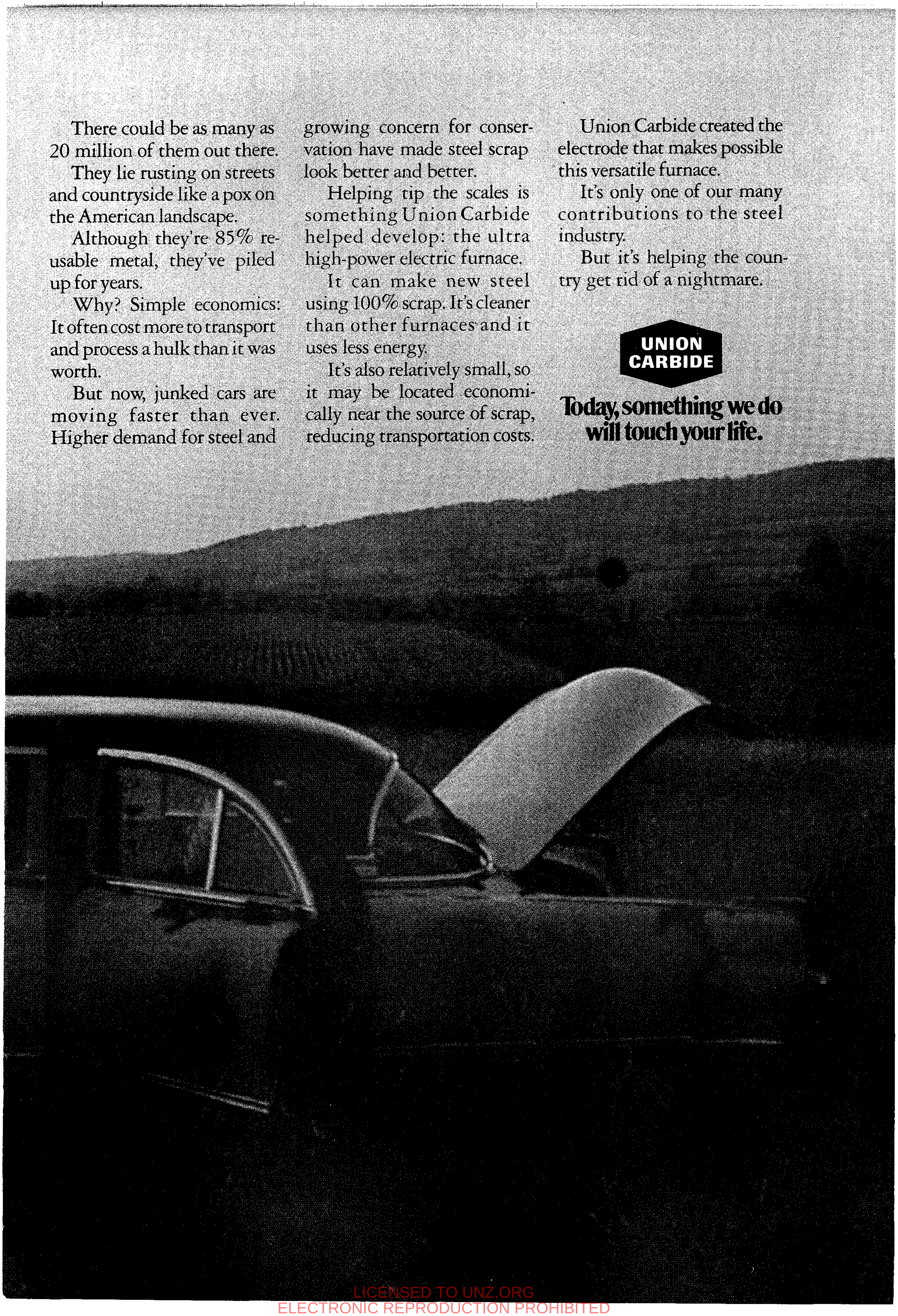

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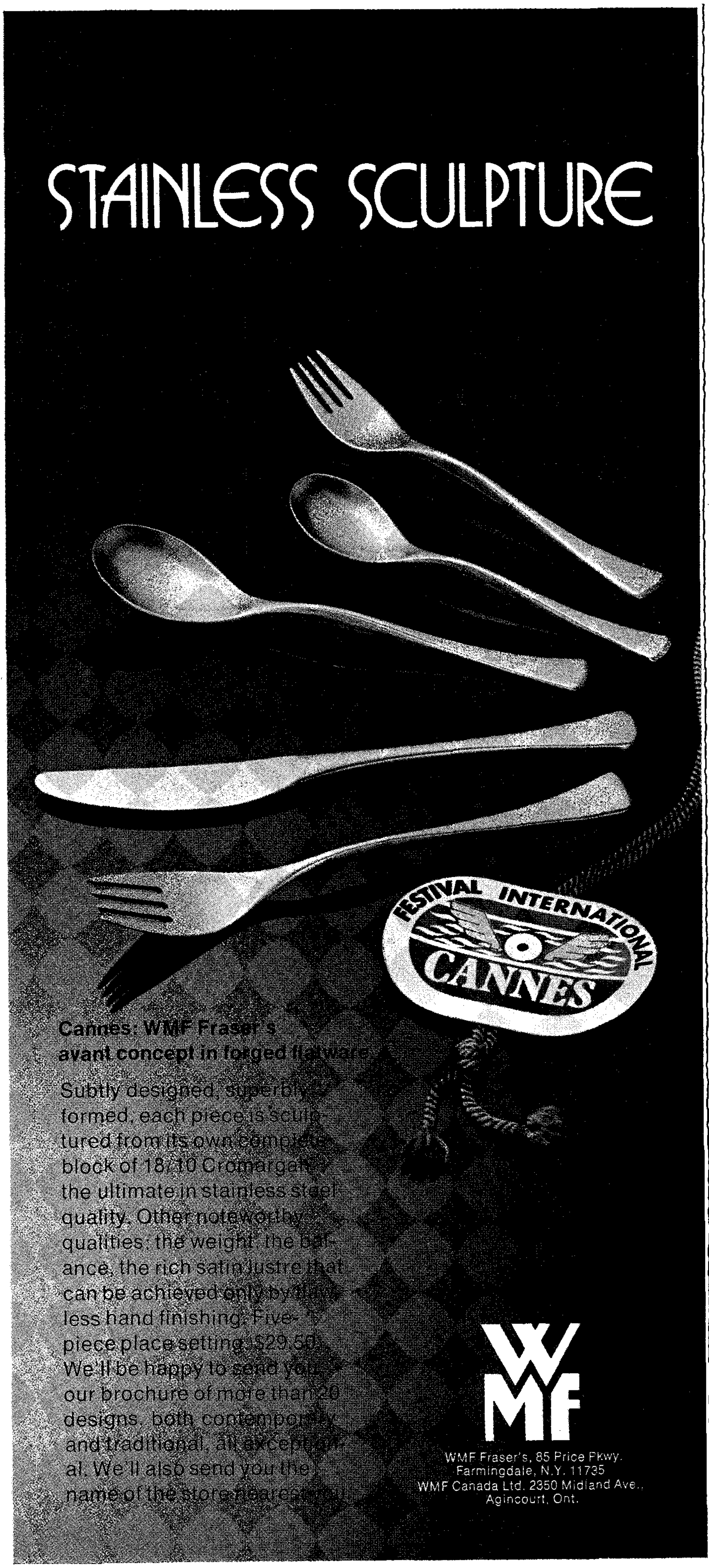

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als used in the production of the film, including tape recordings, be furnished to the Secret Service and the F.B.I. In early February, a federal grand jury looking into a rampage the previous October by a left-wing radical group—the Weathermen—in Chicago subpoenaed the notes of reporters for *Time*, *Life*, and *Newsweek*, and files of unused photographs as well, and a reporter for the *Times* received a similar subpoena. A federal grand jury is a body that is, ultimately, under the guidance of the Justice Department. Though a spokesman for the Justice Department denied that any new policy toward the news media was in effect, such subpoenas were virtually unprecedented, and behind the scenes, too, efforts to get the media under control were progressing. The Administration was particularly upset by the coverage it was receiving from NBC News. In early February, H. R. Haldeman, the President's chief of staff, wrote to Jeb Magruder, an aide who specialized in matters having to do with the press, "The need, probably, is to concentrate on NBC and give some real thought as to how to handle the problem that they have created in their almost totally negative approach to everything the Administration does. I would like to see a plan from you . . . just some specific thinking on steps that can be taken to try to change this, and I should have this by Friday." Haldeman was also unhappy about a program of rigged letters critical of liberal Republican senators, which had been instituted in October of 1969, and which he felt was not large enough. It consisted of letters to the senators written by White House aides and sent out over the signatures of ordinary citizens from all around the country. The letter-writing effort was now called the silent-majority program. Of this silent majority, comprising those Americans who the President thought could be enlisted in support of his conduct of the war in Vietnam, Haldeman wrote to Magruder, "We have got to move now in every effective way we can to get them working to pound the magazines and the networks in counteraction to the obvious shift of the Establishment to an attack on Vietnam again."

THREE days before the President delivered his State of the Union message, he placed the name of G. Harrold Carswell, a resident of Tallahassee, Florida, and a judge on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, in nomination for Supreme Court Justice. Supreme Court nominations had a

"Who determines the lowest common denominator, and how can they be sure they haven't slipped below it?"

central position in the President's thinking on domestic affairs. It was to the Court that he had turned in the fall to give the South relief from the speedy integration of the public schools. The Court had, of course, rebuffed him unanimously, and had thus provided him with an opportunity to point out where the pressure for integration was coming from. "I believe in carrying out the law," he said soon after the Court's decision, "even though I may have disagreed, as I did in this instance." It was the Court, also, that he blamed for the rising crime rate. For it was the Justices of the Supreme Court, he said, who had given the "green light" to "the criminal elements." From the start, the President had maneuvered carefully in the area of Supreme Court nominations. In June of 1968, Chief Justice Earl Warren had announced his retirement from the Court, and President Johnson had nominated Associate Justice Abe Fortas to succeed him. But Fortas's nomination had run into opposition in the Senate from Republicans, from Southern Democrats, and from those who were disturbed by the revelation that while Fortas was on the Court he had accepted a substantial fee for conducting a seminar at a Washington law school; and in the fall Johnson had withdrawn the nomination. Fortas had remained on the Court, and Chief Justice Warren had agreed to serve until a successor was confirmed. In the spring of 1969, however, Fortas had got into more trouble, when it was discovered that he had agreed to accept an annual fee from a foundation. At that time, President Nixon's Justice Department had fed this information against Fortas to the Senate, and Attorney General Mitchell had lobbied with Chief Justice Warren to enlist his aid in obtaining the resignation of Fortas. Soon Fortas had resigned. President Nixon had then nominated his own Chief Justice, and later that spring his nominee, Judge Warren Burger, had been confirmed by the Senate. That summer, faced with the vacancy created by Fortas's resignation, the President had proceeded—as part of the so-called Southern strategy—to nominate a conservative judge from the South to the Court. The nominee was Judge Clement Haynsworth, of the United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit. But in late November the Senate had rejected Haynsworth, in part because it discovered that he had once decided a case in which he might be thought to have a conflict of interest.

Judge Carswell was the President's second choice to fill the seat. The Senate, having just turned down a Supreme Court nominee, for the first time in forty years, was at first strongly inclined to accept almost anyone the President chose. Then, over a period of months, the senators learned a number of things about Carswell which gave them second thoughts. They learned that in 1948, while campaigning for the Georgia Legislature, he had said, "I am a Southerner by ancestry, birth, training, inclination, belief, and practice. I believe that segregation of the races is proper and the only practical and correct way of life in our states. I have always so believed and I shall always so act. . . . I yield to no man as a fellow-candidate, as a fellow-citizen, in the firm, vigorous belief in the principles of white supremacy, and I shall always be so governed." They learned that in 1956 he had taken part in the transfer of a golf course from municipal control to private hands, apparently to evade a Supreme Court ruling of a year earlier which required the integration of municipal recreation facilities. They learned that in an appearance before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate he had misrepresented the facts of his involvement in the golf-course matter—knowingly, it appeared. And they learned that his decisions on the bench had been reversed on appeal some sixty per cent of the time by superior courts—a rate of reversal more than twice as high as the average for other judges in the Fifth Circuit District Courts. As these and other damaging facts came to light, a conviction began to form, first in the legal community and then in the Senate, that Carswell was unfit for the Court. Louis Pollak, the dean of the Yale Law School, declared that Carswell had "more slender credentials than any nominee for the Supreme Court put forth in this century." The deans of several other prominent law schools and some two hundred former law clerks to Supreme Court Justices signed an open letter urging every senator to reject the nomination. Moreover, a strong feeling was growing that in nominating Carswell the President meant to degrade the Court as an institution of American life. One leading Republican senator later said of his conclusions at the time, "I learned that the Justice Department had rated Carswell way down below Haynsworth and a couple of other candidates. That made it clear that the choice of Carswell was vengeance—to make us sorry we hadn't accepted Haynsworth—and at the same time it was an attempt to downgrade the Supreme Court and implement the Southern strategy."

By late March, 1970, it looked as though the nomination might be defeated. The President took extraordinary action. He wrote a letter to Senator William Saxbe, of Ohio (the letter was made public by Saxbe), urging the nomination on the Senate. He brushed aside the objections that had been raised to Carswell's nomination, and, in addition to arguing the merits of the nominee, he argued Constitutional law. "What is centrally at issue in this nomination," he wrote, "is the Constitutional responsibility of the President to appoint members of the Court—and whether this responsibility can be frustrated by those who wish to substitute their own philosophy or their own subjective judgment for that of the one person entrusted by the Constitution with the power of appointment." And he wrote, "What is at stake is the preservation of the traditional Constitutional relationships of the President and the Congress." He added, "The question arises whether I, as President of the United States, shall be accorded the same right of choice in naming Supreme Court Justices which has been freely accorded to my predecessors of both parties." Actually, of course, the Constitution does not give the President the sole power to appoint Supreme Court Justices. It specifies that "he shall nominate and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint . . . judges of the Supreme Court." On April 8th, an affronted Senate rejected the nomination, by a vote of fifty-one to forty-five.

The President was deeply angered, and the next day he made his harshest attack on the Senate so far. "Judges Carswell and Haynsworth have endured with admirable dignity vicious assaults on their intelligence, their honesty, and their character," he said in a statement to reporters. "They have been falsely charged with being racist, but when all the hypocrisy is stripped away, the real issue was their philosophy of strict construction of the Constitution—a philosophy that I share—and the fact that they had the misfortune of being born in the South. . . . I understand the bitter feelings of millions of Americans who live in the South about the act of regional discrimination that took place in the Senate yesterday."

Probably no two issues could have been more unalike than the war in Southeast Asia and the nomination of Justices to the Supreme Court of the United States, yet the President's handling of them seemed to have been molded by a single pattern of response. He apparently regarded the two issues as expressions of an overriding issue that had preoccupied him more and more since he arrived in office: the issue of his authority as President. In November, he had imagined the antiwar movement to be a rebellion intended to overthrow the Constitution and usurp his authority as the Commander-in-Chief and the elected leader of the country, and now he imagined that the United States Senate intended to take away what he believed (incorrectly) to be his power of appointment. And in both cases misconstruing and exaggerating a threat to his Constitutional prerogatives had led him to overstep the bounds of the Constitution himself—first by suggesting that peaceful assembly by a "minority" was unConstitutional, and then by claiming sole power of appointment. In much the same way, he had come to see the protection of the rights of criminal suspects as an unnecessary and dangerous curtailment of the powers of the police, and had proposed an apparently unConstitutional bill—the District of Columbia crime bill, as it came to be called—to deal with the situation. The President was finding usurpation on every side and was responding in kind. Even as the President's power expanded, a preoccupation with impotence was developing in the White House. This preoccupation had developed first in the foreign sphere, where the nation had attempted to reduce the executive's warmaking power, and was now spreading to the domestic sphere. And as the President's attention shifted from the specific details of each issue to the larger issue of the crisis of Presidential authority, he apparently felt confirmed in a deepening conviction that each obstacle he faced was due not to the inherent intractability of circumstances but to the machinations of his enemies. As issues were handled by the President, therefore, they became more abstract and more personal at the same time. They also became more apocalyptic, since in each small challenge the President saw a challenge to the whole edifice of his power.

IN March, President Nixon secretly turned his attention to still another set of institutions that he had come to regard as a virtual enemy of his Administration: private foundations. "The President directed several of us to give thought to how to combat the institutionalized power of the left concentrated in the foundations that

12
Dana Fradon

"I hate to say it, Pete, but you're putting on a little weight in the middle of the strike zone."

succor the Democratic Party," Patrick Buchanan, one of the President's principal speechwriters and political strategists, wrote in a memorandum to the President on March 3rd. He offered recommendations of "an offensive and defensive nature." He wanted to "initiate a policy of favoritism in all future federal grants to those institutions friendly to us that want the work—and we should direct future funds away from the hostile foundations, like Brookings." (The reference was to the Brookings Institution, a research organization in Washington.) And he wrote, "Anti-Administration foundations should be cut off without a dime." His principal recommendation, however, was for the creation of a new institution, to serve as a tool of the Administration. It would be a right-wing "talent bank" and would secretly carry out Administration orders; for instance, it would help organize pressure against the press. A board of directors made up of front men would be used to disguise the Administration's control over the organization. As Buchanan put it, "the Board of Directors would run from right to center of the political spectrum," and "we would have to have people there who knew what was up and agreed to it; and then let the hand-picked staff run the thing." Then "we would have to lock it into the White House with probably two individuals at the top level—who had the ear of the President at all times—and who were intensely familiar with the Institute and its working." And, to maintain full secrecy, "some of the essential objectives of the Institute would have to be blurred, even buried, in all sorts of other activity that would be the bulk of its work, that would employ many people, and that would provide the cover for the more important efforts." Magruder had proposed using the Internal Revenue Service against the press and the television networks, and now Buchanan wanted to use it against the foundations: he wanted "a strong fellow running the Internal Revenue Division; and an especially friendly fellow with a friendly staff in the Tax-Exempt Office."

By creating a front group to act for the Administration in the public realm, and by getting the Internal Revenue Service and other federal agencies to "engage in combat" (as Buchanan put it) with existing foundations, the Administration hoped to advance what had now become its broad aim of undermining and dominating the principal institutions in the mainstream of American political life. Buchanan noted

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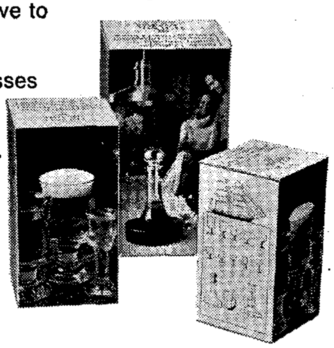

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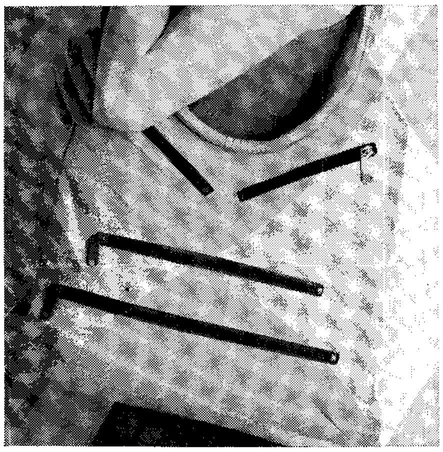

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in his memo to the President, "We would be striking at the heart of the Establishment"—for the men of the Nixon Administration saw themselves as being at war with "the Establishment." (Haldeman's conviction that "the Establishment" was mounting a campaign against the President's war policies was another expression of this thinking.) The Nixon men wielded the overwhelming power of the Presidency. In the reckoning of most people, they now *were* "the Establishment." Yet they had come to see themselves as shabbily treated outsiders whose rights were constantly being encroached upon by "the Establishment." So they were striking back with *all* the means—covert as well as overt—at their disposal.

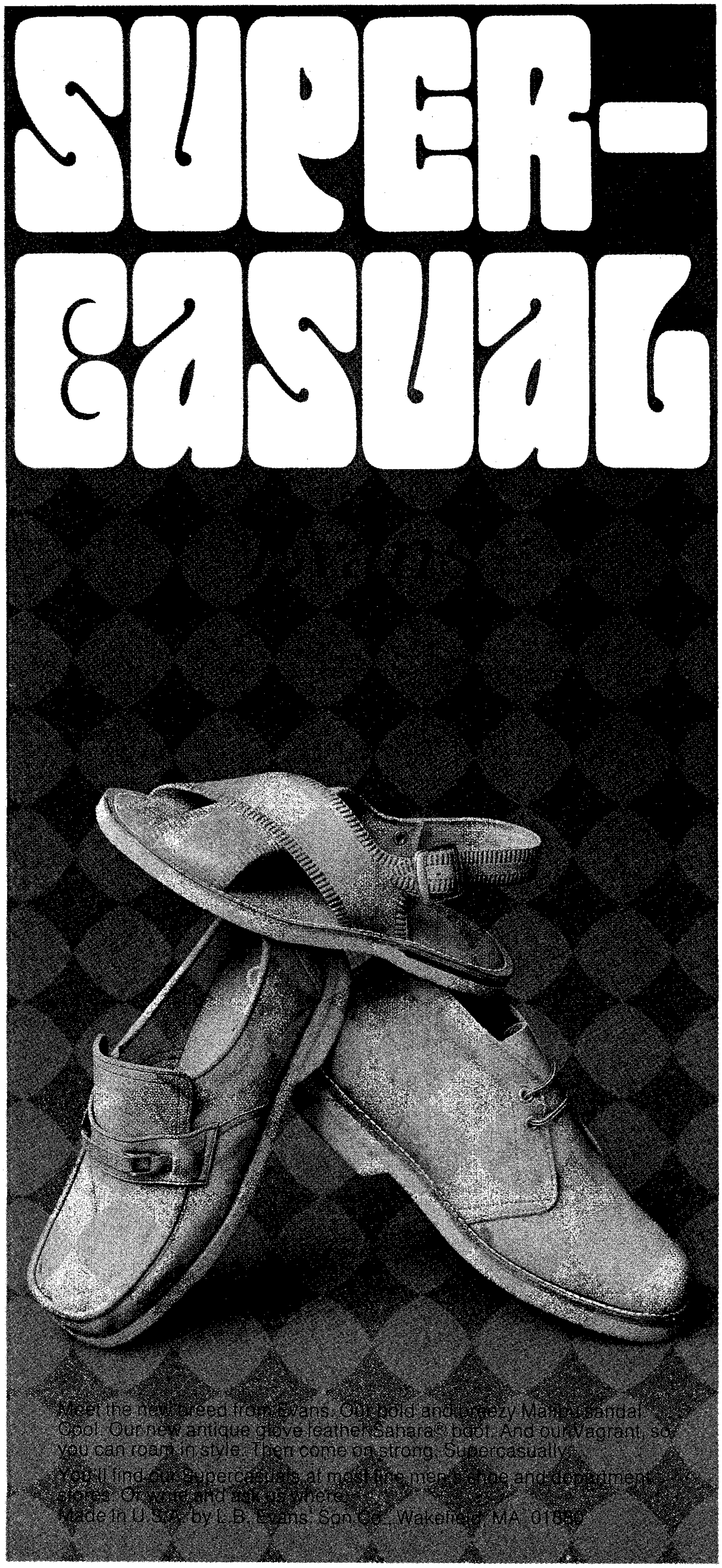
There were, then, at least two groups in America at the time who wished to destroy "the Establishment." One was a left-wing fringe of the anti-war movement. It had learned recently to despise "liberals;" and in order to destroy "the Establishment" its members often ran through the streets breaking windows and shouting until they were beaten up by policemen and thrown into jail. For a period of several months in late 1969 and early 1970, some of their number managed to plunge many universities into disorder. Also among the members of this left-wing fringe group were young people who had devised techniques of clowning and flamboyant theatrical "happenings" that attracted considerable attention on television and in the press. Yet the militant left had almost no public following, and was, in fact, generally despised. "The Establishment" easily weathered its attacks. By the spring of 1970, this group's influence had waned greatly. The other group that was out to destroy "the Establishment" in 1970 was a right-wing group. It was in the White House. It had been quietly eased into a position of great power—by a President who had run as a moderate. The names of its members—H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, Patrick Buchanan, and Jeb Magruder, among others—were barely known to the public. This group, too, despised "liberals." (There was something about the "liberals" that aroused visceral anger in Americans on both the left and the right during this period.) But whereas the left-wingers had only modest resources with which to attack "the Establishment," the men in the White House had the use of the Internal Revenue Service (if they could bring it under control), the Justice Department, the Federal Communications Commission, and every other federal agency that they could divert to their political purposes. Unlike their counterparts in the streets, they stood a fair chance of attaining their goal.

DURING the month of April, several of the President's top aides began to question whether the images that the Administration was promoting were the best ones available. John Ehrlichman, who now concerned himself primarily with domestic affairs, wrote on April 15th to Haldeman, "Among young business executives, among municipal officials and on the campuses we are epitomized by the Vice-President, the Attorney General, and Judge Carswell. We are presenting a picture of illiberality, repression, closed-mindedness and lack of concern for the less fortunate. . . . I do not sense any existing activity on the part of Herb Klein, or, for that matter, Ron Ziegler, to respond to this dilemma."

Haldeman showed the memo to Jeb Magruder, who soon wrote back, "Some time ago, we quietly set out to recruit Middle America, the Silent Majority, or whatever we choose to call it, into our camp. We have done a good job—and the images which the Vice-President and the AG project have been largely responsible. . . . Now to appeal to those outside Middle America (the young, the poor, the black, *most* of the Northeast, *all* of New York City, the 'student community,' much of the media, many of the 'opinion molders,' etc.) we have to send other emissaries. And that really is much of the problem: I do not think we have exploited the people in this Administration who project an image quite different than that of the Vice President, the Attorney General, and Judge Carswell. I would propose that we develop a major strategy to publicize the fact the President has surrounded himself with bright, young, well-educated men who *care*. Men . . . who, while moderate, have hearts and consciences. Men like [Daniel Patrick] Moynihan, Ehrlichman, [Donald] Rumsfeld, [Peter] Flanigan, [Leonard] Garment, [John] Whitaker, and Haldeman." As an example of what he had in mind, he wrote, "What sophisticated young professional man (or his wife) would not be interested in, say, an *Esquire* picture-story on the life-style of a Dwight Chapin or a Ron Ziegler, men who daily meet with the President and are not yet middle-aged?" Magruder wanted to make it clear, however, that he was proposing a change of image only, and that the substance of policy would be left alone. This emphasis was not surprising, in view of the fact that most of what the Administration had been doing had been done with a view to projecting images in the first place. Speaking of Martin Anderson, a White House aide, Magruder wrote, "Who better than Marty Anderson can 'turn on' young people about draft reform?" The reason Anderson could do this was not that his views were more acceptable to the young than the views of others in the White House. "Young Metro-america won't listen to Mel Laird, but they will to Marty Anderson," Magruder wrote, "not because Marty's any more liberal (he's probably *less* liberal than Laird) but because he's got more *hair*, a Ph.D., a sexy wife, drives a Thunderbird, and lives in a high-rise apartment."

In the margin of Magruder's memo, Haldeman wrote, "*Absolutely*. Really work on this."

IN the country at large, decompression was under way. The psychological demobilization that had begun after the 1968 Presidential election and been interrupted by the sudden unleashing of "positive polarization" in the fall of 1969 seemed to have resumed. The Moratorium organizers, who had once promised to hold a demonstration on the fifteenth of every month until the war ended, dissolved their program. Here and there, a campus was disrupted as black students brought their grievances to the fore, but on the whole the campuses were quieter than they had been in 1969. Something essential to the outbreak of moral anger, pleasure-seeking, mystical withdrawal, faddism, and spontaneous political action known as "the Movement" had died, and the rebellious young were beginning to turn to more modest pursuits. They were melting back into an American life that had, for its part, been deeply altered by their brief career at the center of the nation's attention. The newspapers were saying that "the environment" was the new issue on the campuses, as though the indignation of the young were now a force of fixed intensity which would turn from issue to issue like a garden hose. But the young were growing tired of all the issues, and there were no signs that fashions of some new kind were about to replace the old ones. Nothing like that was emerging—no new politics, no new music, no new clothes. Just a rest. The war that had



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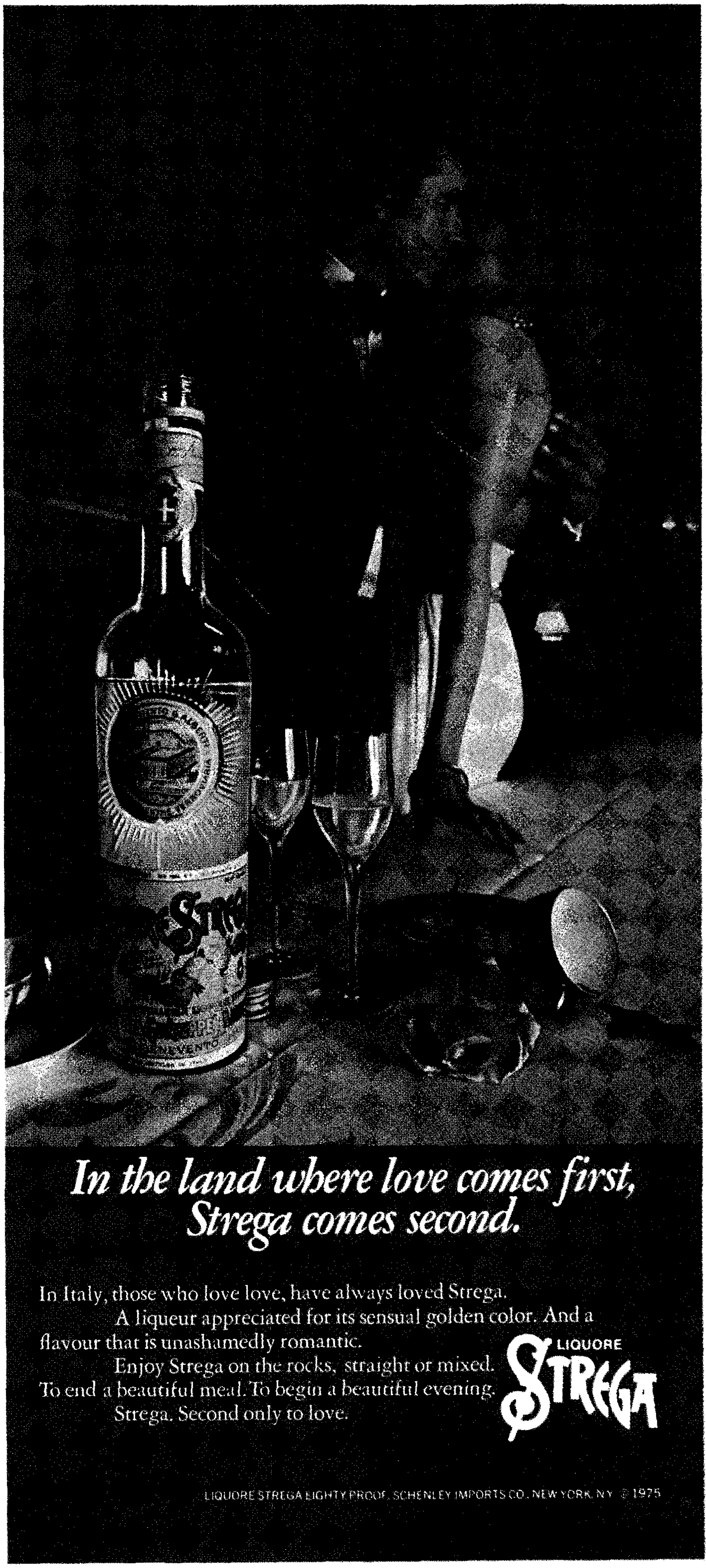
given birth to "the Movement" had outlasted it.

On the evening of April 20th, the President, as though in tune with the emerging national mood, announced in a television address that he would withdraw a hundred and fifty thousand additional American troops from Vietnam over the next year. The withdrawal would accompany a program of "Vietnamization," he said, which meant a program for training the South Vietnamese Army to take over the defense of its territory as the Americans left. Many of the people who opposed the war wished that he would withdraw more men and do it sooner, but they were tired of carrying signs in marches, and the President's mood seemed less deliberately provocative than it had in the fall. "Tonight, I am pleased to report that progress in training and equipping South Vietnamese forces has substantially exceeded our original expectations last June," he said in his address. "Very significant advances have also been made in pacification. . . . The decision I have announced tonight means that we finally have in sight the just peace we are seeking."

On Capitol Hill, however, a rumor making the rounds had caused some apprehension. In Cambodia, earlier in the year, the neutralist regime of Prince Norodom Sihanouk had been overthrown by pro-American military forces, and some senators had heard that the Administration might be planning to supply arms that the new regime had requested shortly after taking over, and perhaps troops as well. And on April 7th Secretary of State William Rogers had gone before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and given the impression that the request was under consideration. On the other hand, he assured a House subcommittee that the Administration had no plans to escalate the war in Indo-China. "We recognize that if we escalate and we get involved in Cambodia with our ground troops that our whole [Vietnamization] program is defeated," Rogers said.

ON the evening of April 30th, President Nixon suddenly went on national television and informed an astonished nation that he had ordered American forces into Cambodia. "The time has come for action," he declared. He had decided to "go to the heart of the trouble." One reason for his action, he said, was his outrage at the enemy's having long violated the neutrality of Cambodia with impunity by



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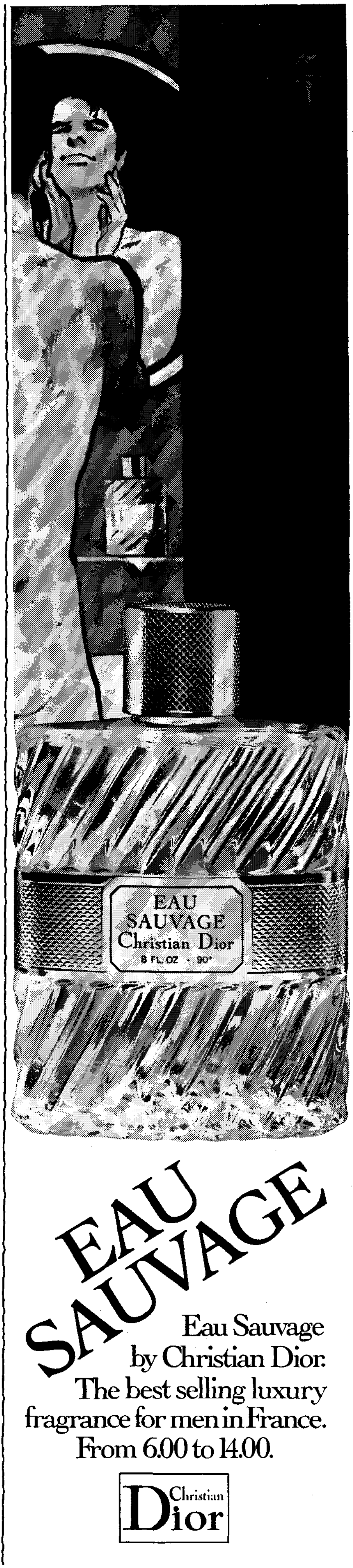
setting up sanctuaries there. "American policy has been to scrupulously respect the neutrality of the Cambodian people," he claimed. "We have maintained a skeleton diplomatic mission of fewer than fifteen in Cambodia's capital, and that only since last August." And he said, "Neither the United States nor South Vietnam has moved against these enemy sanctuaries, because we did not wish to violate the territory of a neutral nation." Actually, of course, the United States had been secretly bombing Cambodian territory with B-52s for more than thirteen months. The American troops' objectives, he said, would be "cleaning out major North Vietnamese- and Vietcong-occupied territories" in Cambodia and, more dramatically, wiping out "the headquarters for the entire Communist military operation in South Vietnam." These were limited, purely military objectives. But the President also described vaster aims. He described them in what was, in effect, the fullest description of his vision of the world he had given since he entered the White House. "My fellow-Americans," he said, "we live in an age of anarchy both abroad and at home. We see mindless attacks on all the great institutions which have been created by free civilizations in the last five hundred years. Even here in the United States, great universities are being systematically destroyed. Small nations all over the world find themselves under attack from within and from without." All this, too, was at stake. For, the President said, "if, when the chips are down, the world's most powerful nation, the United States of America, acts like a pitiful, helpless giant, the forces of totalitarianism and anarchy will threaten free nations and free institutions throughout the world." And he said, "We will not react to this [the North Vietnamese] threat to American lives merely by plaintive diplomatic protests. If we did, the credibility of the United States would be destroyed." He added, "We will not be humiliated. We will not be defeated." But he went on to say that he did not mean to suggest that these immeasurable stakes rested solely on the progress of our arms in Cambodia. "It is not our power but our will and character that is being tested tonight," he said. That is, to read the future of the institutions that had been created by free civilizations in the last five hundred years one should not follow the bulletins from the battlefield in Southeast Asia but watch the reaction on the campuses, in the Congress, and in the press in the United States. The testing was not of the troops—not of our power. It was of the people at home—of the national will. In framing the issue this way, the President reaffirmed what he had said in a speech on the war which he had delivered almost six months earlier, on November 3rd—that only Americans could humiliate America. What happened here was primary; what happened in Southeast Asia was secondary. If the troops searching the Cambodian jungle for the Communist headquarters never found it, that would be unfortunate, but if the people at home failed to rally behind the President in his decision to send them on the search, it would be catastrophic. For it would show that the national will to unleash military force in the name of national objectives was broken.

Some of the President's deeper strategic thinking may have been revealed in a sentence he spoke a moment later: "If we fail to meet this challenge, all other nations will be on notice that despite its overwhelming power the United States, when a real crisis comes, will be found wanting." The Cambodian crisis, then, was not a "real" crisis. It was a test crisis. And therefore *what America revealed to the world about itself*—about its "will and character"—in the course of the crisis was more important than a tangible outcome. For if the crisis itself was not real, then the supposed attack on the Communist headquarters for the entire military operation in South Vietnam might not be real, either. It might be a stage prop designed to elicit the all-important expression of national resolve. Like so much that the President had done, at home and abroad, the invasion was more important for the appearance it created than for anything it might actually achieve. It was a lesson taught to a myriad unwilling students, among them other superpowers; rambunctious small powers, such as the Cubans and the Egyptians; shaky allies; and even domestic rebels. The people at home who were systematically destroying the universities would themselves learn something about what kind of President they were dealing with. And if it seemed paradoxical that with stakes like these in the balance the Administration was *withdrawing* from the war even as it expanded the war—indeed, in the President's telling, the Administration was expanding the war *in order to* withdraw from it—the paradox disappeared if one reflected that a



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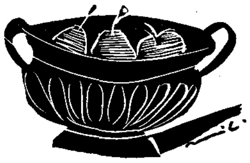
display of national will did not necessarily require a clear-cut victory. In fact, as a stage for a display of national will an unpopular, shrinking war had some advantages, inasmuch as it would be an even more impressive feat for the nation to stomach the expansion of an unpopular war than for it to cheer on the expansion of a popular one.

The President went on to place his action in a historical context. He spoke of "great decisions" made by former Presidents. "In this room," he said (he was speaking from the Oval Office), "Woodrow Wilson made the great decisions which led to victory in World War I. Franklin Roosevelt made the decisions which led to our victory in World War II. . . . John F. Kennedy, in his finest hour, made the great decision which removed Soviet nuclear missiles from Cuba and the Western Hemisphere." But had history given Richard Nixon the opportunity to make a great decision in the Oval Office, too? He wistfully concluded that it might not have. "I have noted that there has been a great deal of discussion with regard to this decision that I have made, and I should point out that I do not contend that it is in the same magnitude as these decisions that I have just mentioned," he said. (Actually, there had been no discussion, since the country was now hearing about his decision for the first time.) And there was another difference, he continued, turning bitter. "In those decisions," he said, "the American people were not assailed by counsels of doubt and defeat from some of the most widely known opinion leaders of the nation." Unlike him, other Presidents had had "the Establishment" on their side.



In conclusion, he sounded a personal note, as he so often did now when he faced crises of public policy. He pointed out that his decision might make him a "one-term President." He was willing to take the consequences: "I would rather be a one-term President and do what I believe was right than to be a two-term President at the cost of seeing America become a second-rate power and to see this nation accept the first defeat in its proud hundred-and-ninety-year history." It was a manner of speaking which suggested that the test ahead would be, after all, not of America's will and character in facing a hostile world but of President Nixon's will and character in facing a hostile America.

President Nixon's speech was, among other things, the most comprehensive statement of the doctrine of credibility that had ever been made by an American President. Not only did he reconfirm the doctrine that had guided American policy since the time of President Kennedy and had controlled the conduct of American policy in Vietnam for almost as long but he expanded it enormously. He extended its application to events in the domestic sphere, and he stated plainly that American credibility was the thing that stood between the present political balance in the world and the "forces of totalitarianism" at home and abroad. Avoiding "humiliation" of the United States had, of course, been what Assistant Secretary of Defense John McNaughton described in early 1966 as the whole reason the United States had to go on fighting in Indo-China, and President Nixon had affirmed this in clear terms in his November 3rd speech. "Humiliation" in this scheme represented the loss of credibility. But President Nixon now took the logic of the doctrine one step further than the Johnson Administration had. He was speaking publicly of the danger that the United States would experience "defeat" in Indo-China. The word was one of the most inflammatory words in the political lexicon. Defeat, after all, was not the same as a mere failure or setback; it was the opposite of victory. It evoked white flags, troops throwing down their arms. It meant helplessness, and surrender to the will of an armed foe. Although to many in the nation the word seemed far out of proportion to any real danger that the United States faced in Indo-China, President Nixon was engaging in something more than oratorical excess when he used it. In traditional military terms, nothing like defeat was in the offing, but in terms of the strategic thinking that governed the policies of President Nixon something that might be called defeat was in fact at stake. For in his view, as in the view of his predecessors in the White House, American credibility was at stake in Indo-China, and the loss of credibility encompassed far more than any tangible losses of men or territory that might occur there. As McNaughton had put it, the aim of the war was to protect America's "reputation as a guarantor." And he had explicitly rejected the idea that the strategy had to do with turning back wars of national liberation as an aim in itself. The aim was not, he said, "to prove that 'wars of national liberation' won't work (except as our reputation is involved)." The policy was aimed at shoring up America's "reputation" in the very broadest sense, not at demonstrating a particular skill in a particular area of challenge. Therefore, not only was Indo-China a test case of the strategy of limited war but the strategy of limited war was a test case of the ability of the United States to meet challenges from any quarter. And the principal quarter from which challenges might come was, of course, the nuclear forces of the opposition. A tremendous—indeed, a limitless—burden had been placed on the strategy of limited war in general and on the Indo-China war in particular. In another age, objectives as large as these would no doubt have called for military efforts on a commensurate scale, and "great decisions" of the kind that President Nixon fondly recalled—decisions to unleash force on a far greater scale than he had released in the Cambodian action—might have been made. Military campaigns aimed directly at the main foes—at the Russians and the Chinese—rather than at their assumed proxies, the people of Indo-China, might have been launched. But in the nuclear age a ceiling had, for the first time in history, been placed on the profitable uses of violence. American Presidents were held to "limited" war. Only weak proxy-enemies, such as the Vietnamese rebels, were available for attack. Only little decisions were open to them. Yet through such limited war Presidents had to try to achieve the great global objectives for which great means had once been available. And credibility was the device by which small wars were meant to cast a long and fearful shadow. Thus, in speaking of "the great decisions which led to victory" President Nixon was obliged to use the past tense. And in another sentence, a moment later, he was obliged to remind the country where great decisions might lead if they were taken in our age: "We will avoid a wider war," he promised.

When President Nixon spoke of "defeat," therefore, he meant the defeat of military forces that were the only ones not ruled out by the fear of human extinction. It was solely by standing firm in these little crises—these test crises—that a "real crisis," which was to say a nuclear crisis, could be avoided. If President Nixon, theoretically the most powerful man in the most powerful nation in the world, was haunted by images of impotence—not only in foreign affairs but in domestic affairs, including matters as remote

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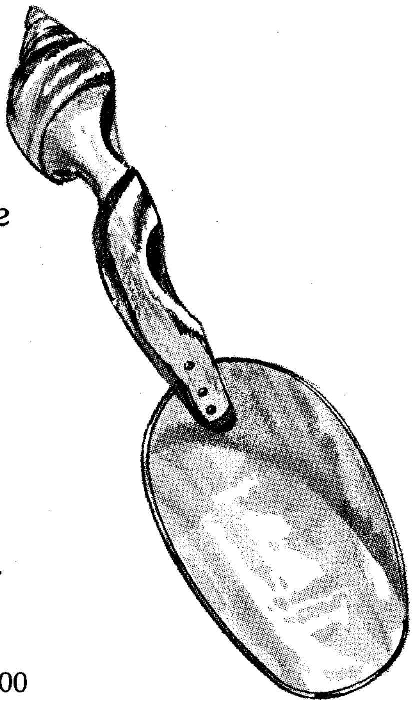
from foreign policy as crime-inhibiting legislation and the nomination of Supreme Court Justices—and if he had now come to conceive of virtually all his struggles at home and abroad as mere facets of a deeper crisis of Presidential authority, it may well have been because by far the largest component of his power (nuclear arms) was more a restraining, paralyzing influence than a source of strength. In his thinking, a momentous struggle was under way, and it was not only between the United States and Communism but between the President and those at home who would wrest from his hands the nation's chosen weapons for its defense in the nuclear age, and would thereby "defeat or humiliate" the United States even before the "real" struggle overseas began in earnest. And so it had become necessary, according to his way of thinking, to do what he had in fact been doing almost from the moment he arrived in office: make war against Americans.

NEARLY as soon as the President had finished speaking, a large part of the nation did demonstrate its will—its will to get out of the war—and it did so through something more than discussion. Civil disorders greater than anything previously seen in the United States in the twentieth century spread throughout the country. Dormant campuses exploded and began to go on strike. The protest this time had little to do with the old "Movement." It did not reflect a generation gap. On many—perhaps most—campuses, students and faculty were united against the war. Thirty-seven college and university presidents signed a letter pleading with the President to end it. For them, as for the President, the domestic stakes were now paramount. What they feared, however, was that if the war did not end, all possibility of restoring peace on their campuses and in American life generally might be lost. In other quarters, too, including the Republican Party organization, there was amazement and consternation. The House of Representatives, which had consistently supported the President in his war policy by means of resolutions, now fell silent.

With the invasion speech, two disjunct worlds clashed: the world of the White House strategic thinking and the world of the country at large. The so-called credibility gap that had made its appearance during the Johnson Presidency had grown to a chasm. President Nixon had first escalated the war into Cambodia more than a year



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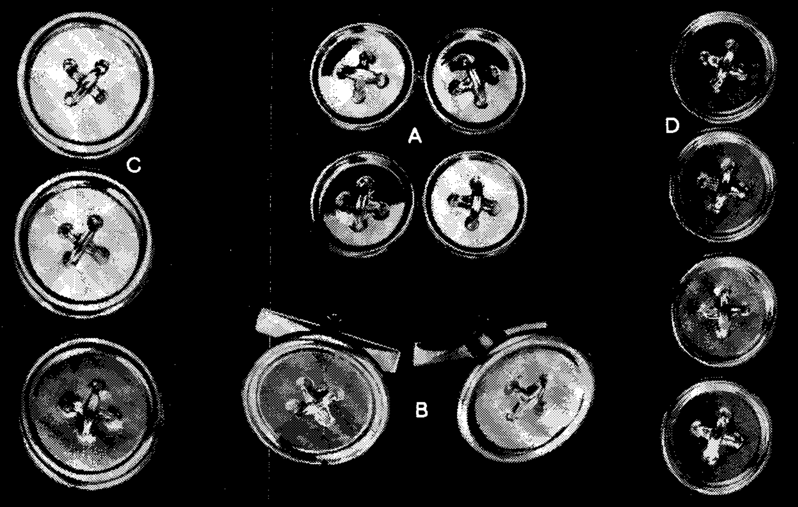

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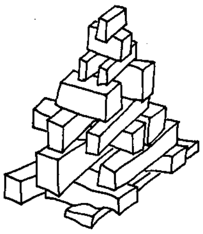
before, but then he had acted in secrecy. In doing so, he had taken the war's burden solely onto his own shoulders, and had, in effect, isolated himself from his people. Since then, the distance had steadily widened. The war issue had soured relations on his own staff to the point where he had decided to spy on many staff members, and by the autumn of 1969 it had soured his relations with a large section of the country to the point where he had launched a full-scale assault on Americans in all walks of life—Americans whom he now regarded as his enemies and as enemies of the country. In the walled-off White House, the pressure had been rising steadily for almost a year and a half, and now it was bursting out in a torrent of horrifying predictions and desperate measures poured forth without warning on national television by the President himself. In the world of global strategy in which the President lived, a sense of emergency had been steadily building, but in the world of public discourse in which the rest of the nation lived a sense of calm had been spreading. In the country at large, there were, of course, people of every political stripe, but the quality of the President's vision came as a jolt to almost all of them. In the President's vision, "anarchy," "defeat," "humiliation," and "totalitarianism" were in the offing; and the forces of darkness and the forces of light were locked in contention on every side—in Indo-China, in the universities, on Capitol Hill, in the courts, in the home. The country at large had been living in anticipation of "the just peace" that the President had promised only ten days before—not to mention "the lift of a driving dream" he had offered less than three months before that in his first State of the Union message. Now, in effect, Americans were having their first clear look at the man their President had become in his fifteen months in the White House. The shock was severe.



The day after the Cambodian speech, the President gave the country another glimpse of the full extent of his rage. He was speaking at a gathering of civilian employees in the Pentagon, and cut loose—extemporaneously, it appeared—on the subject of campus rebellion. The White House later released a transcript of his remarks. "You see these bums, you know, blowing up the campuses," the President said, and he rushed on, "Listen, the boys that are on the college campuses today are the luckiest people in the world, going to the greatest universities, and here they are burning up the books, storming around about this issue. You name it. Get rid of the war, there will be another one. Then out there we have kids who are just doing their duty. They stand tall and they are proud."

Two days after this, one public official who thoroughly agreed with the President—Governor James Rhodes, of Ohio—travelled to the town of Kent, in his state, where there had recently been student disorders at Kent State University, and, speaking of disruptions on campus, he announced, "We are not going to treat the symptoms. We are going to eradicate the problem." He said that "a group" numbering "three or four" was responsible for "the most vicious form of campus-oriented violence" in Ohio. Pounding a table, he said, "They're worse than the Brown Shirts and the Communist element and also the night riders and the vigilantes. They're the worst type of people that we harbor in America." He seemed to have picked up some language that Vice-President Agnew had used on the eve of the Cambodian action. The Vice-President, in his most intemperate attack on the anti-war movement so far, had invited the public to look upon the demonstrators as Nazi Storm Troopers or as members of the Ku Klux Klan, and to "act accordingly." On May 4th, the day after Governor Rhodes spoke, National Guardsmen shot fifteen students on the Kent State campus during a demonstration, killing four.

In a statement the same day, the President drew a lesson from the shootings: "This should remind us all once again that when dissent turns to violence it invites tragedy." That evening, the Vice-President called the killings "predictable and avoidable." He went on to attack "élitists" who regarded the Bill of Rights as a protection "for psychotic and criminal elements in our society," and observed that with leadership like this it was not surprising that "we have traitors and thieves and perverts . . . in our midst." In the country at large, the shootings triggered a national tumult of new dimensions. Campuses in the hundreds now went on strike. With American troops crossing new borders in Indo-China, and the President evidently in a world of his own in the White House, and four dead in Ohio, and colleges and uni-

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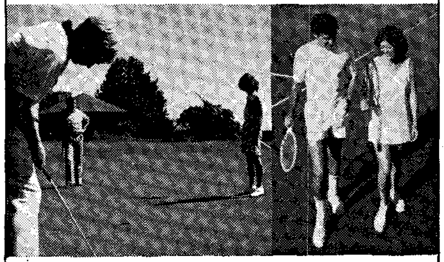

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versities all over the nation in a state of virtual revolt, and the Vice-President acting as if he were egging on the citizenry to new acts of violence, the nation seemed, for a moment, to be spinning out of control, perhaps irrecoverably. That Sunday, Max Frankel wrote in the *Times*, "America was a nation in anguish last week, her population divided, her campuses closed, her capital shaken, her government confused, her President perplexed." John Gardner, who had been Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare under President Johnson, said in a speech, "Virtually all of us have failed in our duty as Americans. The failure goes to every level and phase of American life. . . . And while each of us pursues his selfish interest . . . the nation disintegrates. I use the phrase soberly: the nation disintegrates." A thousand lawyers from New York, many of them members of Wall Street firms, arrived on Capitol Hill to lobby against the war. In the Senate, a serious drive to legislate an end to the war got under way.

Within the executive branch itself, Robert Finch, Nixon's Secretary of H.E.W., declared that the Vice-President's inflammatory speeches had "contributed to heating up the climate in which the Kent State students were killed," and his Commissioner of Education, James Allen, told a meeting of four hundred applauding Office of Education employees that he could not support the President's war policies. At the State Department, more than two hundred and fifty employees signed a letter to Secretary of State William Rogers protesting the Cambodian operation. A national unease that had been gathering around the person of the President crystallized. It found its most widely publicized expression in a letter to the President from his Secretary of the Interior, Walter Hickel. "About two hundred years ago, there was emerging a great nation in the British Empire, and it found itself with a colony in violent protest by its youth—men such as Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, to name a few," Hickel wrote. "Their protests fell on deaf ears and finally led to war. The outcome is history. My point is, if we read history, it clearly shows that youth in its protest must be heard." And then, in an appeal whose implication frightened official Washington far more than the Secretary's thoughts on the President and the young, Hickel mentioned another group that must be heard by the President—his own Cabinet. "Permit me," he wrote, "to suggest that you consider meeting on an individual and conversational basis with members of your Cabinet." This advice raised an ominous question: If the President was out of touch with young people, and out of touch with Congress (whose advice he had not asked before he ordered troops into Cambodia), and out of touch with his Cabinet, then whom was he in touch with?

In his speech announcing the invasion of Cambodia, the President had said, "I promised to end this war. I shall keep that promise." And it was true that as he escalated the war with one hand, he was de-escalating it with the other. It was not in the name of an expanding, unbounded war effort that the country was being put through its worst ordeal in this century. The President was not rallying his people to victory. He was rallying them to endure a protraction of the announced liquidation of a war that the country had rejected. Withdrawal was tearing the country apart as escalation had never done: a dying war had been parlayed into a national convulsion.

THE day after the killings at Kent State, as the tide of anger and dismay was rising, the President reversed his course. He met with several congressional delegations, and, whatever his military plans may have been when he announced his intention of going "to the heart of the trouble," he now announced that American troops would not penetrate more than twenty-one miles into Cambodia, and that they would be withdrawn within a period of from three to seven weeks. He reversed his mood, too. Three days later, on the evening of May 8th, he held a news conference, and when he was asked now about student protests against his decision to send American troops into Cambodia, he said, "I made the decision for the very reasons that they are protesting. And as far as affecting my decision is concerned, their protests I am concerned about; I am concerned because I know how deeply they feel." He also said, "You can be sure that everything that I stand for is what they want." In his Cambodian-invasion speech, the President had portrayed an "age of anarchy." Now, as a result of the invasion, something close to real anarchy had been unleashed in the land, but the President's vision had faded, at least in his public pronouncements. When he was asked whether the war, after it was over, would seem worthwhile to Americans looking back on it, he answered, "It's a rather moot question. . . . Only history will record whether it was worthwhile." The threat that had recently menaced the institutions that had been created by free civilizations in the last five hundred years had evaporated for the moment, too. The public justifications for the war, it now seemed, were of variable magnitude and intensity. It was as though there were a thermostat on the nation's war aims, which could be turned all the way up to stakes of apocalyptic proportions and turned down to near zero.

THAT night, the President was unable to sleep. Between nine o'clock in the evening and five o'clock the next morning, he made fifty-one phone calls, including eight to his national-security adviser Henry Kissinger. Later, looking back on it all, Kissinger offered the opinion that the President had been "on the edge of nervous breakdown." On May 9th, a demonstration against the Cambodian action was to take place in Washington. At 5 A.M., the President decided to go out and meet his young adversaries face to face. He awakened his valet, Manolo Sanchez, who drove him in the early-morning darkness down to the Lincoln Memorial, where some young people were waiting for the day's events to begin. He approached a group of students, and opened the conversation with some small talk. He chatted about sports (football, surfing), and described the importance of travelling while you were still young. (The American West would be a nice place to start, he said.) Shifting to weightier subjects, he pointed out that at one time he had considered Winston Churchill "a madman." The young people were disconcerted, and some hours later, when the President was back in the White House, he told a reporter, "I doubt if that got over."

ON the day the President was telling the country that he wanted just what the protesters wanted, construction workers in Lower Manhattan—as though following the advice given by the Vice-President ten days earlier to regard the protesters as Storm Troopers or as members of the Ku Klux Klan and to "act accordingly"—attacked a group of peaceful student anti-war demonstrators with their fists and tools, injuring about fifty of them. Men in business suits were seen directing the workers to their targets. The attack marked the first major incident of street violence between ordinary citizens over the issue of the war. Over-

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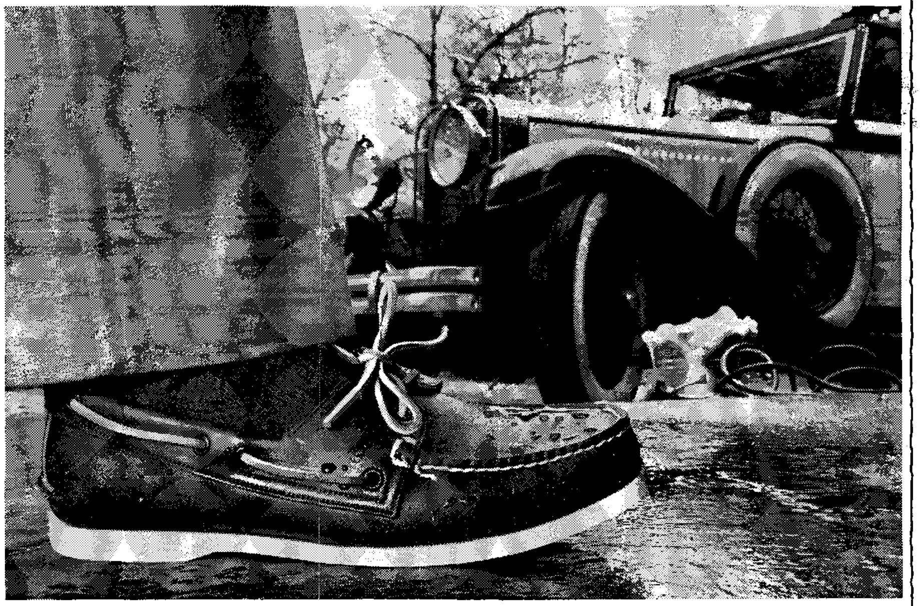

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night, the term "hard-hat"—a reference to the construction workers' headgear—entered the language, signifying a generalized lower-middle-class anger against "liberals." On May 26th, President Nixon met with a delegation from the New York construction-trade and longshoremen's unions and informed them that he had found the actions of the union men on the streets "very meaningful." Peter Brennan, president of the Building and Construction Trades Council of Greater New York, and the other union men presented the President with a hard hat bearing the legend "Commander-in-Chief," together with a statement in support of the President's war policy that said, in part, "The hard hat will stand as a symbol, along with our great flag, for freedom and patriotism to our beloved country."

BY the end of June, the troops had been withdrawn from Cambodia. They had not found a Communist headquarters, nor had they encountered the enemy on a large scale. As it turned out, the enemy, apparently having got wind of the invasion beforehand, had withdrawn deeper into Cambodia and set about training Cambodian insurgents in techniques for overthrowing their government. In the field in Southeast Asia, the most momentous military result of the invasion had turned out to be a takeover of some two-thirds of Cambodia by the insurgent forces. But in Washington the events in Cambodia went all but unnoticed. Washington was preoccupied with the uprising at home. From the start, the President, who had precipitated the crisis single-handed, had regarded the Cambodian invasion primarily as a domestic event, and it had turned out to be just that. The military results were unimportant to him, because what was being tested was "not our power" but our "will and character," and will and character could be tested only at home. Ordinarily, in wartime, it is the foe that tests the will and character of a people, and does so by posing a military threat. The Cambodian crisis was unique in that the President, not the enemy, was testing his people's character, and was doing it with a crisis that was a mere rehearsal for a "real crisis." The invasion, therefore, was not so much an invasion of enemy territory as an invasion by the President of what he took to be the soft, irresolute territory of the American character. President Kennedy and President Johnson had used Vietnam as a stage to demonstrate

American credibility. President Nixon, ever since he came to office, had been using America as the stage. And if in recent years the White House and the country had grown apart, the President's foray out of the White House fastness into the nation in the form of a symbolic military invasion accompanied by fearsome rhetorical flourishes gave the inhabitants of each world a glimpse of the other. The President encountered a wrathful resistance whose depth he had not expected, and the resisters encountered, among other things, bullets. Both sides recoiled in shock. And after the brief scene of mutual bewilderment in the early morning on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial each side withdrew again into its own world.

IN early summer, the President, returning to the calm and predictability of the executive branch, launched a fresh bout of "reorganization." The shakeup, with its hirings and firings and transfers of power, showed the President in command of affairs and helped calm fears that he might be losing his grip. And, like the first bout of reorganization, which had been launched when the President first arrived in office, it gave the country something of what the columnist William Shannon in 1968 had called "the known and familiar" to think about. Moreover, it gave the President a chance to expand his power in a new direction: over the agencies and Cabinet departments of his executive branch. The first bout of reorganization had been presented as action preliminary to the formation of policies, but now it turned out that what the action had been preliminary to was more reorganization: the system set up for domestic affairs in January of 1969 was scrapped in the early summer of 1970 in favor of a whole new set of institutions. The 1970 plan came from the President's Advisory Council on Executive Organization, headed by Roy Ash, who had had a hand in reorganization from the beginning. The Advisory Council had been ordered to work in total secrecy. Members had been forbidden to take documents home with them. They had been required to throw all the wastepaper of their work in "burn bags," whose contents were always incinerated. Even the Cabinet was kept uninformed of the impending changes. Finally, the President announced, when the plan was submitted to Congress, that two principal new institutions were being set up in the White House. They were, first, the Domestic Council, which would include the Vice-President, the Attorney General, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of Commerce, the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of Labor, the Secretary of Transportation, and the Secretary of the Treasury, and also the new Council on Urban Affairs, which had been established with high expectations as recently as 1969; and, second, the Office of Management and Budget, which would subsume the old Bureau of the Budget and would take an interest in almost all domestic programs from a budgetary point of view. In the second week of June, after the statutory sixty-day waiting period had elapsed without a congressional vote against the new plan, the President announced that it would take effect on July 1st. John Ehrlichman was placed in charge of the Domestic Council, and so became one of the two or three most important men in the executive branch. Every document on domestic affairs that was submitted for the President's attention was channelled through him. In the fall of 1969, Ehrlichman, a close associate of Haldeman, had been named Assistant to the President for Domestic Affairs, and a *Times* reporter had written, "Thus Mr. Ehrlichman was named to oversee the domestic policy-making machinery, and the question therefore arises, what do we know about him?" After giving a few details of Ehrlichman's background, the reporter concluded, "On balance, he is the sort of man to whom one would unhesitatingly grant power of attorney." The other new organization, the Office of Management and Budget, would be headed by former Secretary of Labor George Shultz, who would now also be an Assistant to the President.

The Advisory Council proposed, further, a change in the independent regulatory commissions, whose effect would be to bring them under tighter White House control. Most of the existing commissions would be merged, abolished, fragmented, or reduced in size. The Interstate Commerce Commission, the Civil Aeronautics Board, and the Federal Maritime Commission would be merged into one commission, headed by a single administrator; the five-member Securities and Exchange Commission would be replaced by a new agency, also headed by a single administrator; the five-member Federal Trade Commission would be abolished and its functions distributed

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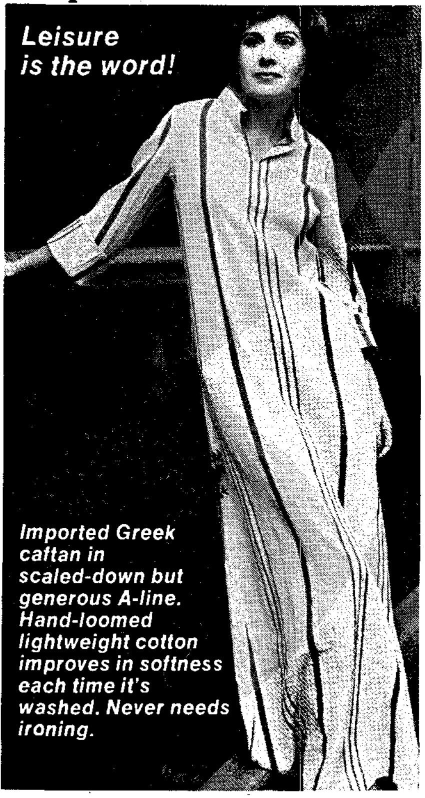

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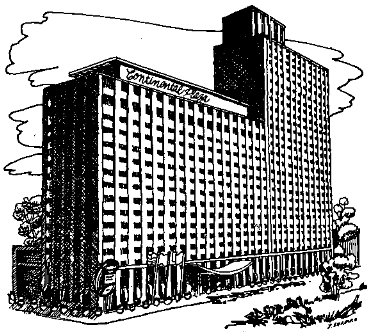

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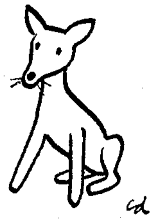
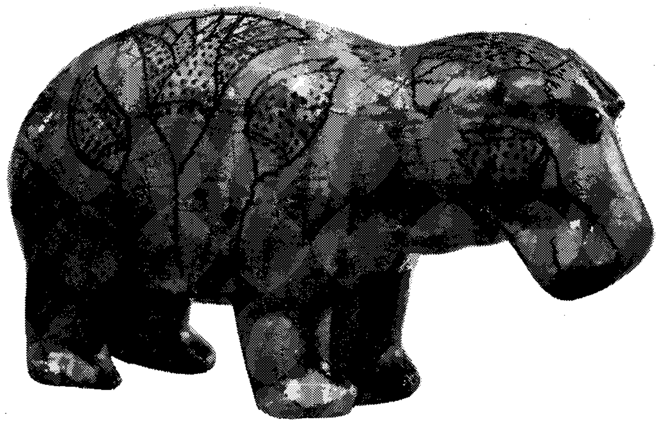
among two new agencies; and the seven members of the Federal Communications Commission would be reduced to five. In other words, bipartisan voting boards, composed of commissioners who served for fixed terms specified by statute, and each of whom had to be confirmed by the Senate, would be replaced by strong chairmen who would be nominated by the White House, and would serve at the pleasure of the President without a fixed term of office. "The aim would be to center the making of policy in highly visible executives . . . and abandon the time-consuming pretense that the commissions can sit as courts and reach impartial judicial-type decisions" is how the *Times* explained the proposal. Actually, the "reorganization," which sounded so humdrum and was so boring to think about, was an immense part of a drive to concentrate power in the White House.



There were some people outside the White House who expected reorganization to inaugurate the mood of conciliation and calm that the President had once promised. Some of those who had applauded the Administration's idea of bringing the country together and deplored its later idea of "positive polarization," and who were pleased that the President had now said he wanted just what the demonstrators wanted, saw the new reorganization as a means of giving the Cabinet the access to the President which he had promised it even before he was inaugurated but which Interior Secretary Hickel had found lacking in the spring of 1970. They hoped that, following the President's reorganization, "a Cabinet made up of the ablest men in America, leaders in their own right and not merely by virtue of appointment—men who will command the public's respect and the President's attention by the power of their intellect and the force of their ideas," as the President had described the ideal Cabinet during the campaign, would now swing into action and would at last establish the tolerant, "open" Administration that the nation had thought it put in power in 1968. The President and his newly powerful advisers saw reorganization in exactly the opposite light. All three of the high Administration officials who had ventured to breathe a word of criticism of the Administration during the crisis—Hickel, Allen, and Finch—were marked for removal from their posts. (Within months, the sentences were carried out.) The crisis over Cambodia had confirmed the top men of the Administration in their picture of themselves as a beleaguered band trying to execute the President's policies in the face of the virtually treasonous machinations of a whole league of enemies. When the country, at the President's invitation, revealed its will and character in the uproar after the Cambodian action, the men in the White House had been deeply alarmed by what they saw. As John Ehrlichman later described the way he saw things, the White House was faced with the "problems of leaks, demonstrations, bombings and terrorism, public opinion, and congressional support." And, besides public opinion, terrorism, and the like, there was another problem, he said—"holdovers" in the executive branch, as Democrats who remained in their jobs after the change of Administration were known. Ehrlichman went on to say of the holdovers, "These people conducted a kind of internal guerrilla warfare against the President during the first term, trying to frustrate his goals. . . . The object was to create hostility in the Congress and abroad and to affect public opinion." Thus, in Ehrlichman's mind the holdovers within the Administration merged with the terrorists outside it. He said, "A similar threat . . . was posed by the combination of street demonstrations, terrorism, violence, and their effect on public and congressional support for the President's policy." Since arriving in office, President Nixon had developed the conviction that a powerful "Establishment" consisting of the Senate, the anti-war movement, the press, the television networks, and independent foundations was plotting to cripple the American Presidency and to destroy him personally at the earliest possible date, and now he had arrived at the conclusion that the federal bureaucracy, too, was in on the plot. The crisis of Presidential authority, he believed, now reached into his own executive branch. Reorganization was an excellent weapon for combat on the bureaucratic front. Through reorganization, the President could in a very short period create a bureaucracy within the White House which was wholly under White House control and whose functions would often duplicate those of the Cabinet departments. Then, in the long run, the Cabinet departments themselves could be staffed with politically loyal people. Patrick Buchanan, in proposing the front group disguised as a foundation which would carry on Administration activities seemingly outside the Administration, had suggested that one of its roles might be to train loyalists who could be moved into the State Department "five deep" after the 1972 Presidential election. Now it turned out that, in the absence of such a "foundation," the expanded White House staff was to be the training ground.

Reorganization also increased the power of the White House in relation to the Congress. White House control in the foreign sphere was already complete. Now, by removing domestic policymaking to the White House, the Administration turned power in the domestic sphere over to men who, unlike the Cabinet Secretaries, did not require Senate confirmation and could not, in the ordinary conduct of their duties, be required to testify on Capitol Hill. Moreover, under the old system the Cabinet departments, with their entrenched bureaucracies, were prone to alliances with Congress and subject to congressional influence, but the new policymakers in the White House would be independent. Under the new arrangements, it would be considerably harder for members of Congress to "substitute their own philosophy or their own subjective judgment" for that of the President, as he had said they did when the Senate twice rejected his nominations to the Supreme Court. The diminution of congressional power would be good for the country, the White House men thought—for their attitude toward Congress was deeply contemptuous. Since going to work at the White House, Ehrlichman, for one, had had a good look at the legislative branch, and he had been shocked by what he found. He had seen drunken members "totter onto the floor," he told the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities in the summer of 1973, and he believed that others had been sucked into a "local culture which scoffs at patriotism and family life and morality just as it adulates the opposite." To let these degenerates, drunkards, and incompetents make policy would obviously be as inexcusable an abdication of Presidential responsibility as it would be to turn policy over to the guerrilla warriors in the Cabinet departments, not to mention the ones in the streets. So policy would not be made in the Congress or in the Cabinet departments or in the streets—or, for that matter, in the Supreme Court, where strict constructionists would be keeping out of



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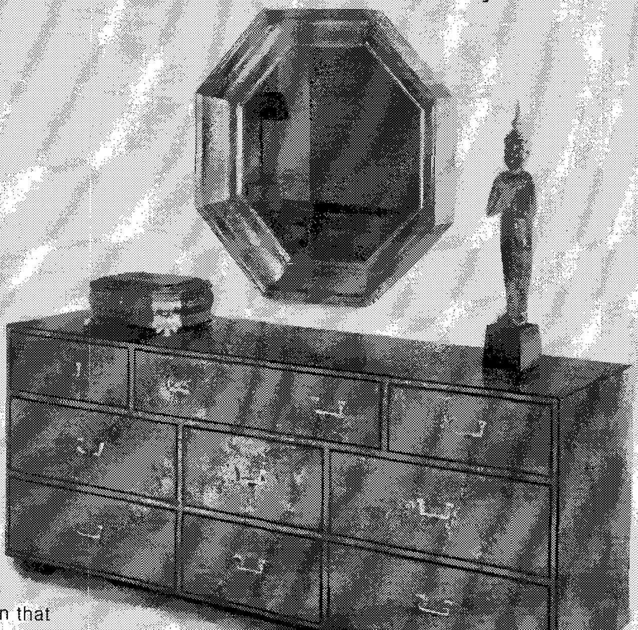

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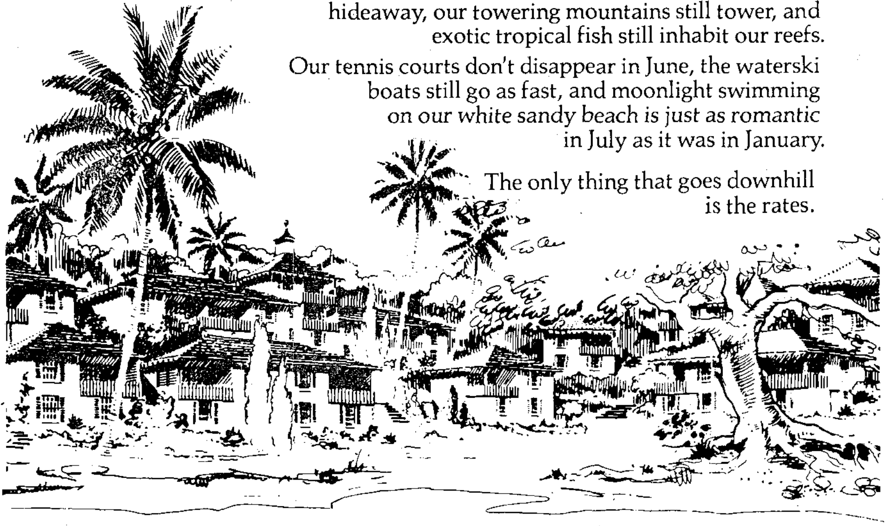

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the President's way. It would be made in the White House.

To some people in Congress, and some people in the Cabinet departments, the process might look like a takeover from the top, in which the White House had set out to subjugate the independent centers of power in the federal government, but to the men in the White House it seemed an effort to put down an insurrection. To them, the coup looked like counterinsurgency war.

IN the summer of 1970, the White House opened an "offensive" against Chet Huntley, the co-anchorman of the NBC evening news. Huntley had been quoted in *Life* as saying, "The shallowness of the man overwhelms me; the fact that he is President frightens me." In mid-July, Lawrence Higby, an aide to Haldeman, wrote a memo to Magruder asking for "some creative thinking" on "an attack on Huntley for his statements in *Life*." Higby suggested a petition "calling for the immediate removal of Huntley right now." As it happened, Huntley was already retiring, but Higby wanted to press ahead with the attack. Huntley might be retiring, but there was still NBC to destroy. "The point behind this whole thing is that we don't care about Huntley—he is going to leave anyway," Higby wrote, and he added, "What we are trying to do here is to tear down the institution."

ON July 9th, Haldeman wrote a memo to Magruder suggesting that another institution—the Harris poll—should be undermined. The Harris organization had taken a poll showing that seventy per cent of the students in American colleges were disturbed by American foreign policy. "Let's figure out a way to get some mileage out of this and some similar questions in the Harris poll and use them as a way of discrediting the Harris poll," Haldeman wrote, and he added, "There is a lot of dirty work that could be done here and should be."

IN the period of intensive reorganization that followed the Cambodian action, the Administration's campaign against the press became more ambitious than ever. In the fall of 1969, Jeb Magruder had suggested moving from the "shotgun" technique to the "rifle" technique. Since then, the Vice-President had made his series of speeches attacking the news media;

the system of rigged letters had been instituted; a method of arranging leaks and plants in the press had been devised; the Justice Department had subpoenaed the notes of reporters from many of the country's major news organizations; the Administration's Communications Director Herbert Klein had made threatening remarks (for example, he had characterized the Vice-President's attacks as a "physician-heal-thyself" warning); other government officials had threatened government intervention in broadcasting; and, within the Administration, White House staff members had been looking into the possibility of using the F.C.C., the Justice Department, and the Internal Revenue Service to bring the press and the television networks into line.

By mid-1970, the target was not one news organization or another but the news media as an institution. The aim, as Magruder put it in response to a request from Haldeman for a program of action, was to "generate a public reëxamination of the role of the media in American life." Instead of just tearing down NBC, "the focus of our effort should be to raise the larger question of objectivity and ethics in the media as an institution," Magruder wrote. "To do this, we will have to turn objectivity into an issue and a subject of public debate." Like his superiors in the White House, Magruder was confident of the Administration's power to control the content of public debate. And, indeed, Magruder's plan illustrated one of the great strengths of the White House propaganda machine. Its power lay not so much in its ability to control what was said on a given issue as in its power to determine which issues were taken up for national debate. Sometimes a blistering speech by the Vice-President would be all that was necessary. In the fall of 1969, for instance, at his instigation, the television networks had already devoted their attention to the question of their "objectivity." In other cases, the fact that the President had taken up, or dropped, an issue would be reason enough for the networks and the press to take up, or to drop, that issue.

Magruder suggested several specific measures for making an issue of objectivity. One was to "plant a column" with a columnist "which raises the question of objectivity and ethics in the news media." Another was to "arrange for an article" on the same subject in a "major consumer magazine," which would be written by "Stewart Alsop, [William] Buckley, or [James] Kilpatrick." (The men in the White House had no doubt of their power to induce independent writers to write what the White House wanted them to write.) Another was to "arrange" for an article on objectivity to be written for a "prestigious journal," such as the *Columbia Journalism Review*. Another was to "ask the Vice-President to speak out on this issue." (He was already doing so.) Another was to "have Rogers Morton"—the chairman of the Republican National Committee—"go on the attack in a news conference." Another was to "have Dean Burch"—the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission—" 'express concern' about press objectivity in response to a letter from a Congressman." Another was to arrange for a book-length " 'exposé' to be written by an author such as Earl Mazo or Victor Lasky"—which, of course, could enable the men in the White House to "generate a massive outpouring of letters-to-the-editor." Another was to "form a blue-ribbon media 'watchdog' committee to report to the public on cases of biassed reporting." Another was to "have a Senator or Congressman write a public letter to the F.C.C. suggesting the 'licensing' of individual newsmen." Of such stuff were White House "offensives" made.

IN no area was the White House more eager for reorganization than in that of intelligence. The President might say he wanted the same thing as the people demonstrating against him in the streets, but privately he remained convinced that the "age of anarchy" he had announced in his Cambodia speech was continuing. In June, the President ordered a "reassessment" of the government's intelligence agencies. Haldeman assigned an aide named Tom Huston, a twenty-nine-year-old attorney and former Army intelligence officer from Logansport, Indiana, who described himself as a "Jeffersonian Republican," to oversee the work. On June 5th, as the uproar over the invasion of Cambodia was subsiding, the President called in the chief of the C.I.A., Richard Helms; the Director of the F.B.I., J. Edgar Hoover; the head of the National Security Agency, Vice-Admiral Noel Gayler; and the head of the Defense Intelligence Agency, Lieutenant General Donald Bennett. He asked them all to meet with Huston to work out a coördinated plan for dealing with internal threats. After several meetings with Huston, they

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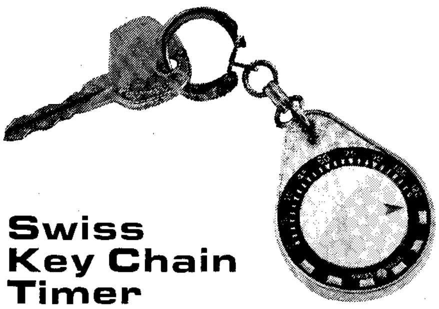

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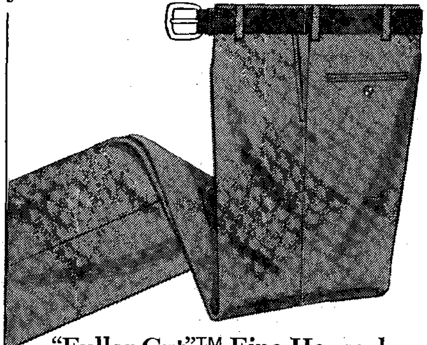

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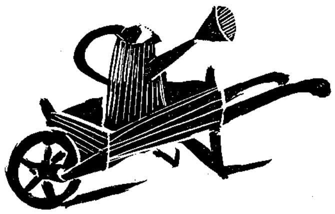
did agree on a plan. A secret corps made up of representatives of the four intelligence agencies; the counterintelligence agencies of the Departments of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force; and—if the Interagency Group on Domestic Intelligence and Internal Security, as this new corps was to be called, thought it necessary—the State Department, the Treasury Department, the Justice Department, "and such other agencies which may have investigative or law-enforcement responsibilities touching on domestic intelligence or internal security matters," and overseen by the White House, would be, in effect, empowered to commit a wide variety of crimes against the members of any group that it suspected of being subversive. The suspects' mail would be opened. Their phones would be tapped without warrants. Their offices and homes would be broken into in a search for information. Government agencies, including the Internal Revenue Service, would be used to punish them and gather information on them. Huston knew that the plan was unlawful: he wrote that surreptitious entry was "clearly illegal," and "could result in great embarrassment if exposed."

Huston was nevertheless pleased with the first phase of his work. In reference to the assembled chiefs of the intelligence agencies, he wrote in a memo to Haldeman, "Unlike most of the bureaucracy, the intelligence community welcomes direction and leadership from the White House." Huston went on to give the intelligence chiefs high marks for their performance at his meetings. "The discussions were frank and the quality of work first-rate," he wrote. "All were delighted that an opportunity was finally at hand to address themselves jointly to the serious internal security threat which exists." In fact, he was so well pleased with the chiefs that he recommended a little reward for them. The President, he said, should "present each with an autographed copy of the photo of the first meeting which Ollie took." The reference was to Oliver Atkins, a White House photographer. Of course, they wouldn't be able to hang the award on the wall, because the entire operation was secret.

Something that Huston was particularly eager to do was to use the Internal Revenue Service to harass radical groups. He got in touch with the I.R.S. to inquire about a secret organization within it called the Special Service Group, which had been set up, at the prompting of the Administration, in July of 1969. The service that this organization would render would be to lay the groundwork for taking away a group's tax-exempt status if someone decided that the group was "extremist." "What we cannot do in a courtroom via criminal prosecutions to curtail the activities of some of these groups, I.R.S. could do by administrative action," Huston wrote, and he added, "Moreover, valuable intelligence-type information could be turned up by I.R.S. as a result of their field audits." In Huston's eyes, government agencies were interchangeable. The Justice Department, the nation's chief law-enforcement agency, was to be used to "curtail the activities" of "groups," and whenever this failed, the I.R.S., a tax-collecting agency, was to be used to punish them. And if the C.I.A., which in any case was barred by its charter from collecting information at home, could not get the facts that the White House wanted about some of the "groups," the I.R.S. could do that, too.



Huston had expected trouble from Richard Helms, the director of the C.I.A., who was a holdover from the Johnson Administration, but Helms seemed to agree fully to the White House plan, and he won a commendatory "Most coöperative" in his young overlord's review of the situation to Haldeman. Then the plan ran into unexpected trouble from another holdover—J. Edgar Hoover, the Director of the F.B.I. Earlier, Hoover, on his own initiative, had claimed as the province of the F.B.I. the responsibility for disrupting the left, and he did not care to have other agencies—or the White House—muscling in on his territory. Now, finding himself in a minority of one, the Director had recourse to "footnotes." At the bottom of Huston's final report to the President, his objections were typed in. Hoover said he was afraid—as Huston paraphrased it in a memo to Haldeman—that "the risks are too great," and that "these folks are going to get the President into trouble," because " 'the jackals of the press' and the A.C.L.U. will find out." Huston, a dedicated soldier of the reorganizational wars, was scandalized. "For eighteen months, we have watched people in this government ignore the President's orders, take actions to embarrass him, promote themselves at his expense, and generally make his job more difficult," he wrote in his memo to Haldeman. "It makes me fighting mad, and what Hoover is doing here is putting himself above the President." Given the way the President and his top aides felt about the "guerrillas" in the bureaucracies, these were no doubt the kind of words they liked to hear from their subordinates. Unfortunately for Tom Huston and his plan, Director Hoover was no ordinary holdover. Hoover had more than footnotes to use in his fight. For instance, he knew all about the President's warrantless-wiretapping program, and he knew that if the jackals of the press and the A.C.L.U. found out that the President had been wiretapping members of his own staff and newsmen such as Joseph Kraft, the President would truly be in trouble. In mid-July, the President approved the Huston plan. But the plan was never put into effect. Employing a check that the Founding Fathers had not envisioned—sheer bureaucratic clout and secret-police power—Director Hoover indeed put himself above the President, and overruled him; and the liberties of the people, to some small extent, were protected.

The A.C.L.U., if it had got wind of the White House intelligence plan, would certainly have considered it repressive, as Hoover guessed. But Huston did not think of it that way. He saw it as a means of *heading off* repression. As he expressed it much later, "the first problem from the intelligence point of view was to try to identify these people [violently inclined radicals] as quickly as possible to get the damned thing stopped before there was real repression." Vice-President Agnew had used a similar logic in many of his speeches. On one occasion in the fall of 1969, he had said, "Right now we must decide whether we will take the trouble to stave off a totalitarian state. Will we stop the wildness now before it is too late, before the witch-hunting and repression that are all too inevitable begin?" Henry Kissinger was another who was afraid of right-wing repression, and he told journalists on occasion that the United States must leave Vietnam without suffering a defeat in order to avert a dangerous right-wing backlash, such as occurred after the "fall" of China in 1949. Speaking to a group of editors in Hartford, Connecticut, about the Administration's policy during the Cambodian crisis, he said, "It has been our conviction that if political decisions were to

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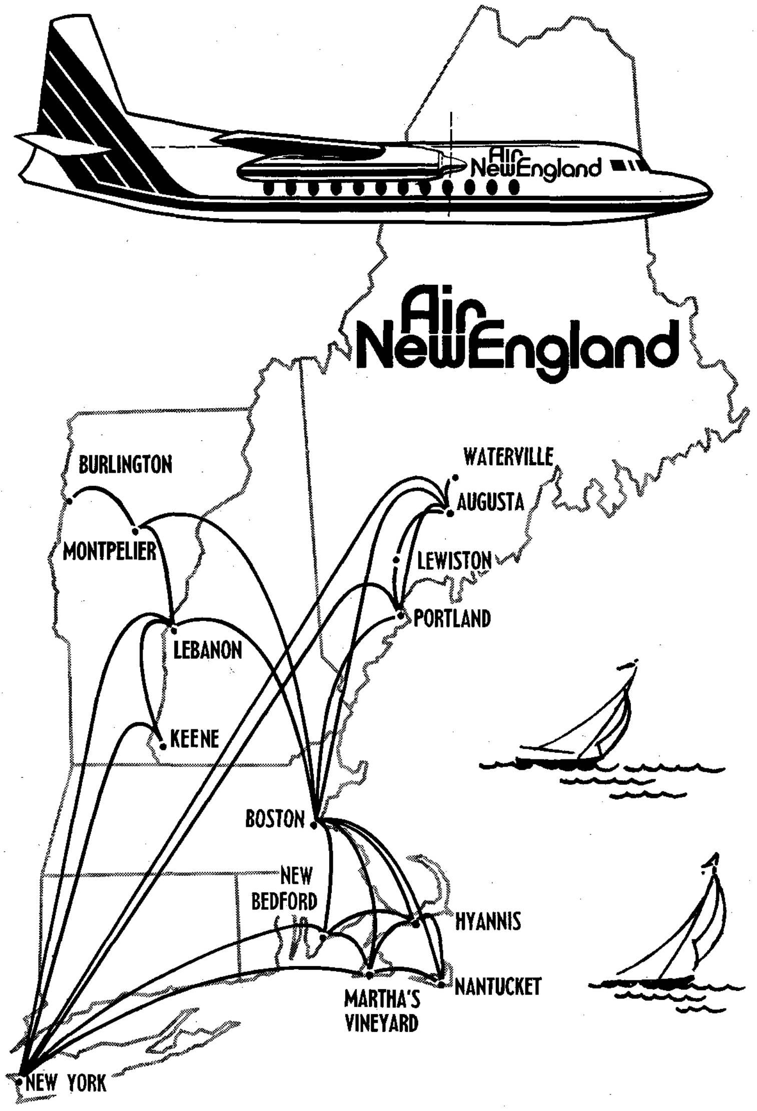

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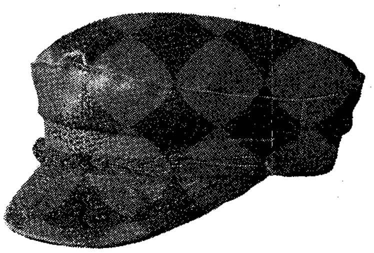

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be made in the streets the victors would not be upper-middle-class college kids, but some real tough guys. . . . The society which makes its decisions in this manner will sooner or later be driven towards some form of Caesarism in which the most brutal forces in the society take over. Therefore, we believe that what really was at stake here was not this President. What was at stake here was the problem of authority in this society altogether." Outside the Administration, too, this argument carried considerable weight. In a widely read speech in the spring of 1970, Senator Margaret Chase Smith, Republican of Maine, had argued that the disruption caused by the left was dangerous because it could provoke a repressive reaction. And the *Times*, in its editorials, had often made the point that if the left continued to disrupt the universities, repressive government action might be taken which would destroy the universities' traditional independence. Even within the left itself, strong pressure was put on demonstrators and others to wear conventional clothes and behave in a dignified manner, so as not to provoke an angry reaction among people on their right—which in this case meant almost everyone. In 1970, then, almost the whole of America, from Huston on left, was looking in fear over its right shoulder.

As the tempo of reorganization increased throughout the executive branch, Constitutional offices became misshapen. Some offices were expanding beyond their normal limits; other offices were dying from neglect. Power was ebbing from many of the old positions, whose duties and authority were defined by history and by law, and was flowing into newly invented positions, whose duties and authority were left all but undefined. For example, the office of the Secretary of State, a post formally established by an act of the Congress almost two hundred years ago, was shrivelling into insignificance, while the recently established, ad-hoc office of Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs was swelling with newly grasped power. Many offices had sprung into existence at the President's behest, emerging without public discussion from the secret deliberations of the Advisory Council. The duties of nine Cabinet Secretaries concerned with domestic affairs had been superseded by an institution newly created by executive fiat—the Domestic Council—but its duties, and also those of the

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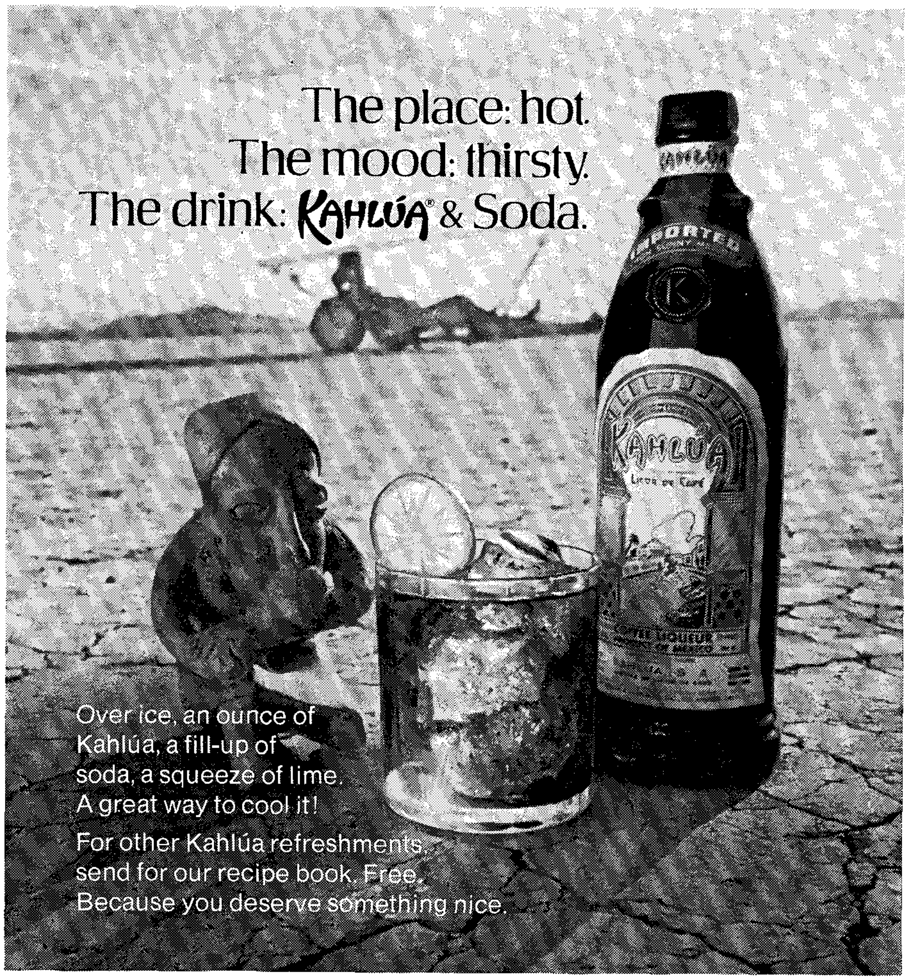
Office of Management and Budget, had hardly been specified at all. A message to Congress stated hazily that two functions, "policy determination and executive management, closely connected but basically separate," were centered in the President's office, and went on to explain that, corresponding to these functions, the two new entities would "involve (1) what government should do, and (2) how it goes about doing it." When an aide in the Budget Bureau—shortly to be absorbed by the new Office of Management and Budget—was asked to clarify what the roles of the two organizations would be he replied, vaguely, "Most probably the relationships cannot be defined yet and will have to work themselves out in time." In the executive order establishing the Domestic Council, the section titled "Functions of the Council" was even less specific. It stated, in full, "The Council shall perform such functions as the President may from time to time delegate or assign thereto."

Posts that are clearly articulated by law and tradition are essential in a system of public accountability, because they render the officeholders visible, and therefore accountable, to the public. If a post is fairly stable, the performance of a particular holder can be measured against clear, well-known obligations, and his performance can be compared with the performances of his predecessors. But in the Nixon system of rapidly fluctuating posts with no fixed responsibilities the frame of reference was lost, and the public was faced with a blur of unknown, uninvestigated men shifting back and forth between unfamiliar posts whose duties were in any case unclear. Another reason that stable, duly authorized positions are important is that they have a reassuring effect on the men who hold them. They are fixed points that men can cling to in the rapid flux of political affairs. The government official whose duties are clearly defined possesses a mandate that derives from someone other than the man who appointed him, and, if he wishes, he may invoke that mandate to resist illegitimate pressures. Moreover, certain limits are set on his own ambitions—at least, until he is appointed to some new post. But the men holding the new, amorphous, malleable, evanescent positions in the Nixon Administration knew that not only they but their posts could be promoted or demoted. They knew that their superiors were responsible for creating the ground they stood on as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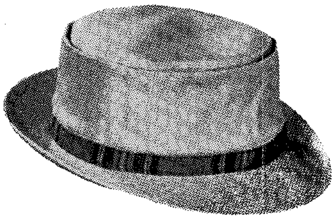

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well as for the fact that they were the particular men standing on it. They knew that, depending on their performance, or even on pure chance, they might suddenly find themselves holding sway over Cabinet members or agency heads, as Tom Huston did in June and July of 1970—or, just as suddenly, they might find themselves without any authority at all, as Huston did some months later.

A Constitutional government is a structure of fixed forms, but the men of the Nixon Administration were acting as though it were up to them to decide the shape of the United States government, and under their stewardship the fixed forms of the American government were dissolving. In the Nixon Administration, just as certain images were created and then discarded when their usefulness was over, institutions and organizations rose and fell with dizzying rapidity. Indeed, it was in part the insubstantiality and the transience of the Administration's aims—so many of which were geared to the demands of public relations—that underlay the transience of its institutional arrangements. The American system was losing the harmony, proportion, and balance conferred upon it by its founders in the eighteenth century. A spirit of reckless innovation had gained the upper hand. The three branches had become unevenly weighted. The Congress was surrendering one power after another to the executive branch. An apparent attempt to degrade the third coequal branch of government—the judicial, represented by the Supreme Court—was under way. The Cabinet had been humbled. In wide areas, due process was yielding to grants of discretionary power. The rights of assembly and free speech were under heavy assault. Military campaigns were being waged in secret. The lines that had from the beginning divided one governmental power from another and divided governmental power from personal power were fading and disappearing. The American Constitutional polity was caught up in a process of rank, patternless change. An Administration had seemed to decide that it could govern without reference to the Constitution or to any other given blueprint of government, and the country, by its reaction—or lack of one—seemed, for the moment, to acquiesce.

IMMEDIATELY after the invasion of Cambodia and the shootings at Kent State University, a strong feeling had developed in Washington and in the press—and, to all appearances, in the Administration itself—that the Presidential Offensive against the Administration's adversaries had run into a dead end. The President, as though acknowledging that the strain had become too great, had abruptly changed his course. At his press conference shortly after the Kent State killings, he had said that he would now be governed by the rule "When the action is hot, keep the rhetoric cool." In the months that followed, while Tom Huston, John Ehrlichman, and others were getting on with reorganization, he reverted in his public utterances to his inspirational style. He reiterated his promise to run an "open" Administration, and professed solidarity with the aspirations of the young. At the end of May, he told a rally assembled in Knoxville, Tennessee, to hear the evangelist Billy Graham, "I want to tell you that I'm very proud that on our White House staff we have the largest proportion of staff members in responsible positions below the age of thirty of any White House staff in history." And he said, "Government can provide, as I've indicated, peace, clean water, clean air, clean streets, and all the rest," but most important of all, he went on, was "that quality of the spirit that each one of us needs" and that Billy Graham could supply. A month later, in a speech in St. Louis before a convention of the Jaycees, formerly the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, he said, "I have seen, as you have seen, those deeply troubled people, and I understand why they feel as they do, carrying their signs and shouting their slogans, 'Peace, Now.' " Only then did he go on to defend his policy of staying in the war until the right kind of peace could be arranged. The mood of doubt—and certainly the mood of outrage—that swept the country in the spring had seemed to evaporate shortly after the Cambodian episode ended. While the crisis lasted, it had shaken many observers more deeply than anything in recent memory, but once it was over, people had appeared to push it out of their minds. Not for the first time, the nation had convinced itself that a return to "the known and familiar" was at hand. Once again, the prevailing opinion was that the war was "no longer an issue." As for the students who had protested in the spring, one student seemed to reflect the general feeling when he said, "Everything sizzled out in May, leaving a bad taste in everybody's mouth."

ON September 10th, some two months before the Congressional election of 1970, Vice-President Agnew set off on a tour of the country, in the company of several White House aides, including the speechwriters Patrick Buchanan and William Safire, and began to sound the opening themes of the approaching campaign. A member of Agnew's campaign entourage said to a reporter, "The tactic of this whole campaign is not to let those on the left get back to the center." On the second day of the tour, in an address to a Republican State Convention in San Diego, the Vice-President declared, "The great question for all of us this fall is becoming clearer and clearer," and he went on to ask, "Will America be led by a President elected by a majority of the American people, or will we be intimidated and blackmailed into following the path dictated by a disruptive, radical, and militant minority—the pampered prodigies of the radical liberals in the United States Senate?"

The next week, the President, in a speech at Kansas State University, seemed to embroider the Vice-President's theme. No longer did he want what the demonstrators against his policies wanted. Citing the hijacking of airplanes as a recent manifestation of a new global wave of "violence and terror," he told the students, "That same cancerous disease has been spreading over the world and here in the United States. . . . We have seen it in other bombings and burnings on our campuses, and [in] our cities, in the wanton shootings of policemen." The President drew a connection between these episodes and large international events, as he had done in his speech announcing the invasion of Cambodia. "A nation that condones blackmail and terror at home," he said, "can hardly stand as the example in putting an end to international piracies or tensions that could explode into war abroad." Therefore, he went on, something that was still worse than the violence itself was "the passive acquiescence or even fawning approval [of violence such as bombing, hijacking, and the shooting of policemen] that in some fashionable circles has become the mark of being 'with it.'" The President, far from growing more tolerant of "the Establishment" (in his view "fashionable circles" and "the Establishment" were evidently allied), as many observers expected

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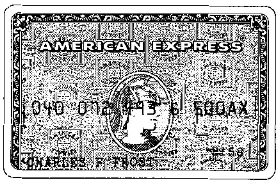

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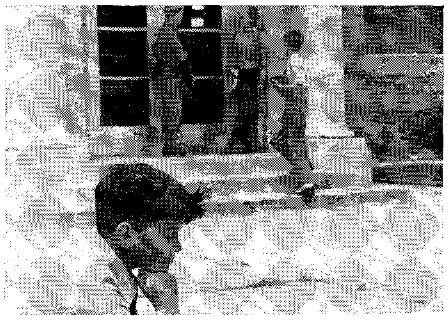
him to do after the hard lessons of the Cambodian invasion, had come to believe that large numbers of "the Establishment" delighted in the murder of police officers and the bombing of university buildings. In an earlier expression of the drift of his thinking, he had mused on this subject in early August, at an informal press conference. He had just seen the Western film "Chisum," and it had got him wondering why Western movies were so popular. "One of the reasons is, perhaps—and this may be a square observation—the good guys come out ahead in the Westerns, the bad guys lose," he suggested. That was right and proper. But in the President's opinion there were now significant numbers of Americans whose morality was completely inverted—who actually wanted to see the bad guys win. "As we look at the situation today," he said, "I think the main concern that I have is the attitudes that are created among many of our younger people and also perhaps older people as well in which they tend to glorify and to make heroes out of those who engage in criminal activities." An example, he pointed out, was a man named Charles Manson. The California newspapers, he had noticed, were devoting a good deal of space to news of the mass murder of a film star and some of her friends by a cultist group led by Manson. Apparently, this affair, and the coverage it got, had merged in the President's mind with thoughts about the political system in the United States and about international affairs, and he went on to remark that Americans all had to respect "the system of law and order and justice which we have inherited from over hundreds of years." He warned, "It is that system that is now under attack in so many areas. . . . We must come to its defense." The Presidential Offensive, it seemed, had taken a new lease on life.

In the August press conference and then in the September speech, the President had reverted—perhaps in anticipation of the fall congressional campaign—to the vision of the world he revealed in the Cambodia speech. In private, it seems, he had never lost that vision. If anything, it had grown more horrific. His picture of the way things were moving at home, in particular, was more alarming than before. Now the American system was threatened not only by anarchists systematically destroying universities but by glorifiers of criminal violence, lovers of mass murder, and fawners upon the mur-



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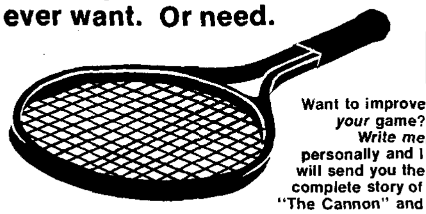

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derers of policemen: outright advocates of the most hideous forms of evil. And from the Vice-President's remarks it appeared that some of these clearly sick and dangerous people were in the United States Senate. These were not the "cool" words that the President had recommended after the Kent State shootings. Much less did they have anything to do with his advice to "lower our voices." (That phrase, which the President used in his Inaugural Address, had long been forgotten.)

FOR a brief period in September, Jeb Magruder found himself out of step with the prevailing White House thinking. He feared that the image that the White House was now promoting might be the wrong one for the congressional campaign of 1970. In fact, he was still dreaming of promoting the "image quite different than that of the Vice President, the Attorney General, and Judge Carswell" that he had favored in the spring—the image that would show the White House to be filled with "young, well-educated men who *care*." On September 11th, he wrote in a memo to Haldeman, "We won't take a back seat to anyone on progress—and we haven't. . . . Let's tangle with them [the Democrats] on a *philosophy* of government. The Establishment Democrats and opposition want a government that *tells* people what to do. RN wants a government that is responsive to all people, not just special interests." Magruder hoped that the new image he was proposing might prove acceptable. But Haldeman wrote back, "The attached still doesn't do it. Read the Scammon memo again [Richard Scammon was the author, with Ben Wattenberg, of a book titled "The Real Majority"] and then listen to a few of the Vice President's speeches and see if you don't get a better fix on what our theme is." Magruder quickly revised his ideas, and wrote to Haldeman, "The Democrats should be portrayed as being on the fringes: radical liberals who bus children, excuse disorders, tolerate crime, apologize for our wealth, and undercut the President's foreign policy."

The ideas of Scammon and Wattenberg, which were proving so influential in the White House, revolved around what they called "the social issue." The social issue was a cluster of fears that were said to afflict the average American voter as he went about his daily life, and included fear of drug addicts and rising crime rates, fear of school busing and of black people who

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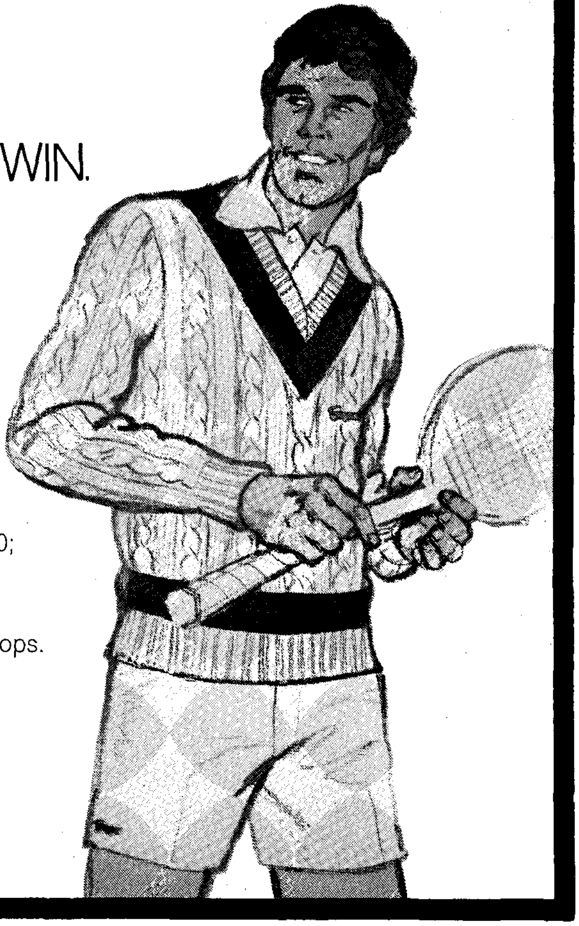
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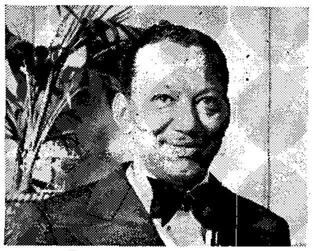

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might move into white neighborhoods, and fear of radical demonstrators. These fears, even more than economic worries, Scammon and Wattenberg thought, would determine how Americans voted in the future. Among many Americans, a feeling had been growing for some time that what were often called "old values" were collapsing, and that the society was in a state of disintegration. The old values were, among other things, thrift, a high regard for hard work, and respect for traditional inhibitions in personal matters. A number of theories as to the causes of the malaise were put forward. Some said that a general relaxation of discipline in all spheres of life—a spreading "permissiveness"—and a decline of respect for authority were the causes. And a few of these analysts thought that the very manhood of the authorities was open to question. For instance, the Vice-President had declared that many Americans, including Americans in positions of authority, were "snivelling" and "effete," and that some were in fact "eunuchs." Other analysts traced the problem not to a lack of discipline or manliness but to a lack of candor and integrity generally in the conduct of public affairs. These observers pointed out that truthfulness, tolerance, and a sense of justice, too, were "old values," and that the authorities had shown little respect for them in recent years. In the Presidential campaign of 1968, Nixon had seemed to favor this interpretation, but then he had changed. While he was in office, he had come to see the malaise from a special perspective. He drew a connection between the crisis of Presidential authority in foreign affairs which disturbed him so deeply and a broader crisis of authority in the society as a whole. In the citizen's helplessness in the face of crime, busing, and the like he saw a reflection of his own threatened helplessness in the world in the face of domestic opposition against the war, which, in his view, was threatening to cripple the power of the executive branch of the government. He hoped that the public's fear that the authorities were becoming impotent on the local level would encourage it to grant him increased authority on the global level. And to judge by his publicly expressed enthusiasm for the hardhats, he was willing to resort to the most extreme measures in seeking the sort of support he wanted.

To the men in the White House, the time seemed ripe for an "offensive" against the opposition which would outdo in uncontrolled vehemence and intensity anything they had attempted so far. Attorney General Mitchell said to a reporter, "This country is going so far right you are not even going to recognize it." They believed that, as one White House aide put it, they "had the liberal Establishment in total rout." They had been encouraged by the unresisting response to their earlier attacks from both the Democratic Party and the press. And now the anti-war movement seemed to have collapsed, too. The moment had come, they thought, to reap the political rewards of their year of combat. They saw a rich harvest of votes and a compliant Senate in the offing. Since the fall of 1969, when the Administration had scrapped its controlling image of itself as a great conciliator and reconstituted itself as the scourge of its enemies and rivals, almost every political institution of significance in the country, from the Supreme Court to the Harris poll, had come under some form of attack. The Congress, as it happened, had thus far been spared a frontal assault. To be sure, the Senate had been exposed to attacks of the "shotgun" variety. Like television and the press, some senators had been showered with rigged mail; the President, improving on the start made by his predecessors, had taken over the formation and conduct of all foreign policy, including the launching and waging of war; and he had scolded the Senate severely on several occasions, particularly in connection with its rejection of two of his Supreme Court nominations. But there had been no organized, systematic assault on the legislative branch as a whole. Now the President seemed determined to take advantage of the congressional campaign to rectify the omission.

The White House intervention in the congressional campaign had a secondary purpose as well. It could serve as a rehearsal for the Presidential campaign of 1972. One aide expressed the wish that the Presidential election could be held then and there. "We'd run the Democrats off the map," he told a reporter. Indeed, planning for 1972 had already begun. The White House had become convinced that Senator Edward Kennedy was the most likely Democratic candidate for 1972, and in 1969, after Kennedy told the nation he had driven off a bridge, killing a young woman in the car with him, John Ehrlichman had sent Anthony Ulasewicz to the scene of the accident to spy on his personal life. Ulasewicz, a retired New York City policeman who had been interviewed by John Ehrlichman at LaGuardia Airport in May of 1969, only a few months after the President's inauguration, and hired shortly thereafter, at Ehrlichman's direction, to carry out sensitive political investigations into the personal lives of potential candidates of the opposition party, was not on the government payroll. Instead, he received a salary of twenty-two thousand dollars per year, plus expenses, from secret funds left over from the 1968 Presidential campaign, and the money was paid to him by the President's personal attorney, Herbert Kalmbach. Then, in 1970, the White House encouraged the candidacy of a right-wing Republican, John McCarthy, in the senatorial primary in Massachusetts. John McCarthy had no chance of winning either the primary or the election, but Charles Colson, the White House aide who encouraged him to run, wanted him to attack Kennedy on the issue of the car accident, among other things, and thus tarnish Kennedy's reputation in preparation for 1972. Another problem that the White House men anticipated in 1972 was the possible candidacy of former Governor George Wallace, of Alabama, on a third-party ticket. Wallace, they believed, would tend to draw votes away from President Nixon. In 1970, Wallace was involved in a close primary race for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in Alabama. Accordingly, the White House funnelled four hundred thousand dollars—part of those secret funds left over from the 1968 Presidential campaign—to the campaign of his rival, Governor Albert Brewer, who had succeeded to the governorship in 1968, after the death of Wallace's wife, Governor Lurleen Wallace. This transaction, like many other secret White House financial transactions, was handled by Kalmbach, who had in his keeping some two and a half million dollars in surplus campaign funds, of which about two million was in cash. He made the contribution to the Brewer campaign by handing a hundred thousand dollars to an anonymous man in a hotel lobby in New York, a hundred thousand dollars to an anonymous man in the lobby of a Los Angeles bank, and directing that the remaining two hundred thousand dollars be handed over, in the lobby of the same New York hotel, by France

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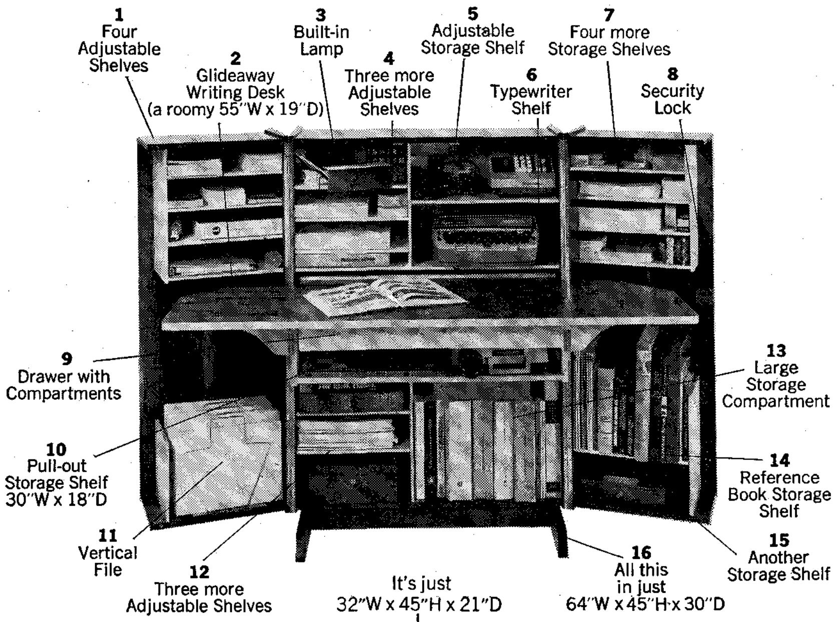

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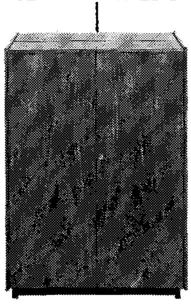
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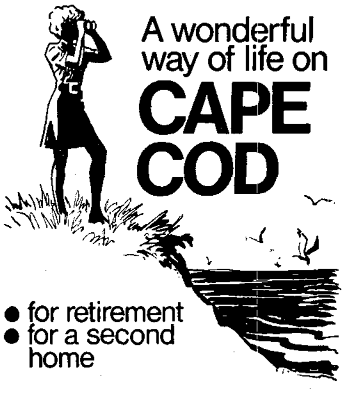

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TOWARD the end of September, as the campaign got going in earnest, the Administration decided to frighten the television networks anew. Charles Colson, who had no official responsibilities connected with television, and whose chief duties at the White House were purely political, initiated a series of off-the-record meetings with the chief executives of the three major networks: William Paley, the board chairman of CBS; Frank Stanton, the president of CBS; Julian Goodman, the president of NBC; James Hagerty, a vice-president of ABC; and Leonard Goldenson, the president of ABC. The meetings were held at the headquarters of the networks in New York on September 23rd, and none of those taking part in them revealed the fact to the public. On September 25th, Colson reported on the meetings in a memo to Haldeman (with a copy to Herbert Klein, the President's Director of Communications). Colson had openly mentioned the possibility of government intervention in television news, he noted, and he was delighted with the results. "The networks are terribly nervous over the uncertain state of the law—i.e., the recent F.C.C. decisions and the pressures to grant Congress access to TV," he wrote. (The decisions concerned, among other things, the balancing of competing claims to television time of the President, the Democratic National Committee, and the Republican National Committee.) "They are also apprehensive about us. Although they tried to disguise this, it was obvious. The harder I pressed them (CBS and NBC) the more accommodating, cordial, and almost apologetic they became." He went on, "They were startled by how thoroughly we were doing our homework . . . [by] the way in which we have so thoroughly monitored their coverage and our analysis of it." The President's unfettered access to prime-time television had proved immensely valuable in the past year, and Colson reported, "There was unanimous agreement that the President's right of access to TV should in no way be restrained." He wrote, "They are terribly concerned with being able to work out their own policies with respect to balanced coverage and not to have policies imposed on them by either the [Federal Communications] Commission or the Congress. ABC and CBS said that they felt we could, however, through the

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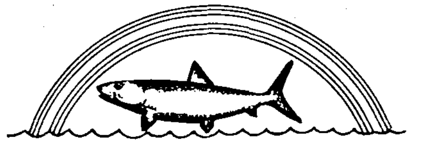

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F.C.C., make any policies we wanted to. (This is worrying them all.)" Colson had gone on to discuss specific news stories with the executives: "They told me anytime we had a complaint about slanted coverage for me to call them directly. Paley said that he would like to come down to Washington and spend time with me anytime that I wanted. In short, they are very much afraid of us and are trying hard to prove they are 'good guys.' " In conclusion, he wrote, "This all adds up to the fact that they are damned nervous and scared and we should continue to take a very tough line, face to face, and in other ways."

IN mid-October, the President plunged directly into the congressional campaign, visiting ten states in four days. Inviting the citizenry to vote for men who would "stand with the President," he did to the congressional campaign what he had done to so many other contests: he made himself and his prestige the central issue. The President worked from a basic speech, repeating it at each campaign stop with minor variations. On one occasion, he described some of the people he opposed. There were the demonstrators: "You hear them night after night on television, people shouting obscenities about America and what we stand for. You hear those who shout against the speakers and shout them down, who will not listen." (Actually, of course, obscenities were never permitted to be broadcast on television.) There were the murderers: "And then you hear those who engage in violence. You hear those, and see them, who, without reason, kill policemen and injure them and the rest." He went on to make the point that, fortunately, the people shouting obscenities and killing policemen for no reason were not a majority of the American people. "You wonder," he said, "is that the voice of America. I say to you it is not!" And there was a recourse for those of the electorate who opposed the shouting of obscenities and the killing of policemen. In one version of the speech, he said, "All over this country today, we see a rising tide of terrorism, of crime, and on the campuses of our universities we have seen those who, instead of engaging in peaceful dissent, engage in violence. . . . It's time to draw the line and say we're not going to stand for that! . . . It is time for the great silent majority of Americans to stand up and be counted—on November 3rd, in the quiet of the polling booth. If a candi-

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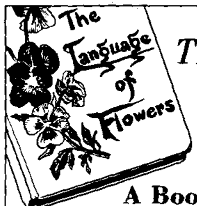

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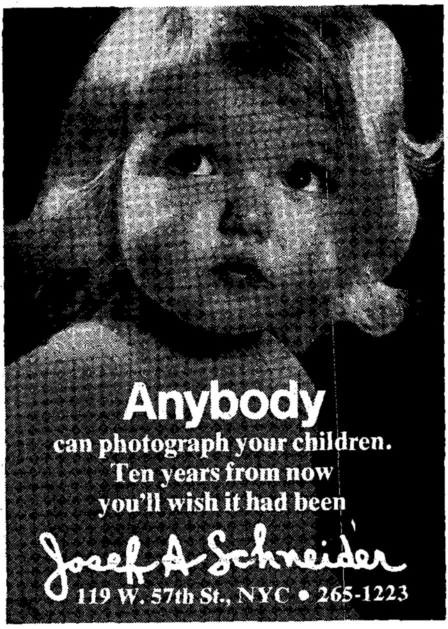

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date has condoned violence, lawlessness, and permissiveness, then you know what to do." He said, "The four-letter word that is the most powerful of any in the world is 'vote,' " and asserted on several occasions that "one vote is worth a hundred obscene slogans."

If the basic tactic of the campaign was not to let candidates on the left move into the center, the President had carried it out to the full. He had pushed the opposition so far to the left that it was off the edge of the scale of electoral politics. On the opposition's side, by his account, there were the demonstrators and the murderers; all they could do was shout foul words and kill policemen. The voting types were on his side. The campaign was not a contest between candidates looking for votes—it was a contest between criminals, on the one hand, and the voters, on the other.

At the very first stop on the President's tour—a snowy airport in Burlington, Vermont, where he went to give support to the candidacy of Winston Prouty in his race for the Senate—an incident occurred that seemed to illustrate, in a small way, some of the points he was making. A single small chip of concrete flew out of the crowd and landed about twenty-five yards away from the President's plane. Charles Colson thereupon turned to a reporter and said, "Those rocks will mean ten thousand votes for Prouty." Colson believed that opposition of this sort to the President actually helped the President. The White House had now entered into a new relationship with the far left, and soon began to exploit it. At each of the President's stops, reporters noted, the President's men would let a certain number of demonstrators into the area where he was speaking—not enough to seriously disrupt the proceedings but enough to supply a dramatic illustration of the President's remarks concerning "those who shout against the speakers and shout them down, who will not listen." The Nixon Administration had an affinity with the far left in that both wanted to tear down "the Establishment." Now the affinity blossomed into an alliance, albeit an unknowing one on the part of the young demonstrators: they dutifully trooped in to shout at the President, thereby playing an essential role in the President's scenario for the congressional elections.

But was it true that a rock thrown at the President was worth ten thousand votes? In a subsequent campaign appearance that same day, and in other speeches during the campaign, the President sought to make political use of the incident. Yet the polls were not encouraging. Mr. Nixon's intervention in the campaign had apparently had a negative impact: a national survey of the voters' party preferences showed the Republicans running even farther behind the Democrats than they had two years earlier. Besides, the public did not seem to be responding to the campaign in the right spirit. The President's remarks were of a kind meant to evoke excitement and wrath. Certainly there was no excitement *in favor of* demonstrators against the President. But reporters were finding that voters were not taking sides at all. Instead, they appeared to be growing tired of all politicians. Remarks like that of a man in Grand Forks, North Dakota, who told a reporter, "One's like the next—they all promise everything and they don't do anything," were being heard all over the country. The theme of "division" was wearing thin. Its career had been long. First emerging in the Johnson years, it had led the country to vote for peace abroad and calm at home in 1968, but, instead, the country had got "positive polarization" the next fall. Then once again the yearned-for calm began to show itself, but it was soon disrupted by the invasion of Cambodia. Now the President, angrier than ever, had made division the theme of another campaign. The country seemed to have been dragged into a quarrel for which it no longer had any heart. Even the opposition lay dormant—so dormant, in fact, that the White House men had to take special steps to make sure that signs of the supposed "rising tide of terrorism" would actually be visible "night after night on television."

For the time being, in the increasing excitement of the campaign, the President and the Vice-President appeared oblivious of these signs of fatigue and lack of interest. The President was campaigning in twenty-three states in seventeen days, and as the tour proceeded his words seemed, if anything, to become more torrid. Five days before the election, when he was to speak in an auditorium in San Jose, California, reporters received advance word that there might be some sort of trouble that night; they noticed, too, that police barricades to hold back demonstrators outside the auditorium were

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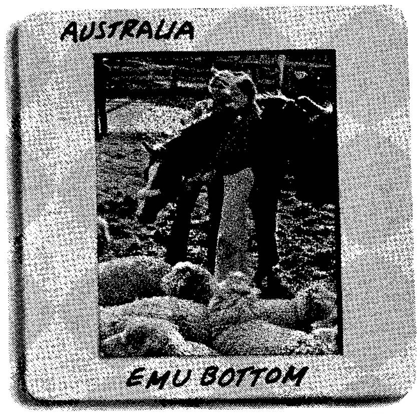
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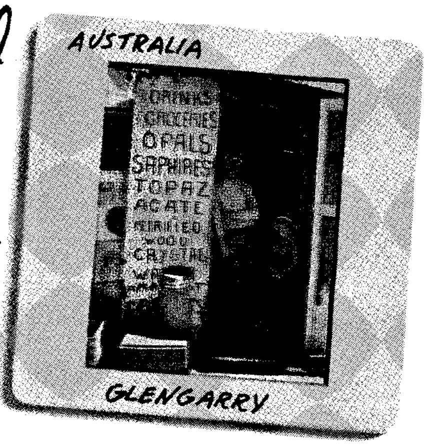
Love, Susan & Denis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unusually close to the motorcade route. After the President's speech, a crowd of demonstrators was on hand when he left the auditorium. Spotting them, the President jumped up on the hood of his limousine and, raising both hands in a V sign, exclaimed, "That's what they hate to see!" He was answered by a hail of thrown objects. Later that night, his aides, far from being distressed that the President had been physically attacked, were—according to the columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak—"jubilant." (When the President's press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, was asked to explain the President's behavior, he said that the President had spotted "a friendly face" among the demonstrators and had wanted to wave to him.) Immediately, the episode was made into the principal feature of the remainder of the campaign. Two days earlier, the Vice-President had announced, "It's time to take my gloves off. No more of this Mr. Nice Guy." The day after the San Jose episode, he called the domestic rebels "misfits" and "garbage," and said, "It's time to sweep that kind of garbage out of our society." The President, too, seemed to throw off whatever restraint he had preserved. Just three days before the election, he gave a speech calling the San Jose demonstrators "a thousand haters," and said that the reason they had "gained such prominence in our national life" and were able to "increasingly terrorize decent citizens" could be "summed up in a single word: appeasement." Of course, one reason these particular demonstrators had gained prominence was that he had, to all appearances, provoked them into attacking him, and then had made them the central theme of his speeches. He went on to say, "For far too long the strength of freedom in our society has been eroded by creeping permissiveness—in our legislatures, in our courts, in our family life, in our universities. For far too long we have appeased aggression here at home." And then he shifted his ground, arriving at the point where every issue he dealt with seemed to wind up—the question of his own authority. "The terrorists of the far left," he said, with angry gestures, "would like nothing better than to make the President of the United States a prisoner in the White House. Let me set them straight: as long as I am President no band of violent thugs is going to keep me from going out and speaking with the American people." The speech was filmed, and excerpts of it were shown on Election Eve. When it was over, a voice was heard saying, "Support men who will vote for the President, not against him. Bring an end to the wave of violence in America."

AT some point in his first two years in office, the President had apparently had one of the most irresistible and irreversible experiences that the human mind can undergo. He had been struck by a vision of the world that seemed to bring it all together, into a single pattern. He had concluded that a wide array of apparently disparate evils were branches of one large evil—that a hundred enemies of his country, of his beliefs, of his office, and of his political survival were in fact part of a single network of enemies. There were the thugs, the hoodlums, the hijackers, the muggers, and the killers of policemen, and, barely distinguishable from them, the anarchists and terrorists shouting down speakers and burning university buildings. In the background were the sheeplike, "permissive" parents, professors, legislators, and judges. Abroad, marching in perfect step with the domestic enemies, were the Vietnamese guerrillas, and the Russians and the Chinese accompanying them as guides. On the sidelines were the "with-it," "fashionable" people, cheering on the whole rabble. But most repulsive of all were people who were not themselves violent but, rather, weirdly passive: "effete." They came "snivelling" and "hand-wringing" and "fawning." They were the "élitists" or "radical-liberals," who, cloaked in respectability, actually "condoned" the outrages of the mob—gave them the "green light." They were living examples of what could happen if the structure of authority gave way to the challenge from the rebels, and allowed itself to be rendered impotent. For, diverse as these many evils might seem, their genesis was the same. It was we ourselves who brought them into being, by our softness, our permissiveness, our appeasement. The thugs and the anarchists and revolutionaries were the physical embodiment of our moral failures. Like the rebellious children they were, they had, at root, only one aim. It was to weaken our authority, the authority of our country, and, above all, the authority of the embodiment of authority in our country, our President. The solution, too, rested with us. We must toughen ourselves and *punish them:* punish them with strict laws, punish them with the Justice Department and the Internal Rev-

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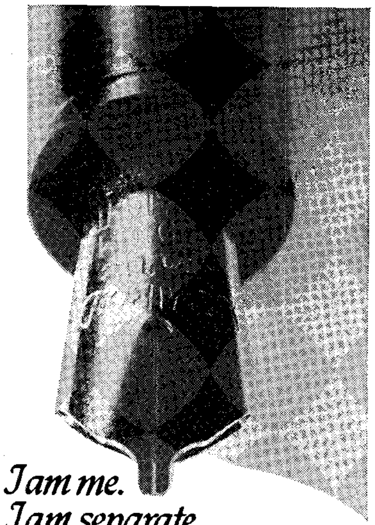

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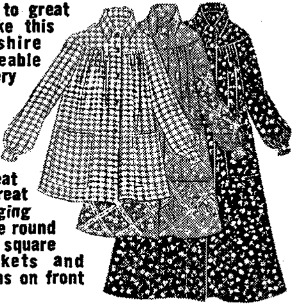

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enue Service and the Federal Communications Commission, punish them by taking away their government handouts, punish them with harsh words, and punish them with napalm and phosphorus and B-52s.

On one level, President Nixon's anxiety that the Presidency was in danger of declining into impotency was apparently instinctive. He seemed to lash out with spontaneous, visceral anger at any move he perceived as a challenge to his authority, whether it might come from a Senate supposedly out to substitute its "subjective judgment" for his, from emboldened criminals to whom "soft" judges had given the "green light," from the "band of violent thugs" that was trying to prevent him from giving speeches, from "holdovers" conducting "guerrilla warfare" against Presidential policy in the federal bureaucracy, or from North Vietnamese forces who, in the name of international Communism (and with the help of their allies here at home), were threatening the United States with humiliation and defeat. But on another level all these responses conformed to strategic theories. It was an unprecedented characteristic of international affairs in the nuclear age that no military resolution of a large, "real" crisis was possible. The most hotly contested issues in international affairs, if they were to be worked out at all, would have to be resolved by symbolic action in small, unreal crises—or so a succession of Presidents had come to believe. The crises that characterized the Presidency of Richard Nixon, at home as well as abroad, were nothing if not unreal. *If they were not unreal.* The Vietnamese rebels did not pose a real threat of defeat to the United States. The Senate did not threaten any power of appointment actually given to the President by the Constitution. The domestic rebels, although they were numerous, did not pose any real threat to the sovereignty of the federal government. And the "holdovers" did not have the power, ultimately, to thwart a lawful Presidential directive. What all these challengers did pose was a symbolic threat. They posed a threat on the level of images: threatened to create the impression that the President was crippled and could not have his way *in the world*—that he was in truth a pitiful, helpless giant. They posed a threat, that is, to the credibility of American power and, more particularly, the credibility of Presidential power. The threat to credibility underlay the crisis of authority that so greatly worried President Nixon and Mr. Kissin-

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ger—requiring them, in their view, to adopt an unrelentingly militant posture when they were confronted with even the slightest threat to their authority. It was the doctrine of credibility, too, that molded the disparate elements of policy into a unity. For an image of weakness could crop up anywhere. The appearance of "softness" in any realm could give rise—in President Nixon's thinking—to the imputation that the whole structure of American authority was "soft." The appearance of "softness" at home could serve to undermine American power abroad. As President Nixon had put it to the students at Kansas State, "a nation that condones blackmail and terror at home can hardly stand as the example in putting an end to international piracies or tensions that could explode into war abroad." "Appeasement" had to be resisted everywhere or it could be resisted nowhere. A "fawning approval" of rowdy demonstrators at home was inseparable from a fawning approval of the Vietnamese rebels abroad, and even of Moscow and Peking. In fact, it was preferable to make the demonstrations of strength in minor matters rather than to let things deteriorate to the point where a demonstration might have to be made at the brink of nuclear war with the Soviet Union.

On Election Night, it turned out that the Republicans had a net gain of two seats in the Senate, a net loss of nine seats in the House, and a net loss of eleven governorships. Despite the Nixon Big Charge, the political complexion of the Senate remained about the same.

—Jonathan Schell

(*This is the second part of a six-part article.*)

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*From the Wall Street Journal*]

A case in point is Pvt. Linda Joyce Paulk. Not long ago, Pvt. Paulk, had she joined the Wacs, would have been assigned as a secretary or a medical technician or another job traditionally associated with women. But being a Wac of today, Pvt. Paulk packs parachutes at Fort Benning, Ga.

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Basically, scientists found that the same chemical that serves as an attactant for the males of one species—the peachtree borer, for example—inhibits the sexual response of the males of another species—the lesser peachtree borer.

—*Jane E. Brody in the Times.*

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DANCING

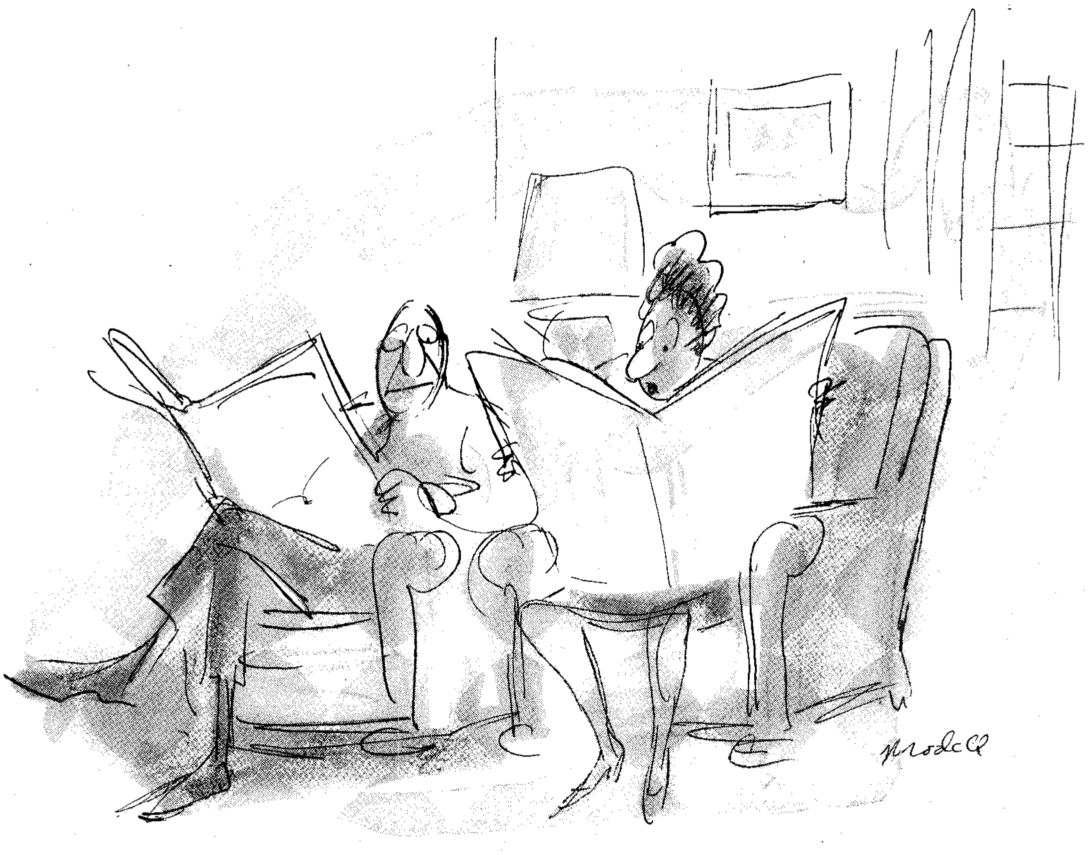
It's a Wise Child

BY subtitling his version of "Ma Mère l'Oye" "Fairy Tales for Dancers," and by staging the ballet as a series of improvisations dressed in leftover décors and props from other ballets in the repertory, Jerome Robbins accomplishes several things at once: a joke about the New York City Ballet, a commentary on the concept of a ballet company in the act of paying "Hommage à Ravel," a peculiarly shrewd and touching rendition of the power of theatrical fantasy. Ravel framed his "Mother Goose" ballet with the story of the Sleeping Beauty, who dreams a suite of fairy-tale dances—Beauty and the Beast, Hop o' My Thumb, and the Empress of the Pagodas. In the end, the Prince appears, walking down the avenue of brambles that part to let him pass, and the wedding celebration, attended by all the other fairy-tale characters, takes place to the tingling climaxes of the "Jardin Féerique." Ravel took his idea of the Sleeping Beauty's sleep from Perrault—who tells us that "(though history mentions nothing of it) the good fairy, during so long a sleep, had given her very agreeable dreams"—and the idea of her wedding (though history mentions nothing of it, either) probably came from the Tchaikovsky-Petipa ballet. Robbins follows Ravel's scenario closely, but by adding one element to it he colors the whole ballet to such an extent that it appears, from first to last, to be his own creation. He surrounds Ravel's frame with another frame, making the ballet a charade put on by dancers, whom he sees as the scamps of the theatre. This new frame by itself is nothing much; yet the ballet could not have been presented in just this form by any other company or by any other choreographer.

Because Robbins has so personalized the idea of dancers as precocious, amusing kids, in dozens of ballets and musicals starting as far back as "Interplay" and "Look, Ma, I'm Dancing" and "Pied Piper," he succeeds in turning "Ma Mère l'Oye" into a typical Robbins kid-style ballet. When the Sleeping Beauty enters skipping rope, or when the Good Fairy whistles on her fingers, these impudences specified by Ravel seem like Robbins' inventions. When he throws in chunks of classical mime out of "The Sleeping Beauty," the satire fits right in. So does the general satire of the New York City Ballet and its uncommendable habit of mounting new ballets in the fittings of old ones. Here is that Horace Armistead garden drop yet again, here are pieces of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (some of them hung backward), here is the "Nutcracker" bed, the French doors from "Liebeslieder Walzer," the lanterns and grass stalks from "Watermill." The whole company and its repertory are jumbled together in a salute to Ravel, but people who don't recognize the bric-a-brac won't miss out on the fun or the self-mockery. The elemental, poverty-pleading tackiness of the piece may be vintage New York City Ballet; it's also a more serious conception of Ravel's ballet, coming from Robbins, than a reverent incense-and-gossamer production would have been.

In the poetic style of "Ma Mère l'Oye," Robbins returns to those qualities which first defined him as a unique theatre artist. He's once again the New York play-school referee, the maestro of the slum kindergarten, the Peter Pan of arts and crafts. When Robbins speaks with a specifically local accent, when his boyhood origins and his eternal boy-genius Bronx High School of Science sensibility are allowed to resonate with their natural color and size, his art seems universal. When he deliberately attempts big, grown-up, universal themes (as in "West Side Story" and "The Goldberg Variations" and "Watermill" and "Dybbuk Variations"), he becomes parochial, local in a reductive sense: Mr. New School Seminar or Mr. Broome Street Avant-Garde. "Ma Mère l'Oye" is bound to be underestimated because it looks so easy and hasn't a lot of dancing, but it's a New York artifact of wide significance. It catches up the beloved Robbins myth about dancers as children and relocates it in our current world of young dancers' workshops, professional children's schools, and incubators of the performing arts. The point of overlap is the ancillary myth, so real to the stagestruck kids of Robbins' generation, of puttin' on a show.

You can see this clearly in the datedness of the ballet's opening scene—its one bad moment. The corps kids are lying around the stage, propped up on trunks or bits of scenery, listening to Mother Goose reading from her book. Comden and Green are not far off. (At



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the première, Mother Goose was Mme. Pourmel, the company's wardrobe mistress, in her blue smock; that shows how thorough Robbins' backstage-musical conception is.) Dancers and audiences everywhere, especially at the New York City Ballet, have outgrown this sentimental aspect of Robbins' juvenile fantasy. Besides, it violates practical reality. Why should a ballet company be sitting around? If they'd been warming up—doing their barres or stretching their muscles—instead of just listening raptly, the scene might not have looked so forced and coy. However, the fantasy rolls: theatre trunks are thrown open, hats with plumes come out, the scenery moves, the traffic rumbles; the tables, if there were any, would be turned. These dancers aren't wistful dreamers; they're sober technicians, as systematic as circus acrobats. They do not try to cajole you with an illusion of spontaneity; everything is mechanical, deadpan, precise, and twice as funny because of it. Twice as real, too, in the normal, everyday dimensions of a child's imaginings which Robbins intended the action to have. In the old movie musicals, child performers have no youth; the hysterical energy of vaudeville has ravaged them prematurely. The young dancers Robbins is using now are old and wise, too, but, unlike the monstrous theatrical children of the past, their youth hasn't been sacrificed to their learning. It's a conception that fits neatly into Ravel's world—the child as mandarin.

Robbins' other ballet in this second of the Ravel programs was a small-group setting of the "Introduction and Allegro for Harp," and it was a highly inconclusive affair, vaporizing even as you watched. Patricia McBride functioned beautifully, as she does in other Robbins works, and seemed on the verge of creating a new character. But none materialized, because Robbins' grasp of abstract drama is incomplete; he doesn't—here, at least—seem to understand how dancing becomes characterization without becoming the stepchild of acting. Balanchine's "Sheherazade," a vaguely nineteen-tenish Oriental character ballet in abstract form, started by making sense to me, then grew evasive. One didn't need real scimitars and platters of grapes to enjoy it, but for music so heavy with suggestions of story and atmosphere one did need something more than the angular patterns Balanchine kept giving us for two principals, two pairs of demi-soloists, and corps. In "Alborada del Gracioso," Jacques d'Amboise conceived a Spanish supper-club adagio

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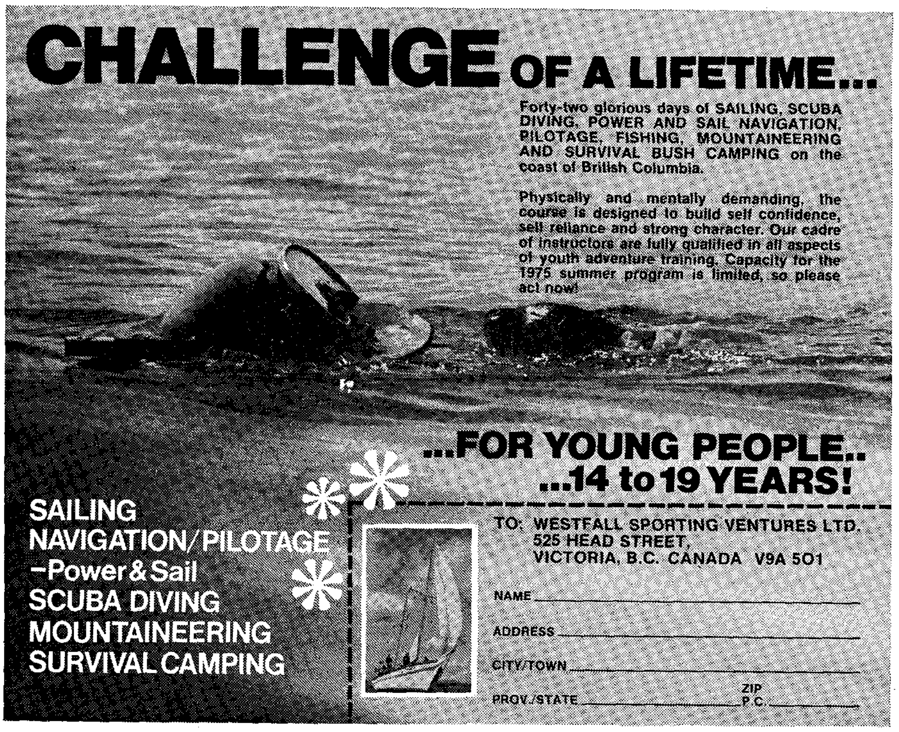
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for himself, Suzanne Farrell, and an ensemble. It was as messily designed as Robbins' "Introduction and Allegro" and as inconsequential as the Balanchine, but more forthright than either, and it had a few raw thrills. Probably from having worked with her so often as a partner, d'Amboise knows a little more about composing for Farrell than Robbins did in the "Concerto in G," the week before. D'Amboise made her look hot, twisty, and alive. Farrell has a wonderful way now of complying with all the broad effects a choreographer may dream up and swerving just in time to avoid their grosser implications. She keeps a spiritual distance, and it brings her closer to us than ever.

Sitting through ballets that aren't destined to last isn't hard to do when they're as short as these three were. But John Taras's "Daphnis and Chloe" was a forty-minute throwaway of Ravel's greatest ballet score, and it was something else. On the first night, it looked like a disorganized rehearsal for some kind of glitter-rock ritual on the beach at Malibu. Flamethrowers could not have forced me back for another look. Instead, I went to the Bolshoi for Vyacheslav Gordeyev's sole Bluebird of the season, in the last performance of "The Sleeping Beauty." Even Gordeyev needs more than one crack at the role to be a great Bluebird, and I would prefer to see him in the extended variation that is customary in the West. Still, his performance, with its high, wide, scissoring leaps and brilliantly sustained turning sequences on the ground, was one not to be missed. —ARLENE CROCE

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SISYPHUS

How many times I've tried
To say just what it is
I'm doing with this rock.
Exhaustion, hope, despair
Are things I've talked about,
And irony or prayer,
Or how I've held this rock
To be a part of me.
I think I've learned enough
To say it's just a job.
Each day brings changes, but
Ultimately not much:
Working the damned thing up
Takes what it takes, but then—
To watch it teeter, hear it
Thunder, all that anger
Grinding down the slope!
You don't, as the god said,
Get something for nothing. No.
—DAVID GALLER

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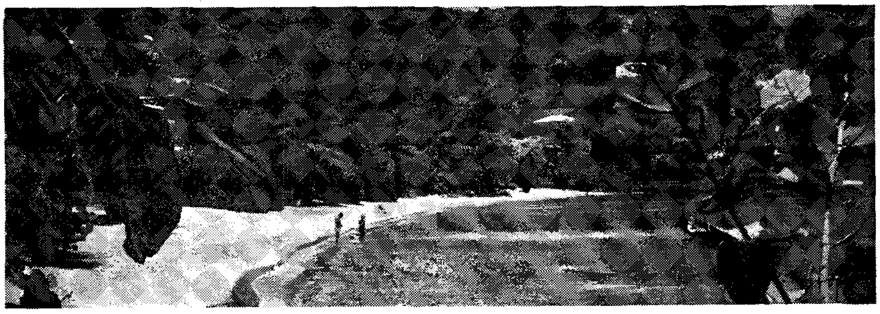

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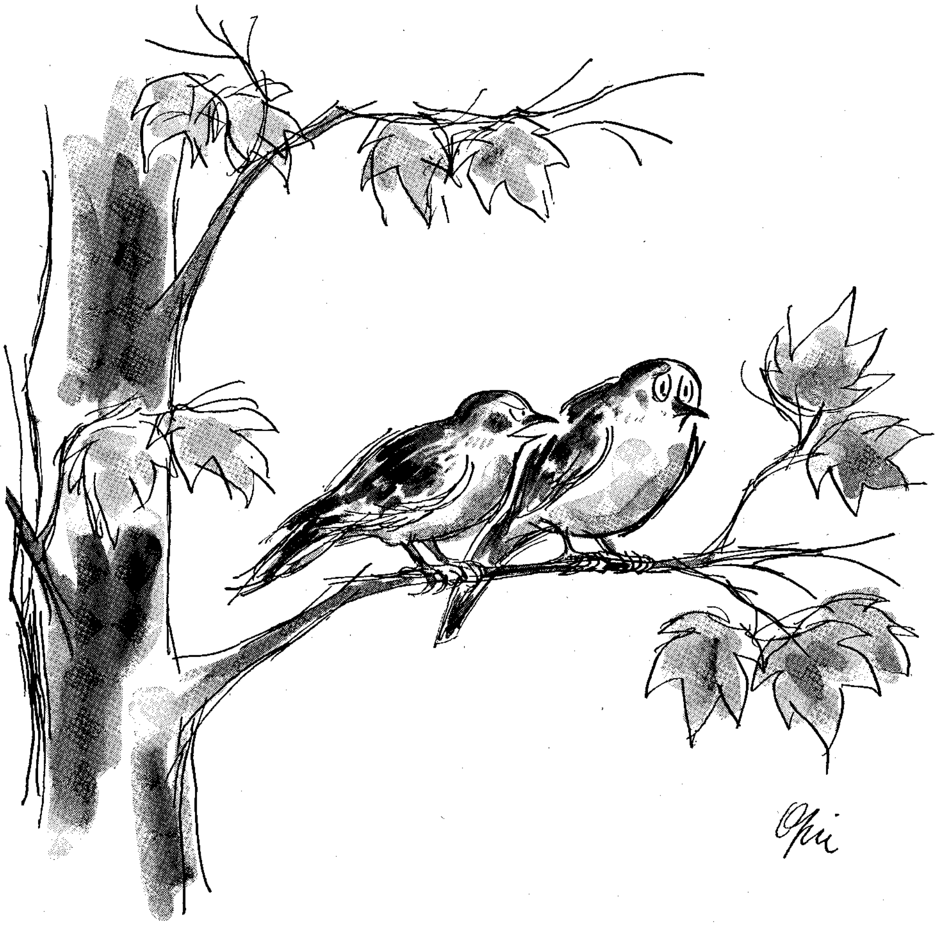
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bresson's Legend of a Fugitive

GIANTS in medieval armor, shambling like creatures of science fiction through a dark wood; an evilly shining sword point among the leaves; a knight whose humanness would seem effaced by his complicated shell of armor if it weren't for the blood pouring from his apparently unconquerable immurement; the sounds of horses' hooves and clashing weapons; two skeletons in armor swinging from a tree. So begins Robert Bresson's dazzlingly severe and beautiful "Lancelot of the Lake." The action happens in the interiors of forests, the dungeons of castles, the inner rooms of people's minds. The film is like every other by the great hermetic director in its concentration on the inward.

We are at the end of the age of chivalry, though none of King Arthur's knights have the insight to know it, apart from Lancelot (Luc Simon). The others are living on staled notions of courage, and on the convention of keeping up their skill as jousters, taking part in unwieldy and outdated tournaments that look as gravid with portents of desuetude as they are weighed down physically with armorers' elaborate icons of the soldiers' bodies within. The quest for the Holy Grail has come to nothing, and the cost in futile deaths adds to a growing conviction in Lancelot that present lifetimes are being unpurposefully spent. There is a sense of more carnage to follow. An old woman mutters to a village girl that it is an ill omen to hear a man's steps before he can be seen. "Even if it's his horse's steps?" Yes. In this version of the Arthurian legend, the horses play a part that is almost occult. Bresson has long believed that animals can detect a moment when something unusual is happening. In his "The Trial of Joan of Arc," during the scene at the stake a dog wanders fretfully through the crowd. In "Lancelot of the Lake," the intermittent neighing of horses does not sound at all exciting, not at all like something in an epic; it conveys only anxiety, unease, doom obscurely augured, like one of the signs of the Ides of March. King Arthur (Vladimir Antolek-Oresek) now stages the most elaborate jousts as exercises in mock adventure to replace the sacred quest for the Holy Grail. His knights seem mostly jaded in their religious observances, and bent on ill-begotten chivalries. Anyway, not many of the men remain. The Round Table is ringed with chairs that will never be used again. The chevaliers are decimated, and the dead dwindle into bone ash inside the armor that has been their physical constriction for most of their adult lives.

Bresson is much interested by constriction of all kinds. In directing actors, he has constantly given them obstacles to block expressiveness. The armored Lancelot walks away in back view from Queen Guinevere (a calm, pool-eyed girl named Laura Duke Condominas) as he tussles with the idea of renouncing her; he bends his head, but he eloquently cannot bow his shoulders. Claude Laydu, the actor cast as the hero of "Diary of a Country Priest," didn't even know until he had finished the film that he was playing a man meant to be a saint. In that picture, the priest's crucial gesture of acceptance of God's will is left out, and all we see is a shot of him hauling himself up by his bed rail: for Bresson, omission is another form of constriction. "Lancelot of the Lake" is full of scenes in which the conventional climactic shot is not there, and of dialogues in which one person, though audible, is invisible most of the time, and of tournament montages of mounted knights photographed only from thigh to dangling armored toe. One remembers that in "The Trial of Joan of Arc" the crowd at Joan's execution was not shown except for shots of their legs, and that Joan herself, at the moment of going to the stake, wore a dress so tight that it made her scuttle like a little girl. Bresson's genius for using the physically constrained is the insignia of his notion that the religious lies in stricture, in fiercely pared-away ideals, and in conflicts conducted inside the walls of a man's skull. Why Arthur's knights fought and whom they were fighting are questions to be asked of any ordinary film to do with the attrition of King Arthur's era, but they are not questions one asks of Bresson's film. Lancelot's fight is against himself. In his arguments with the yearning Queen about renouncing her, the antagonists are not Lancelot and Guinevere but the two allegiances he has entered into: the one in the past, made to Guinevere, and so to carnal love; and the other



"This year, whippoorwill tradition or no, we are not going to be the last to arrive and the first to leave."

in a present running into the future, made to pure and theistic love, and inspired by a vision of the Grail that he had in a ruined chapel. The combat is interior. There are signs of it in the form of Luc Simon's face—which has Bresson's young heroes' familiar mixture of the alert, the inward-looking, and the prematurely fatigued—but not in any explanatory expressions on it. Bresson's style as a director of actors is not to propound but to show, just as his narrative style is not to explain but to report as anti-dramatically as possible. His swift, bone-dry planning of the scheme of a picture is the exact opposite of rangy improvisation. We are in a world of essence, not of accident.

It is typical of Bresson's taste for the even and unemphatic that he should get his actors to speak in voices as close as possible to monotones. The speech in "Lancelot" has the characteristic Bresson sound: clipped clauses, falling inflections at the end of sentences, a French diction as elegant as the minds his scripts create for us to dwell in. The screenplay of "Lancelot of the Lake" is his own. His scripts always are, though some are based on literary sources: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1944) on Diderot's "Jacques le Fataliste;" "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950) on Georges Bernanos' book of that title; "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Échappé" (1956) on André Devigny's account of a prisoner-of-war's escape; "The Trial of Joan of Arc" (1961) on historical records; "Mouchette" (1966) on Georges Bernanos' "Nouvelle Histoire de Mouchette;" and "Une Femme Douce" (1969) on Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature." With "Lancelot," we are again in the inimitable Bresson world of air-tight graveness. The quality extends even to "Pickpocket" (1959), and to "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966), which was about a symbolic Christ figure in a culture hellbent on pleasure, the symbol taking the form of an amiable and obdurate donkey, who suffers because of men's quixotry, greed, and need for heroes. In "Lancelot of the Lake" we are in a mind like a monk's cell, because we are locked into Lancelot's conscience. "My eyes are made for the impossible," he says. Bresson is touched by the idea of tasks conceived in incarceration, though he prefers to postpone by technical means the moment when we will be touched ourselves. He does it by ellipses at high points, by a style of editing that is without easy interludes, by Brechtian artifice that directs an audience's attention to the unreal in art as a means of deliberately blighting the possibility of sentimental identification.

Bresson's feeling for large projects born in small and confined spaces may have something to do with the fact that this man of such signal energy of mind spent eighteen months in a German prison camp in the Second World War. He first wanted to make "Lancelot of the Lake" in the early fifties; now that he has found the backing to do it, he has given us a masterpiece that distinctively illustrates his respect for the functions of constraint. Long stretches of the film are without words. They are about the nobility of the human temperament when it is encased in endeavor. The faces of Bresson's characters at these moments are often hidden. What we see are disembodied legs or hands; in "Lancelot," as in his other films, they are adduced in evidence of the order-endowing urge of the human intellect to set itself tasks. We see a hand grasping a sword, but we don't see the identifying body. We see the hand of the old woman who appeared at the start of the film, now grasping a hand that turns out to be Lancelot's. Then she stokes a fire. Lancelot is in bed, wounded after travelling all night to take part in a tournament that he knows to be a crux. He has been hounded by Mordred (Patrick Bernard), a cynic who refused even to summon up a last mechanical show of bravery by embarking on the quest for the Grail, and instead stayed at Arthur's castle with his eyes lasciviously on Queen Guinevere's lighted window as he plotted to overthrow the King. Lancelot, watched by the old woman, sits up in a small iron bed and determines to reënter the lists. She has said, with a look at his wounds, that he should be dead. The village girl, recognizing the enterprise that engrosses him, brings in his leg armor: one piece in each hand, as if she were carrying fishermen's waders.

The film ends with one of the most extraordinary sequences Bresson has ever shot. A dark wood, in the deep loch-water colors that characterize the film. Two shots of a riderless horse in panic, crashing through the trees. A wounded knight. A riderless horse. A knight, crumpled: wounded, maybe dead. A riderless horse. Lancelot's knights on horseback, riding into an ambush of archers fighting for Mor-

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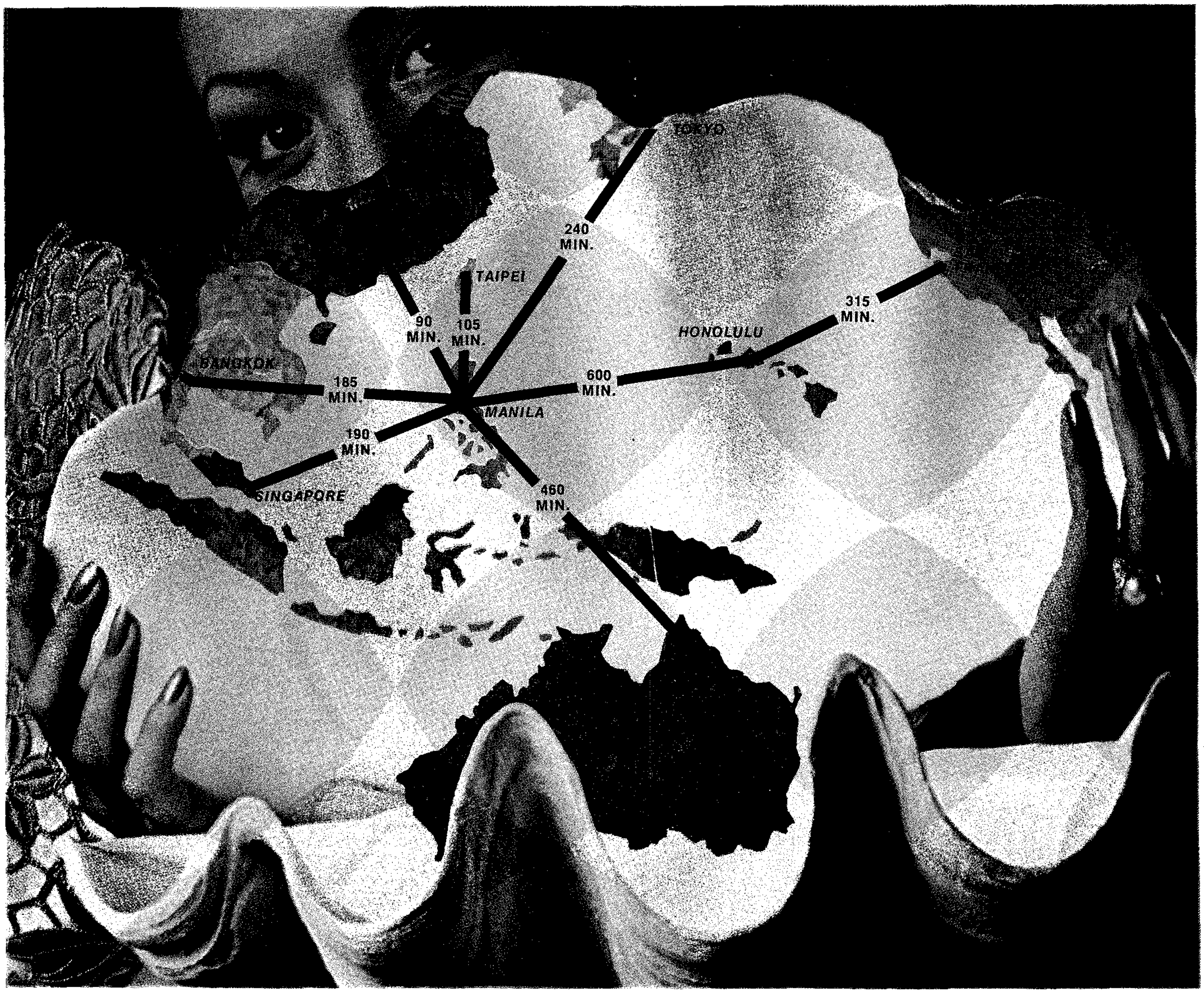

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dred. Arrows fired by the archers, who are hidden in trees. A riderless horse. King Arthur lying dead, his crown still on his helmet. An archer. An arrow near the eyeball of a wounded horse. A great, lone bird, high overhead, coasting in a pale-gray sky. The felled horse and his wounded rider: Lancelot, who staggers away to lean against a tree. A riderless horse. Lancelot stumbling to a pile of dead knights in armor, who have collapsed around King Arthur. "Guinevere," says Lancelot, just before he falls. The bird again. A last movement in the monstrous pile of armor, in which a corpse has its silvery knees crooked in a position that horribly looks at ease. A pile of scrap metal; the material for pots and pans; the glittering detritus of a shrivelled code: embellished now by a suit of armor that is the sole remaining outward sign of the man who was engaged in his own private and more copious battle. Guinevere said to him earlier, making an effort to comprehend, "Poor Lancelot. Trying to stand firm in a shrunken world." —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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OUR FORGETFUL (AND LITTER-PRONE) AUTHORS

[*From "Travels with Charley," by John Steinbeck*]

American cities are like badger holes, ringed with trash—all of them—surrounded by piles of wrecked and rusting automobiles, and almost smothered with rubbish. Everything we use comes in boxes, cartons, bins, the so-called packaging we love so much. The mountains of things we throw away are much greater than the things we use. In this, if in no other way, we can see the wild and reckless exuberance of our production, and waste seems to be the index. Driving along I thought how in France or Italy every item of these thrown-out things would have been saved and used for something. —*Page 25.*

There are so many modern designs for easy living. On my boat I had discovered the aluminum, disposable cooking utensils, frying pans and deep dishes. You fry a fish and throw the pan overboard. I was well equipped with these things. —*Page 27.*

•

Students react favorably to an alternative to the traditional method of evaluating their performance by letter or number grades in basic newswriting. The alternative, which also offers certain benefits to the instructor, is essentially a non-graded approach, although some aspects of the traditional grading system is retained.—*Thomas A. Bowers, University of North Carolina, in Journalism Educator.*

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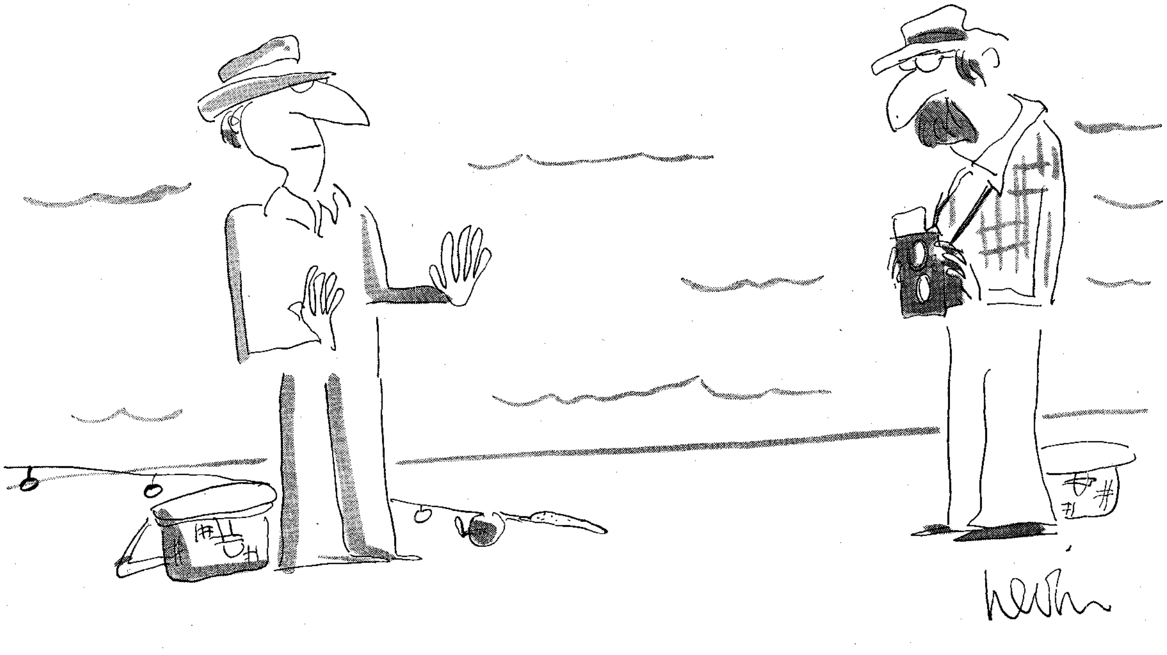
MUSICAL EVENTS

Sängerfest in Cincinnati

CINCINNATI is not *quite* a civilized city, for it has no streetcars anymore and must therefore be ranked below such places as Amsterdam, Vancouver, Boston, San Francisco, and Munich. But its Dresdenesque river-girt site, amid hills, its parks and trees, its rich museums, its active campus, and the great though now trainless Union Terminal can provide the extramusical rewards sought by a festival visitor. The musical fare at the start of the Cincinnati May Festival was good, too. This is not a festival in the modern European manner. There is no busy round of concerts, recitals, operas, plays, exhibitions all over the town. This year, there was not even any first performance, and the newest music on the bill, Schoenberg's "Gurre-Lieder," was nearly seventy-five years old. The Festival is a joyous local celebration: not a *Sängerkrieg* but a *Sängerfest* during which many choirs who have been rehearsing all year join their voices under the baton of a celebrated conductor. This year, there were four large choral concerts, grouped in pairs a week apart: "Tannhäuser" and "Gurre-Lieder," then "Ernani" and "Messiah." Also, a "massed 'Messiah' " at which all the audience sang.

The May Festival, founded in 1873, is familiar in name at least to all who read musical history and the memoirs of famous singers. "Die Walküre," "Götterdämmerung," and "Parsifal" were very modern operas when Theodore Thomas first gave scenes from them in Cincinnati. "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles" had early performances there; Elgar came to conduct, Muriel Foster and John Coates to sing. The French composer Gabriel Pierné seems to have become a local favorite; over the years, his oratorios "The Children of Bethlehem" and "St. Francis of Assisi" were given thrice each, and "The Children's Crusade" seven times. But Wagner was always the dominant composer, and most of the celebrated Wagnerian singers made the trip to Cincinnati, from Amalie Materna (Bayreuth's first Brünnhilde, the first Kundry) and Hermann Winkelmann (the first Parsifal), through Lilli Lehmann, Emma Eames, Nordica, Fremstad, Schumann-Heink, Flagstad, and Traubel, to Birgit Nilsson in 1967. The next six Festivals were Wagnerless (apart from a "Rienzi" Overture). James Levine, who became musical director last year, has both revived the old Wagnerian tradition and started a new one: the performance of complete operas—last year "Lohengrin," and now "Tannhäuser." But he has not been able to find singers such as his predecessors enjoyed. The "Tannhäuser" soloists were undistinguished; Nancy Tatum, Mignon Dunn, and Jon Andrew are not Wagnerian names to set beside those listed above. Miss Tatum was the best of them. Her voice is strong and shiny. The quick ardor of Elisabeth's Greeting and the quiet ardor of the Prayer were both affectingly suggested, and her phrasing was sensitive. Miss Dunn turned Venus's outbursts into strident, curdled cries. Mr. Andrew, Tannhäuser, was stolid and stentorian in a role that needs poetic sensibility. Lawrence Shadur brought coarse, strong tone and bumpy phrasing to Wolfram's music, which calls for the smooth line and eloquent portamento of a great cellist. Simon Estes has a supple, distinctive bass of beautiful quality but his musical manner lacks the authority, the *gravitas*, for the kind of roles—Sarastro, Don Pédro in Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," and here the Landgrave—in which he often appears. The massed choruses, however, were splendid: alluring in those first seductive phrases that drift from the depths of Venus's grotto; enthusiastic courtiers in their hailing of the Landgrave; as pilgrims, adepts at those great choral crescendos—distant chant mounting to an incandescent forte—which provide some of the most thrilling moments in the opera. Mr. Levine's handling of the score was large and impressive. Like most modern conductors, he alternated between the Dresden and the Paris versions of the piece, including the bacchanale of the latter (a vivacious and colorful performance by the Cincinnati Symphony) but also, from the former, Walther von der Vogelweide's unnecessary contribution to the *Sängerkrieg*.

SCHOENBERG'S "Gurre-Lieder," not "Tannhäuser," was the great attraction of the opening days. Like Mahler's Eighth Symphony, composed some six years later, "Gurre-Lieder" was just about its composer's only large-scale triumph during his lifetime. Not long ago, few listeners could have needed more than one hand to number the times they had heard either work. Now Mahler's Eighth, despite the huge forces required, is no longer a rarity; there is even a danger that a performance of it may cease to be an "event." Of "Gurre-Lieder" there has been a crop of recent performances, prompted by the Schoenberg centenary—Tanglewood, San Francisco, Atlanta, and Milwaukee are among the places where it has been done—and there have been five recordings, from Stokowski's, of 1931, to Boulez's, just issued. But the work is still hardly repertory fare. Stokowski conducted the American première, in Philadelphia, in 1931. Twenty years later Thor Johnson



revived the work in Cincinnati (not at the May Festival). It has only twice been given in New York. I can still count on one hand the live performances I have heard. And the most exciting of all has been Mr. Levine's at the May Festival—a real festival event.

"Gurre-Lieder"—an earlier work than Mahler's Fifth Symphony, earlier than "Salome" and "Elektra" (the composition and most of the orchestration date from 1900-01, although the scoring of Part III was completed only in 1911)—is an amazing achievement. The orchestra is huge (eight flutes, five oboes, seven clarinets, ten horns, etc.) and used with great clarity and delicacy. The text is a German translation of Jens Peter Jacobsen's "Songs of Gurre." (Gurre is the castle where Tove, beloved by King Valdemar the Great of Denmark, lived, and was murdered by Valdemar's jealous queen.) There is no connected narrative. In Part I, Valdemar and Tove alternate love songs, and finally a wood dove sings of Tove's funeral. Part II is short: Valdemar's blasphemous reproach to God. He is condemned to ride the skies every night. Part III opens with the Wild Hunt of Valdemar and his men and ends with "The Wild Hunt of the Summer Wind," a transformation of the *scherzo macabre* into a paean to nature, ending with a blaze of C-major sunrise. Jacobsen (nineteenth-century botanist, translator of Darwin, novelist whose "Niels Lyhne" provided the plot of Delius's opera "Fennimore and Gerda") charged nature imagery with the emotions of high chivalric romance and the shadows of old crimes still inexpiate. His polished writing has prompted comparisons with De Quincey and with Pater; that leaves out of account the sense of present scenes stirring the poet to his dreams which underlies the "Songs of Gurre." The text suggests disjunct excerpts from an Idyll of the King written by Wordsworth. Schoenberg was evidently drawn to it by the opportunities for instrumental tone-painting (which he achieved with superlative strokes), by the emotional intensity of the utterances (for Valdemar and Tove he wrote some of the most loving and passionate music composed since "Tristan"), by the thematic cross-references of the poems (reflected in a score filled with thematic recurrences and developments), and by the implicit evocation of a larger order that unites apparently diverse adventures (never stated in the text, made manifest in the music). The words of "Gurre-Lieder"—the Ger-

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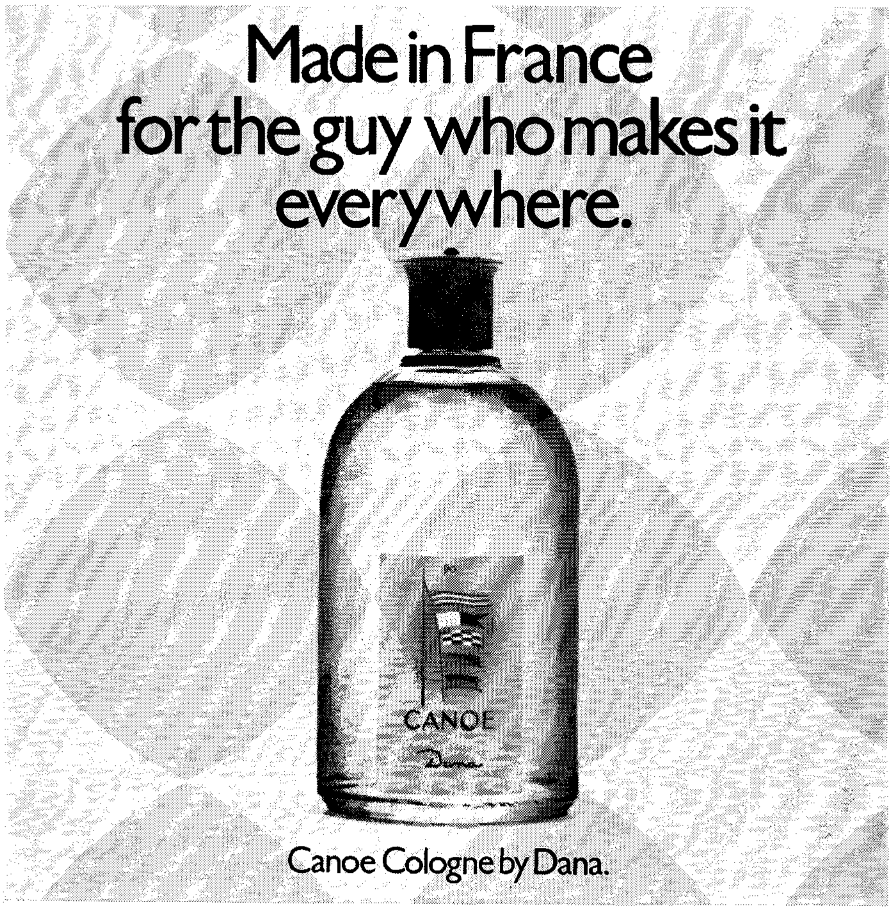

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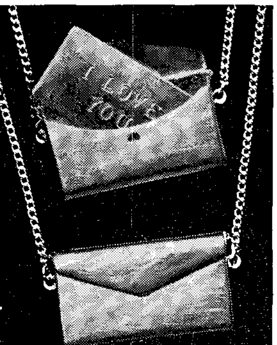

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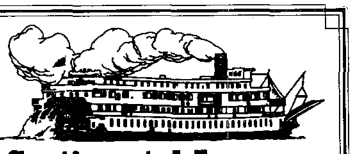

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man translation is by Robert Franz Arnold—are *not* usually considered important, but Schoenberg thought they were. In 1950, he wrote to Thor Johnson:

> *ONE THING IS VERY IMPORTANT:* Make the performance in *ENGLISH* not in German. People do not understand German, neither here, nor in Australia, England, Canada and in many other places. There is an excellent translation in the Stokowski Victor Album. I possess besides a translation into English, which I myself used in my performance in London and which is also very, very good. There is no reason why it should be given in German.

Mr. Johnson used German all the same, and so did Mr. Levine, and no one can blame them for having rejected the standard translation, which is not very, very good, and begins: "Now stills the twilight ev'ry sound on land and sea,/ The far-sailing clouds are anchor'd now in harbour by Heaven's lee." The Festival long ago abandoned its original ideal of doing everything in English. German and an English singing version for "Gurre-Lieder" and "Tannhäuser," Italian and an English translation for "Ernani" were printed in parallel columns of the program book (a good piece of work, which included detailed Festival annals from 1873).

Schoenberg used the full chorus only in the last few minutes of the work, in that clinching way common in large compositions of the time (e.g., Scriabin's First Symphony, Mahler's Second, Busoni's Piano Concerto). The Cincinnati choirs greeted the sun with a brave burst of sound, excellently sustained. Earlier, the three male-voice choirs of Valdemar's men were fierce and fiery. Although the orchestra and the soloists carry the main burden of the "Gurre-Lieder," the chorus must crown it, and here it did so nobly. The soloists, all new to their roles, were outstanding. Robert Nagy, as Valdemar, was uncommonly audible; by vivid projection and keen tonal focus, not by shouting, he made his effect, and rode the orchestral storms triumphantly. Carol Neblett was a touching, romantic Tove, and Beverly Wolff was poignant but not effusive in the Wood Dove's lament. Mr. Shadur's rough manner was better suited to the Peasant's song than it had been to Wolfram's. James Atherton, as the Royal Fool, almost stole the show, for he was lively, witty, sweet in tone, and nimble in his use of the words; what a good David, in "Die Meistersinger," he could be! The penultimate movement is for a speaker, accompanied by a light, transparent, iridescent orches-

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tra. Pitched musical speech in strict tempo is always a problem. Schoenberg, in that letter to Thor Johnson, asked for "a higher voice, about tenor range or high baritone. It should, if possible, be a voice which should not be too fat, too thick, too bombastic. It should be a light voice." Schoenberg himself once used Albertine Zehme, for whom "Pierrot Lunaire" was written, and found her "very, very good." In Cincinnati, Nico Castel spoke the part with dapper precision. Mr. Levine's conducting of "Gurre-Lieder" combined the necessary virtues of rhythmic and dynamic accuracy, care over textural details, and full-hearted romantic expressiveness. His pacing of the huge work was wonderfully assured. On earlier occasions, and especially in Verdi, I have deplored his way of bouncing an allegro forward as if in an excess of exuberance. But the energy he brought to the more frenzied pages of "Gurre-Lieder" never distorted the natural shapes of Schoenberg's phrases. He did not drive singers and chorus along so much as join with them in a surge of passion. Painting the quiet background for such a phrase as Tove's simple utterance "Nun sag ich dir zum ersten Mal: 'König Volmer, ich liebe dich,'" he did so in soft, warm tints. (The passage was sung by Miss Neblett in tender, glowing tones; clarinet, solo violin, and solo cello played their complementary phrases most eloquently.) "Gurre-Lieder," composed at the turn of the century, draws on the full array of the nineteenth century's musical resources and anticipates many of the twentieth's. Mr. Levine made bright each varied facet of the astounding work, and presented the whole as one connected and complete experience.

THE venue of the Cincinnati May Festival is the Music Hall, a noble Ruskinian pile built in 1878 to house it. The hall seats thirty-six hundred people but does not seem forbiddingly large, for two tiers of deep balconies curve gracefully around three sides, holding many people in small space. The acoustics are excellent. The architecture is conducive to musical enjoyment. The foyers are ample and airy. Across the street is a pleasant park with a bandstand, and old trees. Here, remembering the initial German inspiration of the Festival, I looked to find a festal beer garden—but looked in vain. Still, even if Cincinnati is not, by Bayreuth standards, *quite* civilized, it is very nearly so. And, after all, even Bayreuth has lost its streetcars.

—ANDREW PORTER

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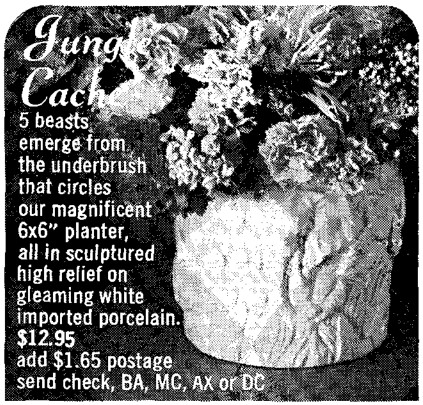

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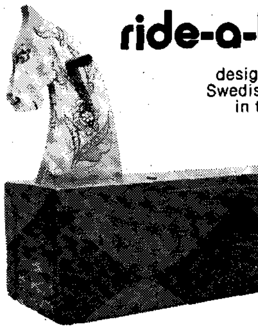

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SNEAKY PEOPLE, by Thomas Berger (Simon & Schuster). A small-town bedroom farce, set in the Midwest in the late thirties, about a group of people who are varied in their ages, occupations, and sexual practices (or non-practices) but alike in their petty sneakiness. As the book opens, a used-car dealer named Buddy Sandifer is distractedly plotting the murder of his dowdy wife, Naomi, so that he can marry his luscious mistress, Laverne. By the time the book closes, three hundred breezy pages later, Buddy's machinations have somehow blindly threaded their way through the secret lives of his teen-age son, Ralph; his black wash-up man, Clarence; and his celibate salesman, Leo. The book gives us a convincing imitation of the thirties, and, perhaps because of the nostalgic influence of the period, a good deal is made of the sticky adolescence experienced by Ralph. Some serious comment on the duplicity of American society may have been intended, but in essence this book is simply an exuberant and crudely humorous entertainment, distinguished from the rest of the drugstore rack by its professional finish and its zestful language.

LOVE LETTERS ON BLUE PAPER, by Arnold Wesker (Harper & Row). Mr. Wesker, a Londoner, has been known here mainly as a playwright, and three of the five stories in this book might well be improved if they could somehow be staged. Like many modern dramas, they tell of unexceptional people struggling with vague and confused feelings, and the forms in which they express these feelings—the inner monologues of a thirty-five-year-old Hampstead mother overtaken by ennui and self-doubt, the jottings and musings of a Jewish widow living on dreams of winning the football pool, and the sudden, surprising love letters of a wife to her dying husband—are histrionic in a way that doesn't stand up on paper but that might be effective in the speech of a resourceful actress. Of the two remaining stories, one is a gentle, factual account of a period of deadly coincidences in the author's family, and the other is a formal tale—almost a fable—about a British businessman whose spiritual malaise curiously resembles that of his fictional suburban-American counterparts. On the whole, this book isn't quite funny enough or touching enough to be enthusiastically recommended, but it has its rewards of sentiment and insight.

THE PETERSBURG-CANNES EXPRESS, by Hans Koning (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). It is 1900, and on the French Riviera a young Russian woman has been sentenced to a year in jail for the attempted murder of a vacationing Russian judge. This lenient penalty does not sit well with the authorities in Saint Petersburg, and soon the machinery of the Russian secret police, in the person of the sly Undersecretary Draskovich, is set in motion to have the woman extradited. Determined to foil Draskovich are our hero and heroine, a vague, bumbling Socialist named Andrew and a complaisant companion named Anna. Plotting comes naturally to Andrew, who dreams up a new scheme as quickly as each old one fails. His success in this diverting adventure is a matter of luck, of persistence, and of the rot eating at the nerve centers of a cruel and deluded system.

GENERAL

THE TWENTIES, by Edmund Wilson, edited by Leon Edel (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). It comes as something of a shock to see the same frankness, curiosity, plainness, originality, and clarity of expression that Edmund Wilson brought to his critical writing at work in his private life, but that is the picture these notebooks give us. The period covered by this volume is one in which Wilson had just returned from serving as a stretcher carrier in the First World War and was setting out to be a journalist in New York. Whatever is happening (except for a time when he had what he describes as "a sort of nervous breakdown"), Wilson is always at work—noting the characteristics of the local literati, writing essays, poems, plays, and even "a great super-ballet of New York," which he tried, but failed, to get Charlie Chaplin to appear in. We see him feeling irritated equally with Eugene O'Neill's sober silences and drunken monologues; being surprised at D. H. Lawrence's sudden tantrum at a party; pacing his study “composing favorable reviews of my own books;” attending post-collegiate parties around the country “where someone hires a suite . . . and the guests wander from room to room in a drunken dream;” and deeply troubled by his love affair with Edna Millay and by his marriage to the actress Mary Blair. In the mid-twenties, the erotic entries are numerous, and they could have been written by no one else. Their peculiar combination of courtliness, bluntness, candor, scholarliness, humor, curiosity, and undisguised boyish amazement reminds us with particularly touching force that, as Wilson remarked in 1924, “when an artist or a writer dies, we are ordinarily consoled by the knowledge that his vision of life has survived.”

. . . AND BID HIM SING, by David Graham DuBois (Ramparts Press). An awkwardly written but nonetheless interesting book about black Americans living in Cairo in the nineteen-sixties. Mr. DuBois, who is the stepson of W. E. B. DuBois, is a writer and teacher who lived and worked in Cairo for twelve years and now lives in San Francisco, where he edits the Black Panther Intercommunal News Service. This broad view of a wide variety of American blacks who went to Africa in search of a new identity presents a vivid, intimate picture of a tumultuous and somewhat naïvely optimistic era. Mr. DuBois is particularly revealing about the misapprehensions and misunderstandings between Americans and Egyptians, and about the disappointment felt by Americans who expected the Egyptians to be more “African” than they turned out to be. There is a curious sketch of Malcolm X on his last visit to Cairo and an informative one about the climate of the Cairene community on the eve of the 1967 war. A fascinating bit of history, if you can live with the author’s alternately jazzed-up and pedantic writing.

HISTORY: REMEMBERED, RECOVERED, INVENTED, by Bernard Lewis (Princeton). A brief, subtle, witty, knowing work that discusses reasons that peoples find themselves looking for a new past, often resurrecting historic facts and personages that they had forgotten. A specialist in Near Eastern history at Princeton, Professor Lewis cites as examples the Israelis’ rediscovery of the last-ditch resistance at Masada, which

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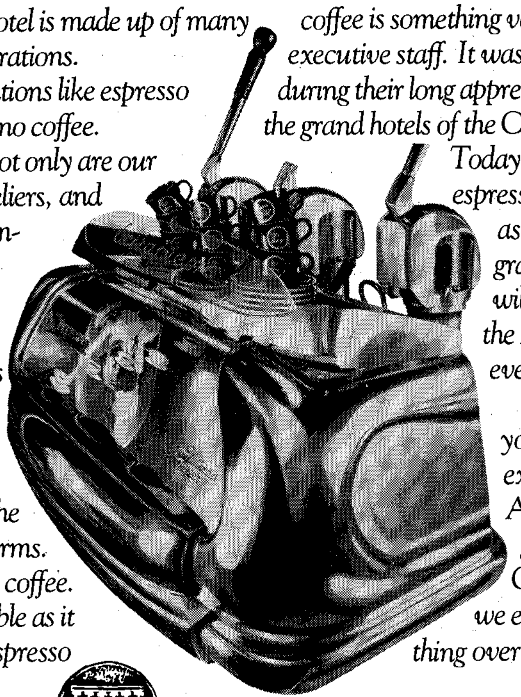

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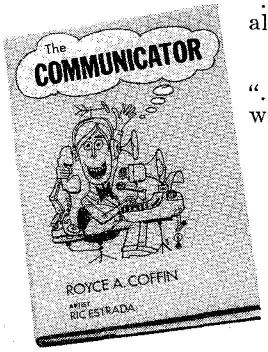

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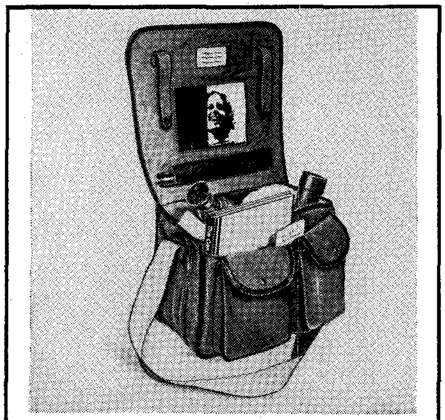

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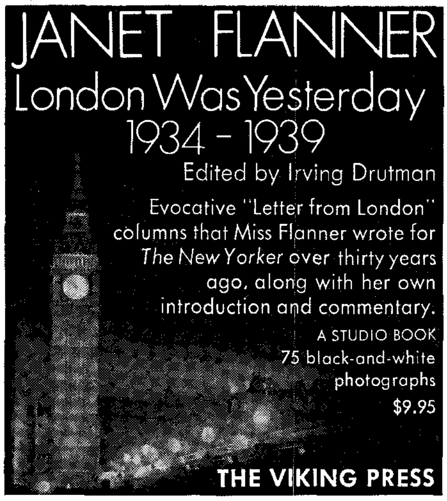

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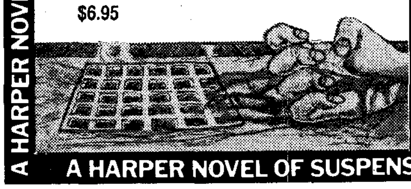

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had been erased from the memory of Jews for a millennium; the Iranians' rediscovery of Cyrus, a great emperor the Persians had forgotten; and the Arab world's recent recollection of its once great Mediterranean empire. Professor Lewis's purpose is to show how history is remodelled, like clothing, to accommodate changing needs through time. His book may evoke smiles, or pity, or reflection on the ironies he uncovers—among them, that nationalists frequently find their best historic sources in the writings of foreign, enemy historians. The work was first delivered as the Gottesman Lectures at Yeshiva University.

BIRDS OF NEW YORK STATE, by John Bull (Doubleday/Natural History Press). Three hundred and sixty-six species of birds were known in the state in 1914, when the last inclusive work on them appeared. Now the count has risen to four hundred and ten. In this book, the author, long a member of the ornithology department at the American Museum of Natural History, tells why and, in the process, notes for each entry such data as range, migratory pattern, frequency of occurrence, and normal abundance. The volume's more than six hundred pages include two hundred and sixty pages of graphics, consisting of breeding and banding-recovery maps, bird and habitat photographs, and color plates of paintings, with a topographic map of the state forming the endpapers. Twenty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents.

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Folk artist Bob White will be appearing tonight and Saturday at the Canterbury House on the Western Michigan University West Campus.

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DAYTON, Ohio—Philips Industries, Inc., has agreed to purchase Scott Bedding, Inc., of Americus, Ga., on a cooling-of-interests basis.—*Home Furnishings Daily.*

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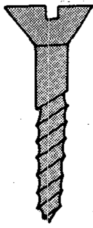

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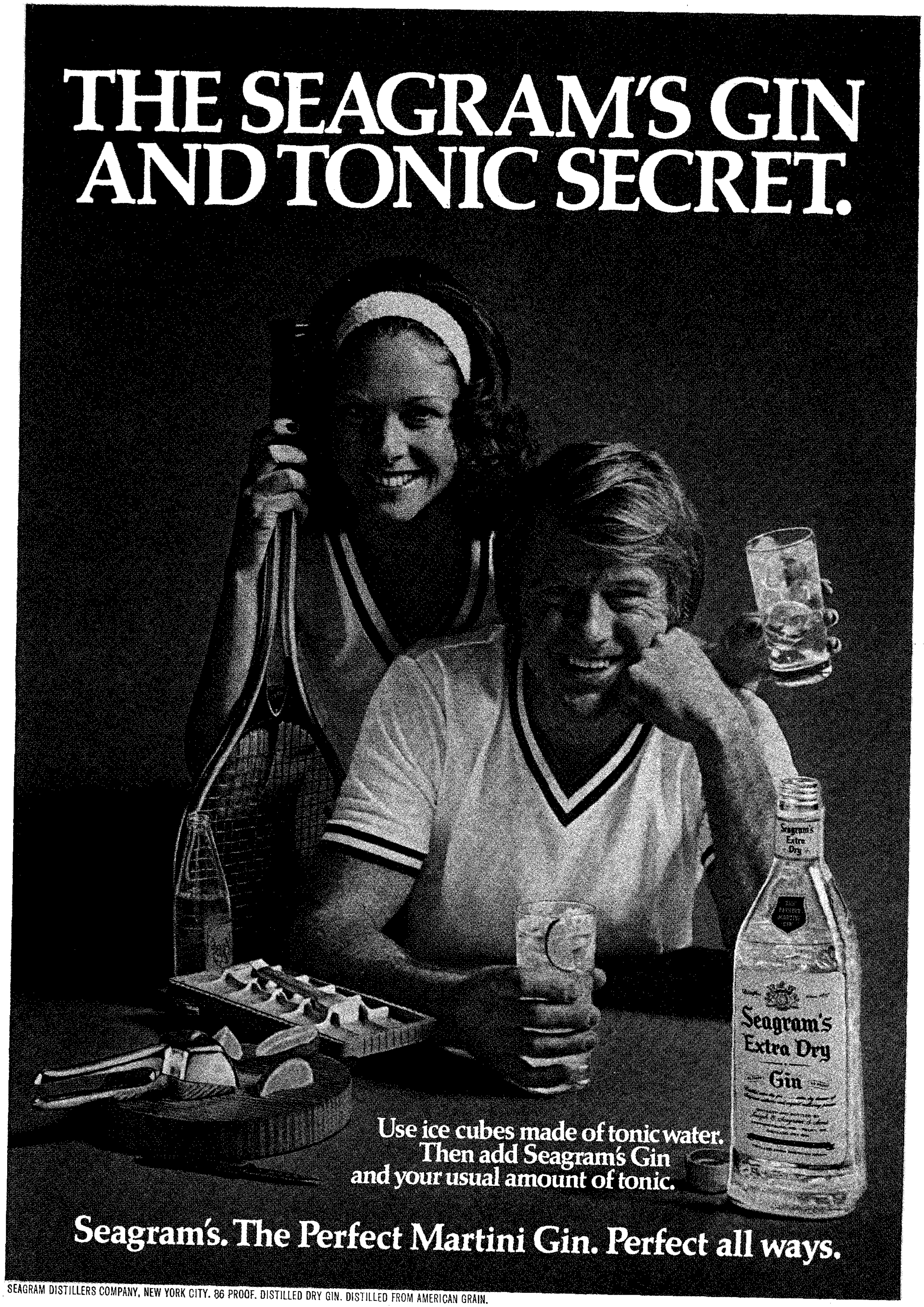

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